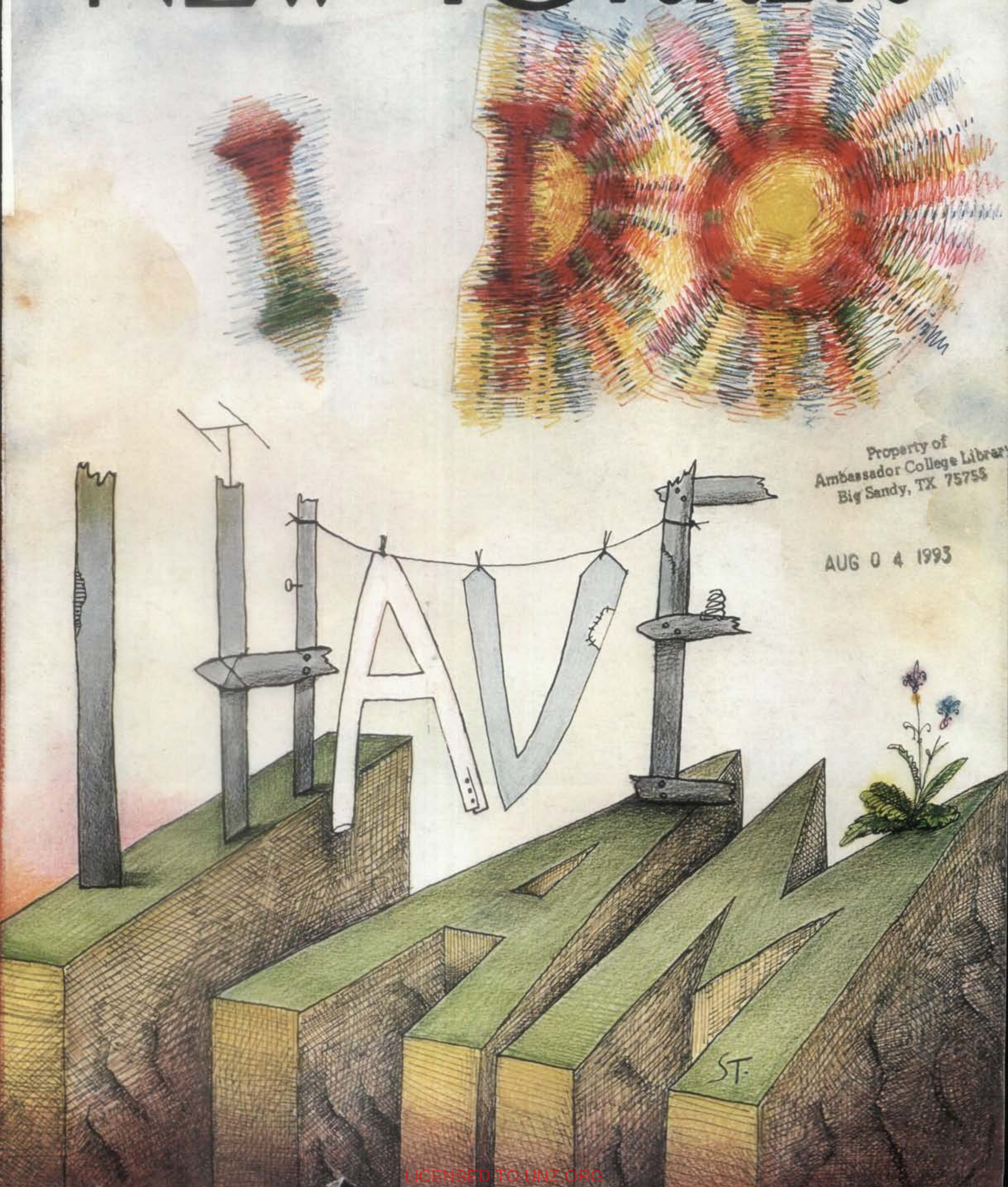
BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY

July 31, 1971

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents



Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

AUG 0 4 1993

Sleep in a painting tonight...Vera Originals for Burlingto

Why sleep in sheets when you can sleep in a masterpiece? In Ebb Tide from the Vera Collection. No-Iron percale sheets and pillow cases. 50% combed cotton 50% KODEL® polyester. In Dune Sand (shown), Blue Lagoon, Pink Coral, Emerald.

In matching towels and shower curtains. And waste baskets, hamper and tissue box covers of sturdy plastic...so you can live in a painting tonight. At fine stores.

By Burlington Domestics. 1345 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y. 10019. A Division of Burlington Industries.

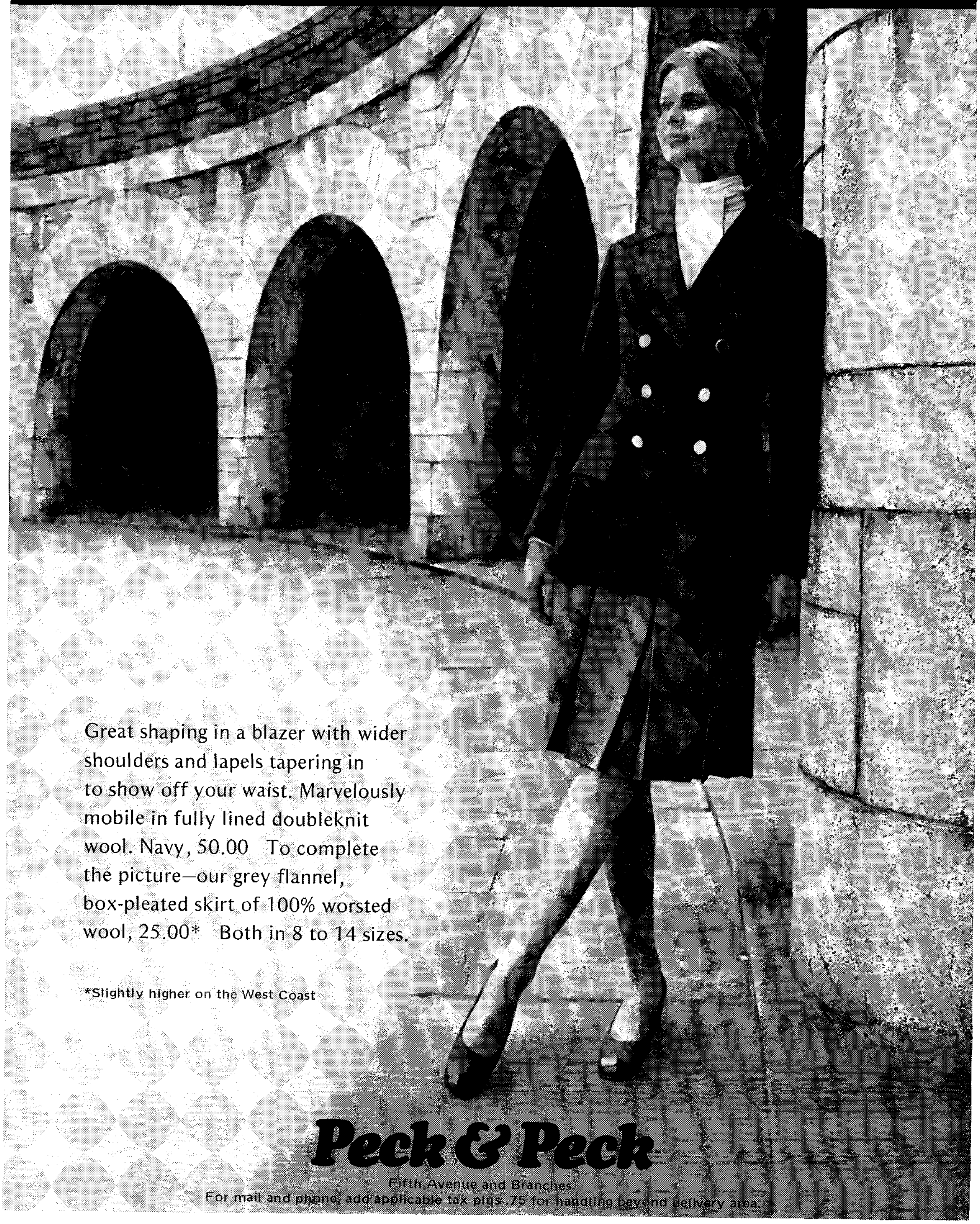
Vera® COLLECTION BY BURLINGTON

LICENSED BY SCARVES BY VERA, INC. N.Y.

KODEL® AN EASTMAN FIBER

When is the blazer more than basic and beautiful?

When it's doubleknit.



Great shaping in a blazer with wider shoulders and lapels tapering in to show off your waist. Marvelously mobile in fully lined doubleknit wool. Navy, 50.00 To complete the picture—our grey flannel, box-pleated skirt of 100% worsted wool, 25.00* Both in 8 to 14 sizes.

*Slightly higher on the West Coast

Peck & Peck

Fifth Avenue and Branches

For mail and phone, add applicable tax plus .75 for handling beyond delivery area.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed. William Atherton is the soldier, Albert Hall is his invisible mentor, and Joe Fields is his first sergeant. All of them are fine. The rest of the large and capable cast performs very well under Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Black Girl—J. E. Franklin's short, rich play, which is both poignant and funny, about a seventeen-year-old who, faced with many obstacles, manages to leave her bickering black family in Texas and go North to college. Kishasha gives a superior performance in the title role, and she receives strong support from, among others, Gloria Edwards, Arthur French, Minnie Gentry, and Louise Stubbs. Shauneille Perry directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The House of Blue Leaves—John Guare's ferocious, sad, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last Analysis—A revival. Saul Bellow's farce about a Jewish comic who psychoanalyzes himself over closed-circuit television seems just as strained and unfunny now as it did in 1964. There is much frenetic non-acting of the non-parts by a generally reputable cast. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lenny—Cliff Gorman as the late night-club comedian Lenny Bruce, surrounded by extraordinary visual and auditory metaphors of the society he reviled and longed to make over, and whose legal representatives helped to destroy him. Directed by Tom O'Horgan. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—John Beal, Carol Teitel, Donald Gantry, and Dan Hamilton are now the anguished Tyrones, and Paddy Croft is their maid. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sleuth—A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter acting their talented heads off, or very nearly. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Waiting for Godot—Tom Ewell in Beckett's comedy. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Pamella Bellwood in a little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN:** An inflated claim. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Fridays at 2.) . . . **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** Another Neil Simon certitude. Dom DeLuise as a middle-aged man in search of dalliance is assisted by Cathryn Damon, Carol Richards, and Doris Roberts, who don't dally much. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Follies—An ambitious attempt to tell some home truths, marred by a pedestrian book. Several very good songs by Stephen Sondheim and, as usual, a superlative production by Harold Prince. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Godspell—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

No, No, Nanette—A radiant revival of the Youmans musical of 1925, with Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and with gorgeous sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. Burt Shevelove directed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Proposition—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 23
"PHILIP AND ANNA" . . . . *Sylvia Townsend Warner* 29
"KEEP IT" (POEM) . . . . *C. K. Williams* 32
"A DAY IN CONEY ISLAND" . . . . *Isaac Bashevis Singer* 33
"NIGHT RUNNING" (POEM) . . . . *Thomas Snapp* 36
PROFILES (STONINGTON, CONNECTICUT—II) . . . . *Anthony Bailey* 38
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 55
"LIGHT FROM CANADA" (POEM) . . . . *James Schuyler* 57
LETTER FROM HONG KONG . . . . *Robert Shaplen* 58
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 65
OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS (RECORD RAINFALL) . . . . *Eugene Kinkead* 66
BOOKS (BRIEFLY NOTED) 75

COVER: *Saul Steinberg*

DRAWINGS: *Whitney Darrow, Jr., Warren Miller, Alan Dunn, Barney Tobey, William Steig, Vahan Shirvanian, Lee Lorenz, Syd Hoff, Donald Reilly, Robert Weber, J. B. Handelsman, William Hamilton, Ed Fisher, Mischa Richter, Stan Hunt, Robert Censoni, Ed Arno*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVII, No. 24, July 31, 1971. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1971 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $12.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $14.00; other foreign, $16.00.

© 1971 Estée Lauder, Inc.

The return to real makeup calls for the richness of Estée Lauder's Tender Lip Tints in rare new shades of Summer Wine.

Estée Lauder gives your lips new depths of color, new dimensions in intensity to enrich the richest mood fashion has ever been in. New Summer Wine shades of Tender Lip Tints are: Claret Pink, Rum Swizzle, Mulberry Punch and Sherry Fizz.

Estée Lauder

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin and Judy Kahan provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

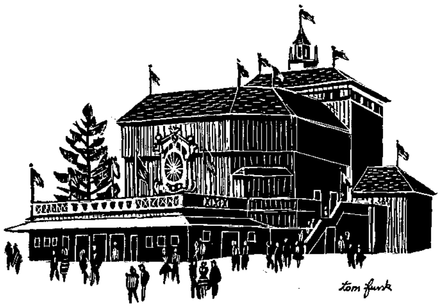
Touch—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat smug, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. The cast is young; Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-five years old. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Two by Two—Even Danny Kaye at his feverish best cannot make Noah and the Ark anything but tiresome. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**APPLAUSE:** Anne Baxter (who has replaced Lauren Bacall), Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring version of the movie "All About Eve." (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **COMPANY:** A musical with Larry Kert, Susan Browning, Jane Russell, and lots of others romping their sweet/sour way through Stephen Sondheim's music and lyrics. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** Words Mulligan had spoken a moment since in mockery to the stranger. Idle mockery. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The void awaits surely all them that weave the wind: a menace, a disarming and a worsting from those embattled angels of the church. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Michael's host, who defend her ever in the hour of conflict with their lances and their shields. Hear, hear. Prolonged applause. *Zut! Nom de dieu!* (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.). . . **HAIR:** 'We must be serious and decided; for, after all, the person who has contracted debts must pay them.' (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **PROMISES, PROMISES:** 'And though a great deal is due to the feelings of the gentleman, and the head of a house, like your father, there is still more due to the character of an honest man.' (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE ME NOBODY KNOWS:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **PURLIE:** Cleavon Little and Patti Jo are the best reasons for seeing this dated adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE ROTHSCHILDS:** One man's family. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. (Majestic, 44 St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday, July 28, at 8:15: "Swan Lake.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 29, at 8:15: "Les Sylphides," "The Miraculous Mandarin" (première), "The Combat," and "The River.". . . ¶ Friday, July 30, at 8:15: "Paquita," "The Miraculous Mandarin," "Brahms Quintet," and "The River." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 31, at 2:15 and 8:15: "Pulcinella Variations" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 1, at 1:15: "Petrouchka," "Mendelssohn Symphony," and "Fancy Free.". . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 1, at 7:15: "Petrouchka," "Jardin aux Lilas," "The Combat," and "Gaieté Parisienne.". . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 3, at 8:15: "Les Noces," "Le Corsair Pas de Deux," "The Miraculous Mandarin," and "Mendelssohn Symphony.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 4, at 8:15: "Mendelssohn Symphony," "The Miraculous Mandarin," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Theme and Variations.". . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 5, at 8:15: "Petrouchka," "Pillar of Fire," "Paquita," and "Fancy Free.". . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 6, at 8:15: "Giselle.". . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 7, at 2:15 and 8:15: "Swan Lake." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Aug. 8.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

Stuttgart Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, July 28: "Brouillards," "Coppélia Pas de Deux," "Opus One," and "The Seasons.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 29: "Romeo and Juliet.". . . ¶ Friday evening, July 30: "Brouillards," "Coppélia Pas de Deux," "Opus One," and "The Seasons.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, July 31: "Romeo and Juliet.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, Aug. 1: "Eugene Onegin." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—A utilitarian room where physical discomfort is often compensated for by fresh talent. Through Monday, Aug. 2, folk singer Bill Withers will share the stage with Sally Eaton, of the "Hair" cast. On Wednesday, Aug. 4, Helen Reddy will come in to sing. Coffee and tea are available. Tuesdays are reserved for visiting performers.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Jazz, soul food, red tablecloths—a formula that works well these days. On Wednesday, July 28, pianist Tony Barbetta will work with a bassist. Thursday through Sunday, July 29-Aug. 1, Cedar Walton will do likewise. Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 3-4, Paddi Wicks will be at the keyboard. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Marian McPartland, who holds that jazz is one of the communicative arts, removes her keyboard and her bass man, Jay Leonhart, from the premises on Thursday, Aug. 5. Next evening, Sammy Price will sit down at *his* piano. He will operate it on the same schedule—eight to one. Sundays, though, are the property, from seven to twelve, of Cyril Haynes. Dining.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—Spencer Davis and Peter Jameson are a couple of Englishmen who manage to get in some pretty good chewin'-tabaccy sounds while keeping their heads back home. They will be here through Monday, Aug. 2. On Wednesday, Aug. 4, War will turn up, minus founder and former prime mover Eric Burdon. This new-old coffeehouse opened a while ago on the site of the extinct Café au Go Go. The brick walls and the wooden benches remain, and cider is still the strongest drink. Music nightly, but Tuesdays are irregular, with visiting entertainers onstage.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Jim Hall, guitar; Ron Carter, bass. Let the word go out that few combinations in the history of jazz have been so right. And add the warning that they will be here only through Sunday, Aug. 1. On Wednesday, Aug. 4, Bill Lawrence will arrive with a bassist. Music from the instrument after which the place is named Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty until three or four. Soul food.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The Oliver Jackson quartet, with Dill Jones on piano, Budd Johnson on tenor sax, and Bill Pemberton on bass, is the current occupant of this relaxed club. Blues singer Jimmy Rushing joins in Fridays through Sundays. On Mondays, a seventeen-piece band led by Al Cohn and Willis Conover warms the room but does not set it on fire. Light Italian dishes are served.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Pianist Eddie Thompson and bassist Dr. Lyn Christie are collaborating in this bar whose chief virtue (other than the music) is its freshly popped popcorn. The duo plays Fridays through Sundays. Mr. Thompson plays alone Mondays through Thursdays. Nine until closing.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland turned out by a group that includes Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Eddie Locke. Closed Sundays.

Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A dim, funky bar that is run by, for, and because of the people, who are responding by filling the house. The house isn't much to look at, but the jazz is potent and often technically complex. Fridays through Sundays, the Quartet Noire performs. Soul-food dinners. Music from nine until closing. N.B.: Not for beginners.

Rafiki, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Musically provocative and gastronomically soulful. And the piano is in good shape—more than can be said for a lot of places. A jazz trio Thursdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty until two.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A banjo band smiles and makes music from the back of an old fire engine. Beer and peanuts. Polar bears and occasional old flicks. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-0682)—"Having a wonderful time in New York City. Wish you folks were in this picture! Catch Alice wearing that straw boater! And that's a garter on my sleeve! We may never come home (ha-ha!)." Two banjos and a piano. Peanuts in shells. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Milt Jackson, of the M.J.Q., should need no introduction. His quietly spellbinding vibes will be in the foreground of his quartet until Tuesday, Aug. 3, when trumpeter Freddie Hubbard brings in a fivesome. With Hubbard, expect virtuosity and lengthy melodic explorations. The room is a bit tired around the edges, and so is the neighborhood, but the sound draws a crowd. Closed Mondays.

Third Phase, 545 W. 111th St. (749-9520)—A grotto, judging by its décor, and a Columbia U. hangout, judging by its clientele. A kind of spirit-rock group called Amazing Grace is being led by a hyperactive cat who calls himself the Reverend Ronnie Baker. Music from nine to two. Italian food. Open Thursdays through Sundays.

TRUDE HELLER'S, Sixth Ave. at 9th St. (254-8346)—After years of chucka-chucka-boom, this old landmark is moving jazzward, and with some respectable characters on the stand. Bill Evans, the pianist who uses satin-covered building blocks, leads his trio through Sunday, Aug. 1, trading sets with a threesome led by pianist Reggie Moore. From Tuesday, Aug. 3, Ahmad Jahmal's trio will alternate with Moore's. If the silver-curtained walls are too much for you, just shut your eyes. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Ray Nance, a sterling cornettist, a golden violinist, and a cast-iron singer, leads his quartet every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. Limited dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Through Sunday, Aug. 8, the Chapins will alternate with a vocalist known as Harry. Mondays, a Latin spirit pervades the enormous room.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Art Blakey, who has been playing drums professionally for thirty-seven years, will be here with his Jazz Messengers through Sunday, Aug. 1. Thelonious Monk, once known as a bop pianist and now *sui generis*, arrives with his quartet Tuesday, Aug. 3. Mondays are reserved for the mighty *ten*-piece Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music begins at nine-thirty, in theory.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Mondays through Wednesdays, and Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Balaban & Cats, a six-man outfit, produces some pretty hot Dixieland every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven. On Sunday, Aug. 1, guitarist Al Casey will sit in. The other nights of the week, this anachronous place offers whoop-de-do and a banjo band.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'EST MOI, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Underneath the arches, I will keep a rendezvous with you, etc. Downstairs is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs arched room is open for dancing to discs from nine until three-thirty every night.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St (758-9570)—The sidewalk sideshow would have warmed the heart of Barnum, and it ought to attract a few dozen sociologists. Inside, however, the tone is set by rattan chairs, striped wallpaper, potted palms, and *cuisine française*. One can dance to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

L'ETOILE, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Urbanity is the mood; glass, metal, and carpeting help create it. Dinner and supper are presided over by an experienced chef. Dancing, to recorded music, on Saturdays only, from eleven to three.

HIPPOPOTAMUS, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. An ample menu every night but Sunday, when only roast beef is served. Reservations are required for dining.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—For a stimulating evening: Go see "Cleopatra" (the 1934 version, with Claudette Colbert, if you can find it). Then come to this ornate restaurant and compare the *mise-en-scène*. People dance to an assortment of records, some fast, some slow. Three times a night, Jimmy Helms sings. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

THURSDAY'S 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—Round-the-clock action is the idea, but this insomniac principle is operative only on Fridays and Saturdays, when the doors stay open all day and all night. There are two restaurant floors, two bars, and a dance floor situated on a kind of floating mezzanine. Dancing to tapes. A fairly full menu.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Maintaining a proud tradition for years, or some such. The old champ is keeping up appearances, but on fewer nights than formerly, the doors being open only Thursdays through Saturdays. Reservations are recommended, despite the doorkeeper's unreliable memory.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A bit of the Corn Belt, but a bit of the Rhine Belt, too (*schuhplattler* dancers and a sort of brass band), and the two get along famously. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España have been around long enough to know that life is not all *sangría* and skittles, but their homespun, woven-in-Barcelona philosophy, expressed in cantata and cavorting, makes it seem that way. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the next-door **FLAMENCO ROOM,** tiny though it is, more of the same, by half a dozen players of the Tablao, the semi-impromptu sort of amusement so characteristic of early-morning life in Madrid—all of it only inches from the spectators. Eight until four every night but Sunday.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—It's an institution, even though it is no longer set in its ways, for gone are the inside-track humorists. In their place flourish singers such as Janice Harper, who is A to Z with R.C.A., and vox-pop one-liners such as Lou Cary. On Thursday, July 29, a new bill: D'Aldo Romano as tenor, Joey Russell as funnyman. This institution, the last of its kind, is in service every night of the year. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, one can, on the other hand, still create the illusion that he is in typical, tropical, topical Las Vegas surroundings. The music begins at ten. No quiet nights here, either.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Phil Wayne, who carried off the prize for the best dance music of the past season, is summering in town at the Café, with a smaller crew (just three) on Sundays and Mondays, seven-thirty until quite late; Herb Winner's triad is on duty all the other nights.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—As far as Saturday, July 31, Julie Wilson, Girl of the Golden East that was, will be singing, in her carefree way, to remind us of how comfortingly indigenous our night life used to be. She is on hand during dinner and supper. On Monday, Aug. 2, in comes the band led by Duke Ellington, holder of many a Litt. D. for Creative Writing. Dance music as well, some of it very loud disco and some of it for real. Sundays are dark.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500): Always something new in the old barony, such as—in the St. Regis Room, after nine-thirty—the forthright, pungent self-expression of the tandem guitars plied by George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Way down upon the Jordan River, in a kibbutz sprinkled with perpetual music and song. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish, and so can the dancing. Mondays are holidays. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): The *son-et-lumière* festival that brings the Acropolis to life every night is easily matched right here. Eat, dance, and be merry from nine until very, very late (not on Sundays, though), and admire the scenery. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Games, more Aegean scenery, more song, dance, and bouzouki—and thereby more fun, from eight-thirty until four, though (in the Greek fashion) never on Sunday. . . . **AL MOUNIA,** in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): One of the seven wonders of the Moroccan world, and something to be seen by everyone at least once—i.e., a great place to start restaging the Arabian Nights. Emme Kemp, the principal pianist and caroller, is thoroughgoing American, and jolly to have around. She signs off at nine-thirty. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Sort of a New World *café chantant*, what with Leyna Gabriele and her chorus singing away from a midway table and a set of fiddlers in almost constant motion. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Bubber Johnson plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Greek meets Greek in an inn on the well-known island, dines *à la grecque*, and nods with the beat of an agile Athenian trio. All quite jovial, and every night but Sunday. . . . **PETER RUMSEY'S PLACE,** 140 W. 51st St. (246-8731): Mixing current Broadway and period-piece Manhattan and making it into a bar-and-grill is a catch-as-catch-can project, but here it is, with Dan Ruskin on piano from five-thirty until midnight. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

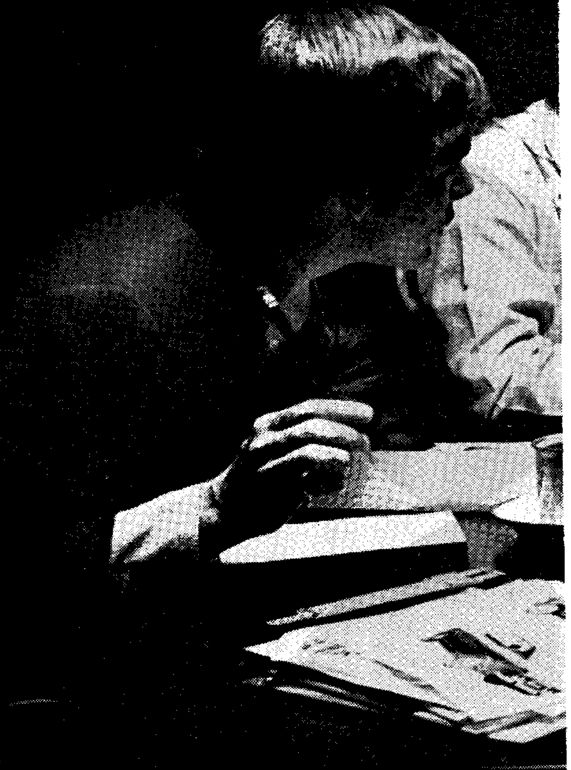
SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In this well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The setting is circa 1975, but the music (voice and guitar) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi ends his annual visit to the most impressive of his estates on Saturday, July 31, turning his come-fly-with-me violin over to his second in command, George Cardini. Herman Arminski, who has been the Faconi pianist for these many years, will continue to pop up every week, Tuesday through Saturday—the Cardini schedule. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, justifiable pride of Western Australia, is holidaying in this fetching ancestral hall, where, from five-thirty until eleven-thirty, he is serving up his own keyboard specialties, the recipes for which remain his secret. The ancestral hall is ready to serve dinner until ten. No

“The Toyota Corona is the best sedan sold in the U.S. under $2200[†].”

The editors of Road & Track.



[†] Manufacturer's suggested retail price, $2150.
Freight, dealer preparation, taxes and options extra.

Roughly every four years, *Road & Track* magazine selects the finest cars in the world.

These decisions are made by the publisher and five editors.

Each man drives from 30 to 50 different cars a year.

Together, these six men have a combined total of 93 years of experience in the car industry or as automotive journalists.

And in the class for cars under $2200, they rated every car in the world sold in the United States.

All the economy cars. Including the new ones.

Here's what they said when they chose the best one.

"The Toyota Corona is value for money; nice looking, well finished, quiet, smooth overhead-cam engine, good 4-speed gearbox, carpeting, tinted glass, vacuum-assisted front disc brakes and all for $2200.

"Features alone don't make a car though. It's the driving and living-with that do.

"The Toyota Corona succeeds here too..."

If you're interested in an economy car, take a close look at our car.

The experts did.

(For your nearest Toyota dealer, call (800) 243-6000. In Connecticut, (800) 942-0655. We pay for the call.)

Plum of The Trevira Era®. In an argyle pattern crisscrossed with white, smoothed into a sweater dress with its own fringed scarf and wide calfskin belt. Trevira® polyester-and-wool knit, for 8 to 16 sizes, $95. Dress Collections.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

music Saturdays or Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A proper perspective on life after dark is afforded by the bar-and-grill, where one's prandial career is ad-lib and at-leisure. Every night except Sunday and Monday, Tony Gorody plays good, worldly piano from around six until as late as necessary. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The appropriate accompaniment is guitar, between seven and twelve during the week, between seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **MARYMARY,** 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): In a way, a closed circuit run by New Yorkers for New Yorkers, who, like all other vanishing groups, stick to their old friends, such as Mary McCarty. She arrives, after her evening stint in "Follies," to reprise the songs and skits she loves the most. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hill town (pop. 70) at the very cul-de-sac end of the street, high above First Avenue, wherefore the view is as good as the ambience and the ease. Norman Roland, voice-over-piano, sits midway between bar and restaurant from eight until one Mondays through Thursdays, from nine until two Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Invasions of privacy are not unheard of, for a troupe of serenaders known as Roman Strings can pop up beside one's butter plate on short notice, or none at all. Well, when in Rome . . . Saturday, July 31, will be the last session before vacation sets in. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, a country cousin from down South, gives the piano in the bar an air of being very well-educated and extremely good-natured. He is in session from six until one, though not on Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old standby. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the piano to other hands on Sundays. . . . **PLAZA,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000): In the Palm Court, there is casual solo piano from eight to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Reginald Marsh (1898-1954)—Watercolors by this well-known painter of the American scene; through Aug. 13. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Victor Vasarely—A hundred and twenty graphics covering the past two decades; through Friday, July 30. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA,** 25 E. 73rd St.: Avery, Dobbs, Feininger, Hassam, Gropper, Marin, and other American artists; through Aug. 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ALONZO,** 26 E. 63rd St.: A rotating exhibit of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by sixteen artists, among them Ben Bishop, Ernest Briggs, Don David, Lynne Drexler, Martin Hurtig, Marty Kalb, Golda Lewis, and Ron Lusker; through Friday, July 30. . . . **FEIGEN,** 27 E. 79th St.: Paintings by Mueller, Kaufman, and Castro-Cid, and sculptures by Wilke and Abrahams; through Aug. 31. . . . **FISCHBACH,** 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and prints by gallery artists, who include Alex Katz, Robert Ryman, Ray Parker, Gene Davis, Doug Ohlson, and Robert Mangold; through Sept. 29. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.) . . . **KENNEDY,** 20 E. 56th St.: Paintings by Rattner, Shahn, and Kuhn (to name a few); through Aug. 20. . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St.: Gallery artists, among them Dubuffet, Krushenick, Nevelson, Samaras, Trova, and Youngerman; through Aug. 13. . . . **VISUAL ARTS,** 209 E. 23rd St.: Works and "systems" by recent graduates; starting Tuesday, Aug. 3. (Closes at 4.) . . . ¶ Many galleries are closed during the summer or mount rather casual shows that may vary in content from day to day. The following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are at least open: **LA BOETIE,** 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . **GRAHAM,** third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. . . . **HAMMER,** 51 E. 57th St. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St. . . . **VAN DER STRAETEN,** 981 Madison Ave., at 76th St.; closes at 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—More than a hundred and thirty paintings done in Florence, mostly in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—including masterpieces by Giotto, Fra Angelico, Fra Filippo Lippi, Botticelli, Andrea del Sarto, and Bronzino; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ A summer show consisting largely of late-nineteenth- and twentieth-century masters and American paintings and sculptures of the past fifteen years, borrowed from private collections; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ A hundred sculptures from Nigeria and Cameroon; through Sept. 26. . . . ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir, done between the seventh century and the nineteenth. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Over four hundred paintings, sculptures, drawings, posters, prints, and photographs assembled from the Museum collection and centered on the theme of social protest, with subjects ranging from urban poverty at the turn of the century to wars and revolutions; through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection by the "second generation" Abstract Expressionists Joan Mitchell, Larry Rivers, Grace Hartigan, Helen Frankenthaler, Alfred Leslie, John Chamberlain, Robert Mallary, Raymond Parker, and Richard Stankiewicz; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Photographic documentation of projects carried out on Pier 18 by twenty-eight process artists; through Monday, Aug. 2. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **NOTE:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 4 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A chronological survey of twentieth-century art taken from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 12. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and thirty-two prints by John Sloan (1871-1951) from the Museum's collection; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Quilts with abstract designs, principally from nineteenth-century Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and New England; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Approximately fifty paintings by twentieth-century Americans, from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

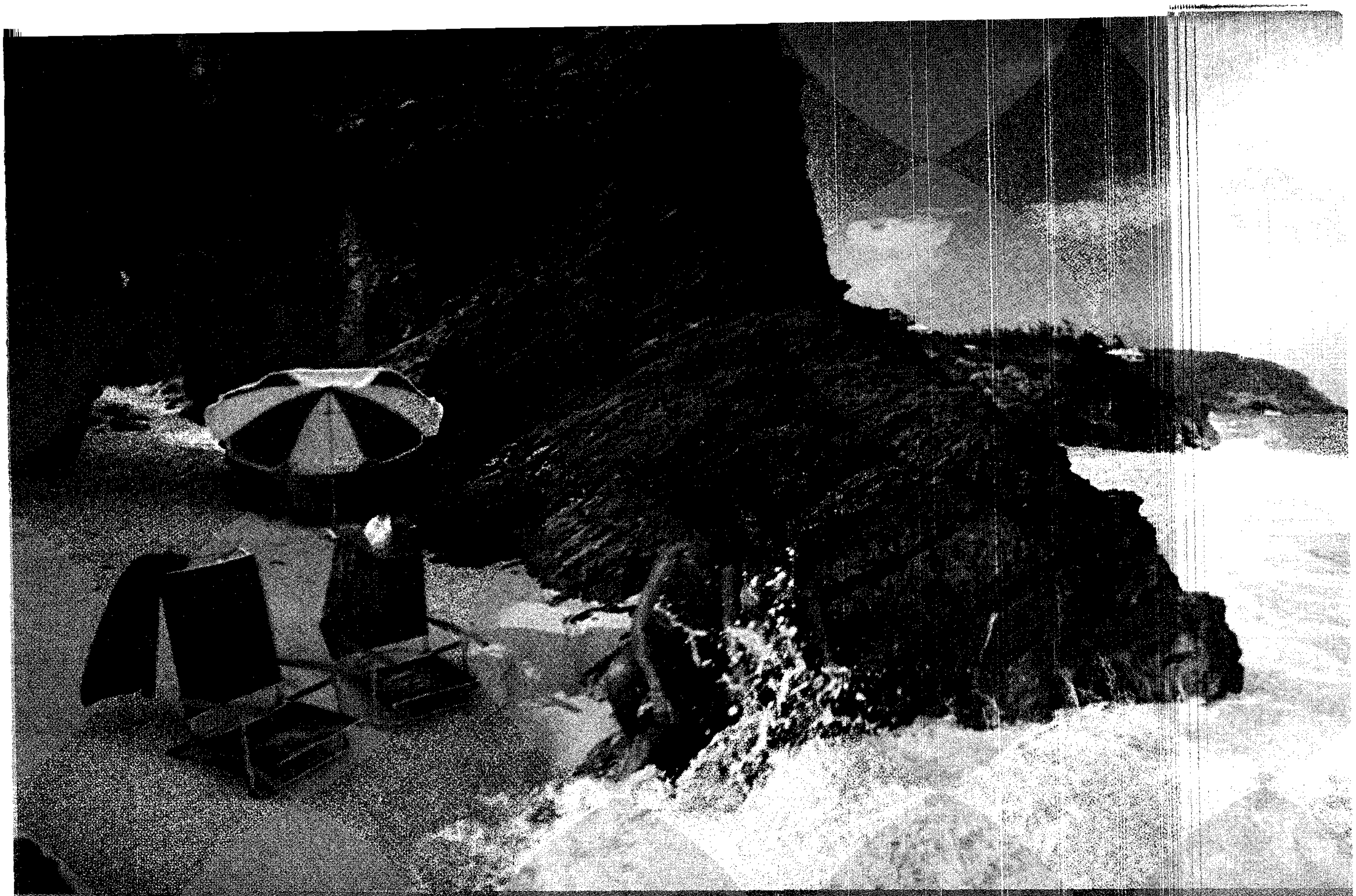
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Prints, drawings, photographs and photo-collages, and illustrations on the theme of woman from the fifteenth century to the present by artists of both sexes: Cassatt, Peggy Bacon, Isabel Bishop, Nevelson, O'Keeffe, Goya, Matisse, Picasso, and Toulouse-Lautrec, for instance; through Sept. 12. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The million-dollar new Hall of Peoples of the Pacific offers hundreds of artifacts and specimens (from the simple boomerang of the aborigines to the refined theatrical paraphernalia of the Indonesians) dating from the fourteenth century through the Second World War. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition of three hundred black-and-white photographs, tracing the history of the State of Israel; through Sept. 6. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Drawings, costume and scenery designs, and caricatures (by Braque, Gris, Picasso, Tchelitchew, and the like), plus photographs and other memorabilia, from the private collection of Boris Kochno, Diaghilev's collaborator and friend; through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A radiant collection of a hundred and fifty sixteenth-century gold-tooled bookbindings; through Friday, July 30. . . . ¶ Sixty-four portrait draw-



Enjoy the world as it once was.

Every year thousands do. Many for a second or third time.

People who want an island that's still "An Island." A clean, uncluttered, uncommercial dream of human and natural ecology.

A place out of the mainstream of world madness. Where tranquillity and good manners are still a way of life.

A friendly feeling that flourishes all over our island. A spirit and mood you'll find when biking along peaceful lanes fringed by hibiscus and oleander.

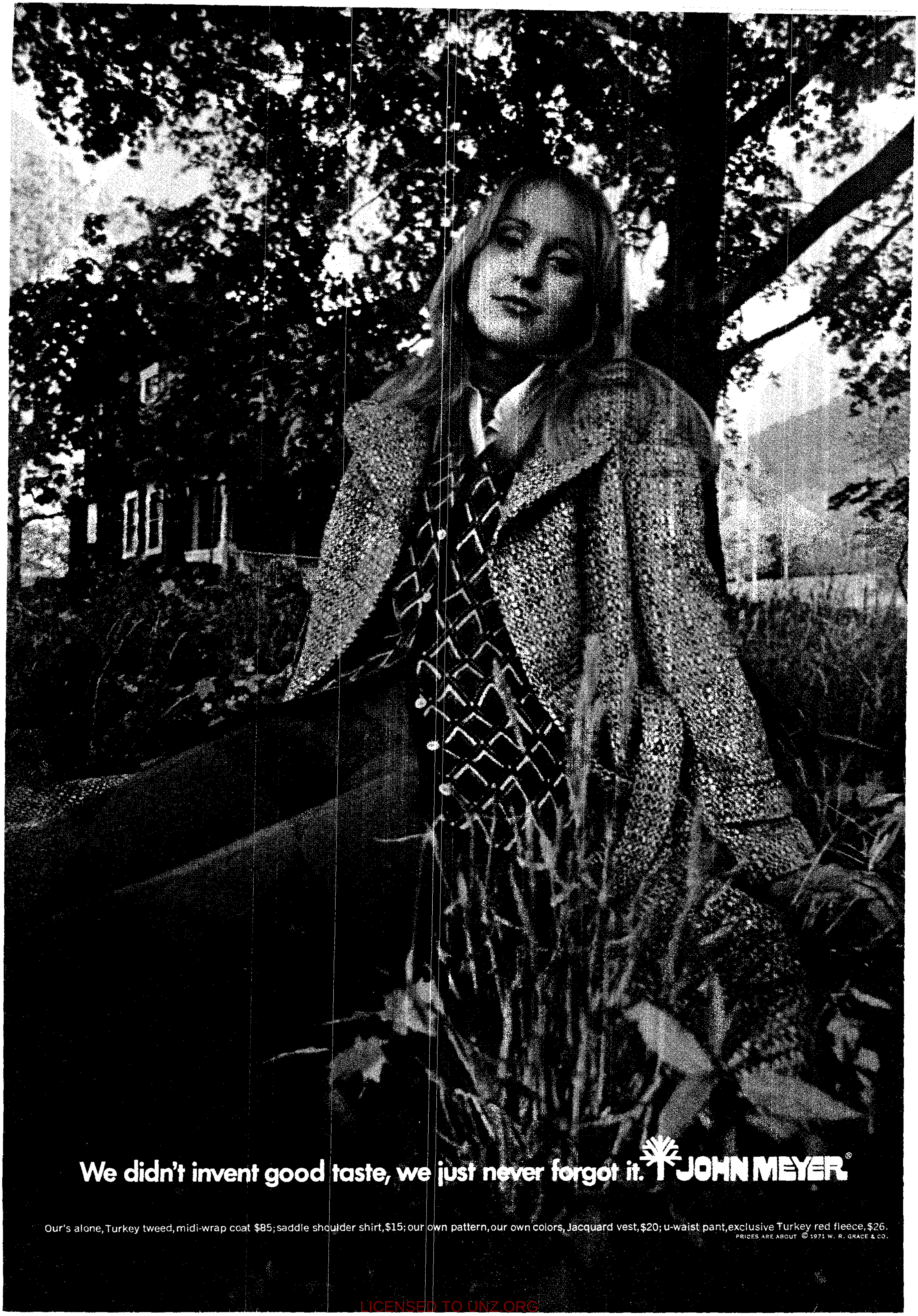
Bathing in our incredibly blue waters, bounded by pink sand beaches. Dining or just enjoying the colourful sights.

Today, more than ever, you'll enjoy our amiable island. Bermuda. 90 minutes near.

Bermuda

For a change, come to where things haven't changed.

CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT, OR WRITE BERMUDA, 610 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10020—6 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60602.


We didn't invent good taste, we just never forgot it.
JOHN MEYER®

Our's alone, Turkey tweed, midi-wrap coat $85; saddle shoulder shirt, $15; our own pattern, our own colors, Jacquard vest, $20; u-waist pant, exclusive Turkey red fleece, $26.
PRICES ARE ABOUT © 1971 W. R. GRACE & CO.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through Friday, July 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An assembly of nineteenth-century toys designed by George W. Brown, accompanied by reproductions of the watercolors from his sketchbook; through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—More than a hundred works by seventeen British artists who, according to the director of the Center, represent "The British Avant-Garde;" through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ More than fifty posters executed in connection with protest marches in Washington and San Francisco by, among others, Andre, Calder, di Suvero, Huebler, Judd, LeWitt, Rauschenberg, Rosenquist, Smithson, and Youngerman; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Fifty objects, works on paper, and photographic documentation of performances done by Alex Hay during the past ten years; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"City of Promise: Aspects of Jewish Life in New York 1654-1970," an amalgam that includes photographs (a hundred of them portraits), ritual silver, and paintings; through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Eighty paintings done in prisons by thirty-five inmates; through Aug. 8. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

OPERA

CENTER OPERA COMPANY OF MINNEAPOLIS—Saturday, July 31, at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 1, at 2:15: Virgil Thomson and Gertrude Stein's "The Mother of Us All." . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 3-4, at 8: The New York première of H. Wesley Balk and John Gessner's "Faust Counter Faust." (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350.)

ORCHESTRAS

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—Opening performances of a four-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which will *run through* Saturday, Aug. 28—Monday, Aug. 2, and Wednesday, Aug. 4: Sergiu Comissiona conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Alfred Brendel, piano, and Benita Valente, soprano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 3: The Guarneri Quartet, with Lee Luvisi, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 5: Eve Queler conducting the orchestra in a program of arias and ensembles from Mozart operas, with Nancy Shade, soprano; Marcia Baldwin, mezzo-soprano; Gary Glaze, tenor; and others. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 6-7: Philippe Entremont conducting the orchestra and acting as piano soloist in a program of Mozart concertos. (Philharmonic Hall, TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

ODETTA AND CHASE—Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. Thursday, July 29, at 7:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

JAZZ CONTEMPORARIES—Jazz Center, 57 W. 57th St. Friday, July 30, at noon. For tickets, call 489-0654.

STEPHEN STILLS & BAND—And others. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, July 30, at 8.)

GARY BURTON AND THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS JAZZ BAND—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, July 31, at 7:30.

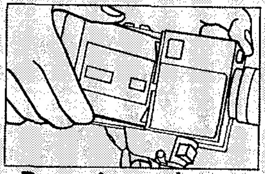
HUGH MASEKELA & THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA AND THE CRUSADERS—Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, July 31, at 8.

GEORGE HARRISON AND RAVI SHANKAR—With Ringo Starr and others, in a benefit concert. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Aug. 1, at 2:30 and 8.)

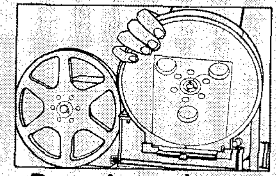
SONNY TERRY AND BROWNIE McGHEE—Museum of Modern Art Garden. Thursday, Aug. 5, at 7:30.

GERRY MULLIGAN AND THE WILDER WINDS—A pro-

BE A DROP-IN



Drop in to shoot.



Drop in to show.

Talk about easy! To make great movies, just drop the film cartridge into the Kodak Instamatic® M30 movie camera. Then shoot. Winding and threading are things of the past. The M30 has power zoom, reflex viewing, an extra-fast f/1.9 lens, and an automatic electric eye. For less than $105. Other Kodak Instamatic movie cameras start at less than $35.

At show time, drop Kodak's new projection cartridge into the Kodak Instamatic M110 movie projector. The versatile M110 shows both 8mm and super 8. It accepts cartridges and reels up to 400 feet. It's less than $195. Other Kodak Instamatic cartridge projectors from less than $140.

Prices are subject to change without notice.

Kodak INSTAMATIC MOVIE PROJECTOR

KODAK MAKES YOUR PICTURES COUNT.

Kodak

A new softness—the knit Sweater Dress at Bonwit's!

Kimberly's Sweater Dress sets the trend for casual elegance with ribbing at the sleeves, neck and pockets...and along a center button-up panel. In lush red or bone wool knit for 6 to 14 sizes, 95.00 Add 1.25 outside delivery area. Sports Floor Bonwit Teller Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York and all Bonwit stores

BONWIT TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

gram of music by Alec Wilder. (Town Hall. Saturday, Aug. 7, at 7:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, July 30, at 7: A concert by the Berkshire Boy Choir.... ¶ Friday, July 30, at 9: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists.... ¶ Saturday, July 31, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Byron Janis, piano, and Stomu Yamash'ta, percussion.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 1, at 2:30: Daniel Barenboim conducting, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin.... ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 3, at 8:30: Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops in an all-Tchaikovsky program for the benefit of the Boston Symphony's Pension Fund, with Earl Wild, piano.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 6, at 7: A recital by Phyllis Curtin, soprano.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 6, at 9: Colin Davis conducting the Boston Symphony, with Zara Nelsova, cello.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8:30: William Steinberg conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 8, at 2:30: Colin Davis directing the Boston Symphony in an all-Mozart program, with Stephen Bishop, piano; Benita Valente, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Robert Hale, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 22. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Tentative schedule of final performances by the **NEW YORK CITY BALLET:** Wednesday, July 28, at 8:30: "Swan Lake," "Concerto for Two Pianos," "In the Night," and "La Valse."... ¶ Thursday, July 29, at 8:30: "Serenade," "Prodigal Son," and "Firebird."... ¶ Friday, July 30, at 8:30: "Firebird," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "The Cage," and "Agon."... ¶ Saturday, July 31, at 2: "Serenade," "Concerto for Two Pianos," "Episodes," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Saturday, July 31, at 8:30: "PAMTGG" and "Goldberg Variations."... [**NOTE:** Special concerts will be given by the Preservation Hall Jazz Band on Sunday, Aug. 1, at 8:30, and by The Who on Monday, Aug. 2, at 8:30.] ... **PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA:** Opening performances of a four-week season that will run through Saturday, Aug. 28. Wednesday, Aug. 4, at 8:30: William Steinberg conducting; no soloists.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 5, at 8:30: Daniel Barenboim conducting, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 6, at 8:30: Mr. Barenboim conducting and acting as piano soloist.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8:30: Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducting, with Nedda Casei, contralto. (Saratoga Springs. Through Saturday, Sept. 25. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

LENOX ARTS CENTER—Friday, July 30: David Bromberg.... ¶ Saturday, July 31: The Byrds.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 6: The New York Bass Violin Choir.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 7: Mary Travers and Kris Kristofferson. (Lenox, Mass. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 31: Minnesota Dance Theatre and Claude Kipnis Mime Theatre.... ¶ Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 3-8: The Boston Ballet Company. Three programs: the first on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and Thursday matinée; the second on Friday through Sunday evenings; the third a matinée primarily for children on Saturday. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sunday, Aug. 8, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3.)

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL—Final performances—Saturday, July 31, at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 1, at 2: Lucas Hoving Dance Company.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 8, at 2: San Francisco Dancers' Workshop. (Palmer Auditorium, New London, Conn. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. St. Louis, Wednesday, July 28, at 2:05, and Thursday, July 29, at 8:05.... ¶ Mets vs. Chicago, Friday, July 30, at 8:05; Saturday, July 31, at about 2:15 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at about 1:15, and will include a couple of innings between members of the 1951 Giant and Dodger teams, among them Jackie Robinson, Bobby Thomson, Pee Wee Reese, and Monte Irvin); and Sunday, Aug. 1, at 1:05 (doubleheader).... ¶ Mets vs. Cincinnati, Monday, Aug. 2, at 8:05; Tuesday, Aug. 3, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader); and Wednesday, Aug. 4, at 2:05.... **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Baltimore, Thursday and Friday, Aug. 5-6, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 7, at 2.

GOLF—Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, July 29-Aug. 1.)

HORSE SHOWS—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 7.)

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, July 31. The Tidal Handicap, Saturday, July 31.... **SARATOGA:** Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Aug. 2, through Saturday, Aug. 28. The Flash, Monday, Aug. 2; the Schuylerville, Wednesday, Aug. 4; the Test, Thursday, Aug. 5; and the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 7.... **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, Aug. 9. The Sapling, Saturday, July 31, and the Monmouth, Saturday, Aug. 7. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)... **LIBERTY BELL,** Philadelphia: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 21.

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, Oct. 14. ... **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 28 at 2 and 5:30: "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" (1930), directed by Alfred E. Green, with Ernest Torrence and Walter Pidgeon.... ¶ July 29 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Be Yourself" (1930), directed by Thornton Freeland, with Fanny Brice and Robert Armstrong.... ¶ July 30 at 2 and 5:30: "The Dance of Life" (1929), directed by John Cromwell and A. Edward Sutherland, with Hal Skelly and Nancy Carroll.... ¶ July 31 at 11:30: "The Navigator" (1924), directed by, and with, Buster Keaton.... ¶ July 31 at 3 and 5:30: "Just Imagine" (1930), directed by David Butler, with El Brendel and Maureen O'Sullivan.... ¶ Aug. 1 at 2 and 5:30: "Are You There" (1930), directed by Hamilton MacFadden, with Beatrice Lillie and John Garrich.... ¶ Aug. 2 at 1: "The Big Broadcast" (1932), directed by Frank Tuttle, with Stuart Erwin and Bing Crosby.... ¶ Aug. 2 at 6: "The Ghost That Never Returns" (1930), a Russian silent film, directed by Abram Room; no English titles. ... ¶ Aug. 3 at 2: "The Big Broadcast" (1932).... ¶ Aug. 3 at 5:30: "The Ghost That Never Returns" (1930).... ¶ Aug. 4 at 2 and 5:30: "Love Me Tonight" (1932), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald.... Aug. 5 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Open City" (1946), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Anna Magnani. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through July 29: "The Importance of Being Earnest" (1952), directed by Anthony Asquith, with Michael Redgrave and Joan Greenwood. . . . ¶ July 30-31: "The Caretaker" (1963), directed by Clive Donner, with Donald Pleasence, Robert Shaw, and Alan Bates. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 and 4-5: "South Riding" (1938), directed by Victor Saville, with Edna Best and Ralph Richardson. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather over the city, call 472-1003 for news.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, with Jerry Stiller, Janelle Allen, Alix Elias, and Clifton Davis. The second of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Aug. 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of THE SOUND OF MUSIC, with Constance Towers, John Michael King, and Christopher Hewett. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

New York Philharmonic—Concerts in various city parks, sponsored by the Schlitz beer people. Istvan Kertesz (with Lorin Hollander, piano) will conduct the first in a series of three peripatetic programs: CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW, Tuesday, Aug. 3, at 8:30. . . . CLOVE LAKES PARK, Staten Island, Wednesday, Aug. 4, at 8:30. . . . PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn, Thursday, Aug. 5, at 8:30. . . . CROCHERON PARK, Bayside, Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8:30.

Central Park Mall—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursdays at 8; through Aug. 12.). . . ¶ Boyd Neel conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Masako Yanagita, violin. (Saturday, July 31, at 8.)

Wollman Rink—More beer music, this time the Schaefer brewery's annual summer upheaval. Wednesday, July 28: Roberta Flack and Donal Leace. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 2: Judy Collins and David Rea. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 4: Delaney & Bonnie & Friends and John Hammond. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 6: Sha-Na-Na and the Voices of East Harlem. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 7: Dave Brubeck (with Gerry Mulligan and Paul Desmond) and Chico Hamilton's quartet. (Evenings at 7 and 9:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in another series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 15. Robert Lawrence will share in the conducting on Sunday, Aug. 1.)

Gaelic Park—Wednesday, July 28, at 8: Black Sabbath, Black Oak, Arkansas, and Alice Cooper. . . . ¶ Friday, July 30, at 8: The Grateful Dead. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 6 (postponed from Aug. 4), at 8: Ten Years After and Edgar Winter's White Trash. (Broadway and 240th St. For information about tickets, call 644-4400.)

East River Park—Robert Boudreau conducting the last in a series of concerts by the American Waterways Wind Orchestra, playing from a barge at the foot of Grand Street. (Wednesday, July 28, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.)

Bryant Park—Thursday, July 29, at 12:15: Sol Yaged's sextet. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 3, at 12:15: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 5, at 12:15: Sol Yaged's sextet.

Carl Schurz Park—Frédérique Petrides conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra, with Yosef Yankelev, violin. The last in a series of concerts. (Thursday, July 29, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

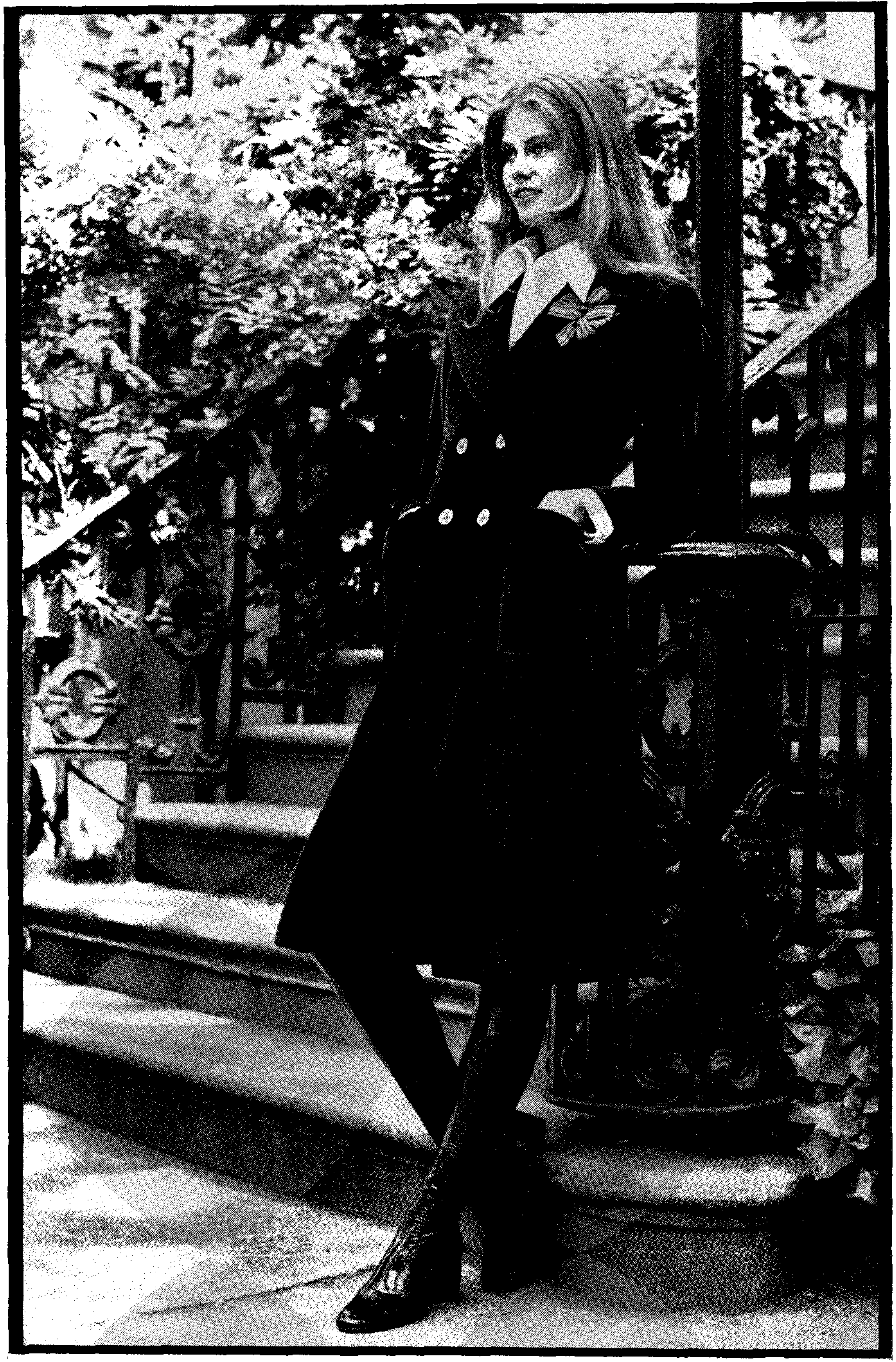
Bowling Green Park—A jazz concert by the Bill La Forge band. (Tuesday, Aug. 3, at 12:15.)

Washington Square Park—Michael Bartos conducting an instrumental-chamber group. (Wednesday, Aug. 4, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St.)

Crompton is your velvet.

Gunter for Project 2 coat.
Crompton velvet.
Navy, emerald, burgundy, black,
brown or camel. 4-16. About $145.
At Bonwit Teller, New York; Filene's, Boston;
J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Stanley Korshak, Chicago;
Sakowitz, Houston; I. Magnin, West Coast.

Be special. Be yourself.



CROMPTON-RICHMOND COMPANY-INC., 1071 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK 10018.
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Ryan's Daughter."
Orpheum Repertory Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (982-6410)
July 28: "Mr. Arkadin."
July 29: "Trial of Joan of Arc."
July 30: "The Wolf Man."
July 31: "Dr. Strangelove."
Aug. 1: "Shanghai Express."
Aug. 2: "They Died with Their Boots On."
Aug. 3: "The Big Sleep."
Aug. 4: "The Dawn Patrol."
Aug. 5: "La Marseillaise."
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 31: "Me" and "The Daisies."
Aug. 1-3: "Hunger" and "Intimate Lighting."
From Aug. 4: "Hoodlum Soldier" and "Naomi."
Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Aug. 3: "A New Leaf" and "The Night Visitor."
From Aug. 4: "Sex Clinic."
Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Plaza Suite."
Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Aug. 3: "Drive, He Said."
From Aug. 4: "Dr. Phibes."
Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"On Any Sunday."
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Bananas."
Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?"
Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Peter Rabbit and Tales of Beatrix Potter."
Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Devils."
Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Walkabout."
Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Touch."
Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through July 31: "Dusty and Sweets McGee."
From Aug. 1: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller."
R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Aug. 3: "Willard."
From Aug. 4: "Johnny Got His Gun."
Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Le Mans."
Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Carnal Knowledge."
Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Hellstrom Chronicle."
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through July 29: "Tillie and Gus" and "My Little Chickadee."
July 30-Aug. 1: "The Bank Dick" and "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break."
Aug. 2-3: "The Old-Fashioned Way" and "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man."
From Aug. 4: To be announced.
68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
July 28: "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich."
From July 29: "The Go-Between."
Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Panic in Needle Park."
72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Shaft."
Eastside Movie Bazaar, 334 E. 74th. (861-2288; starting at 6 on weekdays, at 4 on weekends.)
July 28: "Gilda."
July 29: "An Affair to Remember."
July 30: "All About Eve."
July 31: "A Letter to Three Wives."
Aug. 1-2: "A Thousand Clowns."
Aug. 3: "8½."
Aug. 4: "The Wild Bunch."
Aug. 5: "Alice's Restaurant."
Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Plaza Suite."
Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Bananas."
Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Summer of '42."
U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through July 29: "The Seven Minutes."
From July 30: "Klute."
Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Aug. 4: "The Anderson Tapes."
From Aug. 5: "The Love Machine."
Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Billy Jack."
86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Aug. 3: "Von Richthofen and Brown."
From Aug. 4: "Lawman."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
"Drive, He Said."
Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 3: "Summer of '42."
From Aug. 4: "2001: A Space Odyssey" and "Yellow Submarine."
8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Aug. 3: "The Wild Child" and "The Passion of Anna."
From Aug. 4: To be announced.
5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Nun."
Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Plaza Suite."
Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through July 29: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II."
July 30-Aug. 2: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" and "The Blue Angel."
Aug. 3: "The Day the Earth Caught Fire" and "Transatlantic Tunnel."
Aug. 4-5: "Smiles of a Summer Night" and "The Magician."
R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Aug. 3: "Willard."
From Aug. 4 (tentative): "The Andromeda Strain."
Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
July 28: "I Live in Fear" and "The Burmese Harp."
July 29-Aug. 4: "Rebellion" and "Kill!"
From Aug. 5: "Freaks."
Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Fantasia."
Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
July 28: "Murphy's War."
From July 29: "The Red Tent."
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through July 29: "Peter Rabbit and Tales of Beatrix Potter."
From July 30: "Cleopatra."
Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Summer of '42."
Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Adrift."
Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Death in Venice."
Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Aug. 5 (tentative): "Plaza Suite."
Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Clowns."
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Crook."
Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Hellstrom Chronicle."
Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Aug. 3: "Von Richthofen and Brown."
From Aug. 4: "Lawman."
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Aug. 3: "Willard."
From Aug. 4: "The Andromeda Strain."
Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Aug. 3: "Drive, He Said" and "Something for Everyone."
From Aug. 4 (tentative): "Ryan's Daughter."
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
July 28: "Red Desert" and "Tristana."
July 29-Aug. 4: "A Streetcar Named Desire" and "The Blue Angel."
From Aug. 5: "The Fearless Vampire Killers" and "Night of the Living Dead."
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 3: "Willard."
From Aug. 4: "The Andromeda Strain."
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 28: "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Mata Hari."
July 29: "Arch of Triumph" and "The Bridge of San Luis Rey."
July 30: "The Thief of Paris" and "The Crime of Monsieur Lange."
July 31: "La Guerre Est Finie" and "To Die in Madrid."
Aug. 1: "Boris Godunov" and "The Threepenny Opera."
Aug. 2: "Mr. Arkadin" and "Sons and Lovers."
Aug. 3: "The Young and the Damned" and "This Strange Passion."
Aug. 4: "Zero for Conduct" and "L'Atalante."
Aug. 5: "Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow" and "Divorce—Italian Style."
Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"Summer of '42."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Adrift—Mannered film by Ján Kadár, a gifted Czech in exile from his gift. People look cosmically solemn, time goes in circles, and an unmistakably American girl with unmistakably silicone breasts rises from the waves to haunt an unmistakably Czech fisherman in unmistakably Czech circumstances. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

An Affair to Remember (1957)—Cary Grant and Deborah Kerr. Toilet soap. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; July 29.)

Alice's Restaurant (1969)—Arthur Penn's extension of Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacre." Made with attractive simplicity and with great affection for the hippies' humor. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Aug. 5.)

All About Eve (1950)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz's most celebrated picture, from his own sophisticated and technically splendid script. There is an old show-biz myth that films and plays about show biz don't interest anyone outside the business, but this movie cracks the legend. Bette Davis plays Margo Channing, a high-temperament Broadway star. Anne Baxter as her secretary is after her guts and her dressing room, with the guileless blessing of a playwright (Hugh Marlowe) and of Celeste Holm as his wife. The only person onto the craft afoot is played by Thelma Ritter—who else? (Eastside Movie Bazaar; July 30.)

The Anderson Tapes—A coarsely made comic melodrama about an attempt to rob all the tenants of a New York apartment house. Sean Connery is in charge; most of the rest of the cast plays in a broad and unusually sloppy style. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Orpheum; through Aug. 4.)

The Andromeda Strain—Biological invasion from outer space. The rapidly expanding green muck is like the various slimy menaces in the unpretentious sci-fi thrillers of the fifties, but Robert Wise, who made this expensive version of the Michael Crichton novel, has chosen a fanatically realistic documentary style and has failed to solve the dramatic problems in the original story. The suspense is strong, but not pleasurable. (Regency and Symphony; starting Aug. 4.... ¶R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Aug. 4, tentative.)

Arch of Triumph (1948)—Dozy love stuff between Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman, set in 1948 France. Skippable. (Thalia; July 29.)

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's sensuous, poetic love story about a young barge captain on the Seine who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. Jean Dasté and Dita Parlo are the lovers; Michel Simon is the tattoed barge hand. A wonderfully spontaneous, unarranged-looking film, photographed by Boris Kaufman and with a lovely score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 4.)

Bananas—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny, with Woody Allen shyly keeping his end up in a world of girl activists who love him for talking about Kierkegaard even if he doesn't make the faintest sense. There is

WOLFSCHMIDT
GENUINE
VODKA
FRESCA

"Wolfschmidt and Fresca make a long, cold summer drink called The Chiller Diller."

"Let's make it a long, cold summer."

That icy tingle up and down your spine? That's The Chiller Diller. That's the taste of Wolfschmidt and Fresca together. A chilling thought that makes a great drink.

The Chiller Diller

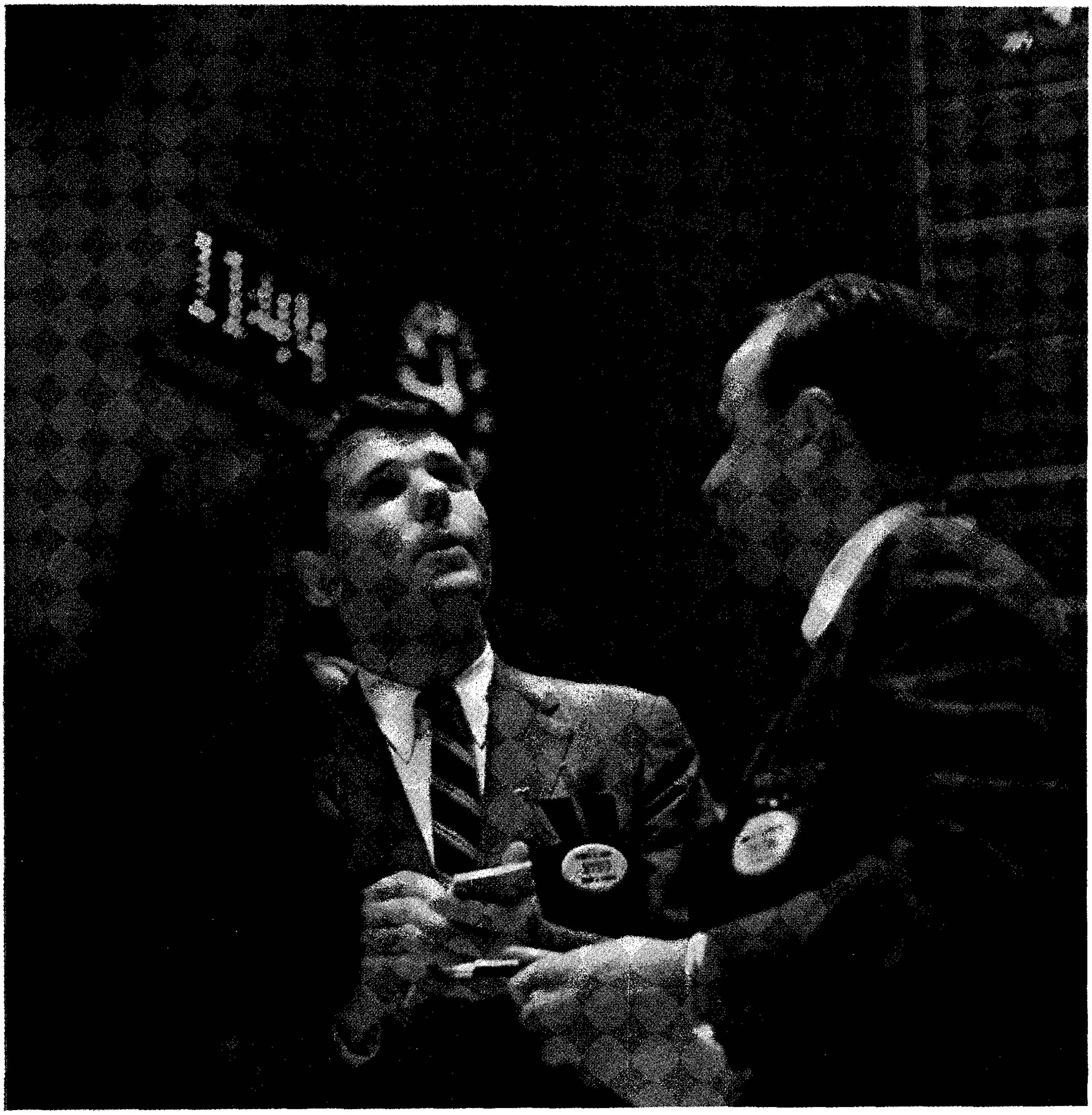
Pour one jigger of Wolfschmidt Vodka over crushed ice. Fill glass to the brim with Fresca. Stir. Drink. Cheers.

Wolfschmidt & Fresca®

Frankfort Distillers Co. New York N.Y. Made from grain, 80 and 100 proof. Product of U.S.A.
Fresca® is a registered trademark of The Coca-Cola Company.

How the money markets and securities markets move, and where they move, directly affects your business. Because no matter what you call your business, you are actually managing money.

What you need is a special kind of bank, run by money managers, for money managers. That's The Bank of New York. The bank that manages money.



The Bank Of New York. The bank that manages money.

Main Office: 48 Wall Street, New York, N.Y. 10015 Member of The Bank of New York Company, Inc. Member FDIC

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5		

a nice scene when he is Christ, for some reason, and runs into a traffic problem with another Jesus—also nailed to a Cross, but not too painfully to have an irritable argument about rights to a parking space. Woody Allen maybe needs to watch that he doesn't milk his distraught and henpecked personality at the expense of his superior and reckless lunacy. (34th St. East and Juliet 2.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields in one of his rudest. Terrific. (Beekman; July 30-Aug. 1.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in a fast, tense, amusingly lurid thriller, which is peopled with sophisticated monsters who talk in innuendoes. Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of rich, spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb. It hardly matters that the plot got so complicated that William Faulkner and the other writers had to appeal to Chandler for guidance, and that he couldn't exactly figure it out, either. Howard Hawks directed, smashingly. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 3.)

Billy Jack—With Tom Laughlin and Delores Taylor, directed by T. C. Frank. (Loew's Ciné.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—An almost legendary film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a rather coarse and plump young beauty—the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In German. (New Yorker; July 29-Aug. 4. . . . ¶ Elgin; July 30-Aug. 2.)

Boris Godunov (1955)—Elaborate, faithful recreation of the Moussorgsky-Pushkin opera. A. Pirogov is Boris. Directed by V. Stroyeva. In Russian. (Thalia; Aug. 1.)

The Bridge of San Luis Rey (1944)—Best-seller-into-poor-film, with a happy ending instead of a sad one, and any number of accents hit upon as appropriate to old Peru. Akim Tamiroff and Louis Calhern are their own solid selves. (Thalia; July 29.)

The Burmese Harp (1956)—A Japanese likeness of "Antigone," directed by Kon Ichikawa, about a Japanese private in Burma near the end of the Second World War who has a driving need to bury the dead in expiation for the crimes of war. A strange, gentle film; the poetry is uneven but unmistakably authentic. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; July 28.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The sets are used expressionistically to convey the angular, warped world as a madman sees it. This famous (silent) nightmare film stars Werner Krauss as the mountebank-doctor, and tall, thin, young Conrad Veidt as the somnambulist in his cabinet. Directed by Robert Wiene. (Elgin; July 30-Aug. 2.)

Carnal Knowledge—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Cinema I.)

Cleopatra (1963)—High life in Lower Egypt, with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, and Roddy McDowall. (Ziegfeld; starting July 30.)

The Clowns—Fellini's new picture, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between solitaries eccentrically made up in a world of truly dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar, tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Lincoln Art.)

The Crime of Monsieur Lange (1935)—Directed by Jean Renoir—not at the great peak of his "Rules of the Game" but very much by the same man. René Lefèvre plays M. Lange, technically guilty of murder but not morally. This is 1935, and he is at the bottom of the heap. We see him, looking hungry, spending as much time as possible in bed, writing Wild West stories that nobody reads. Jules Berry is his foppishly dressed employer, a gifted embezzler. Some scenes have the temperament of Restoration comedy. The film amounts to a fable about capitalism, to a caustic revenge farce, to an idyll sweetened by the grace of reprieve as the lovers on the run push their luck in a plundered interlude before the hero is caught. In French. (Thalia; July 30.)

The Crook—The hero of Claude Lelouch's new film, a thriller, is played by Jean-Louis Trintignant and called Simon the Swiss because he is invincibly methodical. Once a lawyer, he has turned criminal. The plot, romantically sadistic, is about the kidnapping of a child whose rabbit-faced parents are tricked into leaving him alone while they pick up a prize in a Simca-promoted television show. Skillful, well acted, impossible to leave, topped with a cruel piece of nursery morality at the end. In French. (Paris.)

The Daisies (1966)—A delicately balmy and freewheeling piece of Czech slapstick about two ravishing teen-age girls leading lives of hedonism and chatter in a world bounded by hair curlers, men, bikini underclothes, and looming, enthralling food. (Cinema Village; through July 31.)

The Dawn Patrol (1930)—Howard Hawks doing his usual job of Hollywood professionalism about a tale of chaps at war. With an unerring ear for the freshly minted cliché, he hits here on the idea that war devours a man's humanity. The mediocrity is deep-dyed. Air Force, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., et cetera. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 4.)

The Day the Earth Caught Fire (1961)—A plausible English thriller, laid in a future that, thanks to our having set off too many bombs, threatens not to last very long. (Elgin; Aug. 3.)

Death in Venice—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carry-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the beauty of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Little Carnegie.)

The Devils—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, goings-over by apothecary, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it; the quiet vein of his early B.B.C. documentaries eludes him at the moment. (Fine Arts.)

Divorce—Italian Style (1962)—A funny farce, set in Sicily and featuring Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. The director, Pietro Germi, has made the most of his outrageous opportunities. In Italian. (Thalia; Aug. 5.)

Dr. Phibes—Vincent Price in the title role. (Kips Bay; starting Aug. 4.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenen Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 31.)

Drive, He Said—Jack Nicholson's début as a director, so this film about schizophrenia in the soul of young America is well acted, but it skids into some very leaden symbolism about a crackup in the mind of a boy avoiding the draft; the screen suddenly swarms with lizards and mice and bugs that he has let loose in a biology lab, in the spirit of freeing fellow-prisoners. You can leave your head at home if you go to see this one. (Bleecker St. Cinema. . . . ¶ Kips Bay and Embassy 72nd St.; through Aug. 3.)

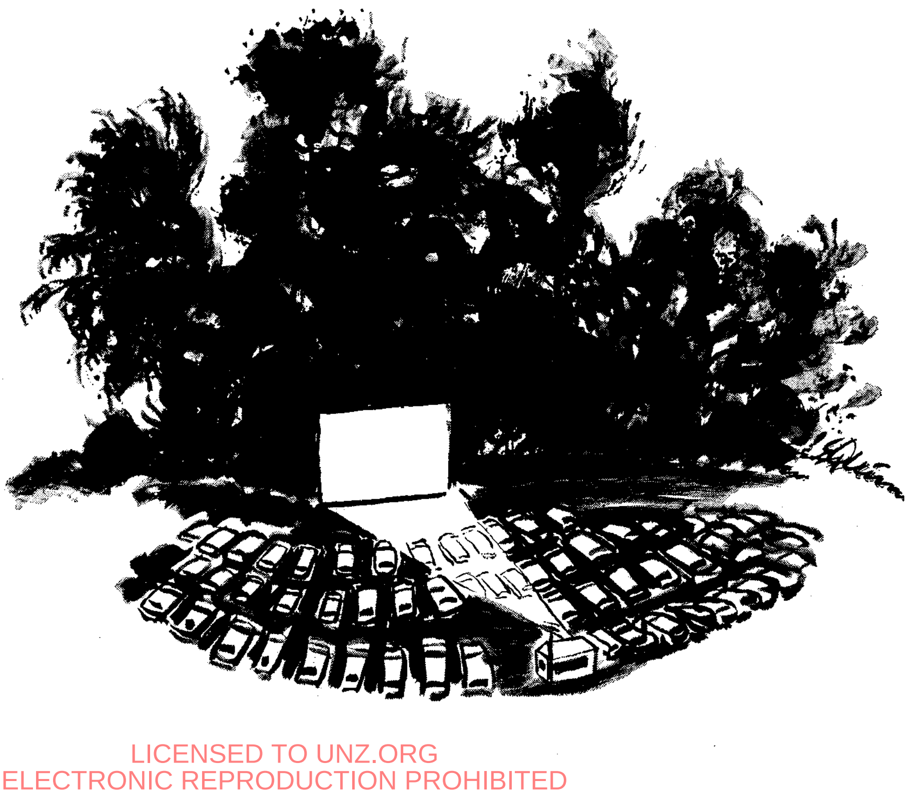
Dusty and Sweets McGee—A film of the drug scene, piously against it but secretly rather enthralled, with a tendency to photograph rubber tourniquets as if they were on-turning, like lace garters. Directed by Floyd Mutrux. (Coronet; through July 31.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Aug. 3.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others) and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has recently been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Guild.)

The Fearless Vampire Killers (1967)—Directed, written, acted in, and disowned by Roman Polanski, in an imaginative exile's comprehensible convulsion to find his feet again. The film flails, but you can see the talent somewhere. (New Yorker; starting Aug. 5.)

Freaks (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous po-



James Kenrob
BY DALTON

Plum tones predominate
in Kenrob's double knit dress
of 100% Trevira polyester.
Sizes 6 to 16, about $40

Featured at
Bonwit Teller
Jacobson's-Michigan
B. Forman & Co.
Joseph Horne
and other fine stores everywhere.
Prices slightly higher in the West.

tential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naïve, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (Bijou Cinema; starting Aug. 5.)

Gilda (1946)—The story is turgid, melodramatic nonsense, but Rita Hayworth is at her most sexy-masochistic, and does that marvellous fully dressed striptease as she sings "Put the Blame on Mame." With Glenn Ford and George Macready. Charles Vidor directed. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; July 28.)

The Go-Between—Harold Pinter wrote the twinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece from an L. P. Hartley novel about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house-party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. Perfidious Albion basks in the sun and courteously destroys lives; the film partakes in the prevailing, pretty cruelty. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (68th St. Playhouse; starting July 29.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Jorge Semprun wrote and Alain Resnais directed this ambivalent study of a failed radical. Yves Montand is a Communist courier who goes on stoically carrying out policies he knows are futile. With Ingrid Thulin and Geneviève Bujold. In French. (Thalia; July 31.)

The Hellstrom Chronicle—A fictional scientist with a sensationally muddleheaded line in doomy rhetoric stalks about talking about the approach of Armageddon-by-insect. The insects are documentarily photographed in huge closeup, very classily. "Science fact," the film says about itself. But plus a lot of bilge. (Cinema II and Paramount.)

Hoodlum Soldier—Directed by Yasuzo Masumura. In Japanese. (Cinema Village; starting Aug. 4.)

Hunger (1966)—Per Oscarsson plays a starving young writer—a performance with brilliant variants of self-mockery and paranoia. The Knut Hamsun novel, transcribed to the screen with astonishing fidelity—and even more astonishing success—by Henning Carlsen. In Swedish. (Cinema Village; Aug. 1-3.)

I Live in Fear—In 1955, Kurosawa made this noble picture about fear of the H-bomb. Mifune plays a factory owner trying to sell up and leave with his family for Brazil. A tribunal that includes his dentist finds that he is upsetting the psychic order of society, and thereupon sends him mad. The picture praises worry with a script of high literary quality (by Kurosawa himself, as usual, with two collaborators). In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; July 28.)

Intimate Lighting (1965)—A small but charming and humane comedy about a young couple who visit an old friend of the man's and discover how the two men's paths—once so close—have diverged. Directed by Ivan Passer. A Czechoslovakian film. (Cinema Village; Aug. 1-3.)

Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II (1944-46)—The city of Kazan was built full scale in Central Asia with lumber imported from Siberia, and millions of rubles' worth of sets, beards, and brocades went into Eisenstein's great, weird two-part extravaganza on the evils of tyranny. In Part I, Ivan (Nikolai Cherkassov) is crowned and then, because of the opposition of the nobles, forced to abdicate; in Part II, with the help of the people, he is restored to power. Overpowering and operatic, the movie resembles a gigantic Expressionist mural. In Russian. (Elgin; through July 29.)

Johnny Got His Gun—Directed by Dalton Trumbo, from his own novel. With Jason Robards and Timothy Bottoms. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas; starting Aug. 4.)

Kill! (1968)—A rousing samurai film, directed by Kihachi Okamoto in a modern style influenced by Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; July 29-Aug. 4.)

Klute—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (U. A. East; starting July 30.)

Lawman—With Burt Lancaster and Robert Ryan, directed by Michael Winner. (86th St. East and Cinema Studio; starting Aug. 4.)

Le Mans—With Steve McQueen, directed by Lee H. Katzin. A rip-roarer, and that's it. (Ciné Malibu.)

A Letter to Three Wives (1949)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz wrote and directed this very intelligent horror-comedy about female cattiness. Celeste Holm, unseen gossip, writes a malicious letter to three suburban wives (Jeanne Crain, Ann Sothern, Linda Darnell). Florence Bates is a glitteringly ferocious radio sponsor. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; July 31.)

The Love Machine—From Jacqueline Susann's novel, with Dyan Cannon, Robert Ryan, Jackie Cooper, and John Phillip Law, directed by Jack Haley, Jr. (Orpheum; starting Aug. 5.)

The Magician (1958)—It has a fairy-tale atmosphere of expectation, like those stories that begin "We started out to see the king, and along the way we met . . ." but then this story of a nineteenth-century mesmerist (Max von Sydow) and his assistant (Ingrid Thulin) goes off into an argument about magic vs. rationalism and gets somewhat tacky. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Elgin; Aug. 4-5.)

La Marseillaise (1938)—Renoir, no political fool, shows Louis XVI coming back from a hard day's pleasure at the hunt and asking about the taking of the Bastille. "Is it a revolt?" he asks. "No, Sire, it is a revolution," says a courtier with a less limp grasp of the moment. In French. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 5.)

Mata Hari (1932)—George Fitzmaurice directs Garbo, Ramon Novarro, and Lionel Barrymore. A fairly lousy script, but Garbo can redeem lousiness; she makes a scene with the blinded Novarro ("Here are your eyes," she says, touching her own) seem a terrific moment in romantic cinema. (Thalia; July 28.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated for an American movie. Very fine. (Coronet; starting Aug. 1.)

Me (1970)—Directed by Maurice Pialat. In French. (Cinema Village; through July 31.)

Mr. Arkadin (1955)—Orson Welles directed and starred in this story of a fabulously wealthy dope smuggler who hires a man to trace his past. Ambitious and flamboyant but, whether because of technical problems or script problems or both, a fiasco. With Michael Redgrave, Akim Tamiroff, Mischa Auer, and Katina Paxinou. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 28. . . . ¶ Thalia; Aug. 2.)

Murphy's War—With Peter O'Toole, directed by Peter Yates. (Music Hall; July 28.)

Mutiny on the Bounty (1935)—Charles Laughton is Captain Bligh—corrupt and sadistic, but a great sailor; Clark Gable (looking a little tubby in white pants) is Fletcher Christian, leader of the mutineers; Franchot Tone is the pivotal character—the officer who goes back to England to stand trial. Some of the thirties bits-of-business of the minor characters are tediously simpleminded, but it's a stirring sea adventure in the big Metro manner. Frank Lloyd directed. (Thalia; July 28.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West respectively muttering and wambling in a most unusual Western. (Beekman; through July 29.)

Naomi—Directed by Yasuzo Masumura. In Japanese. (Cinema Village; starting Aug. 4.)

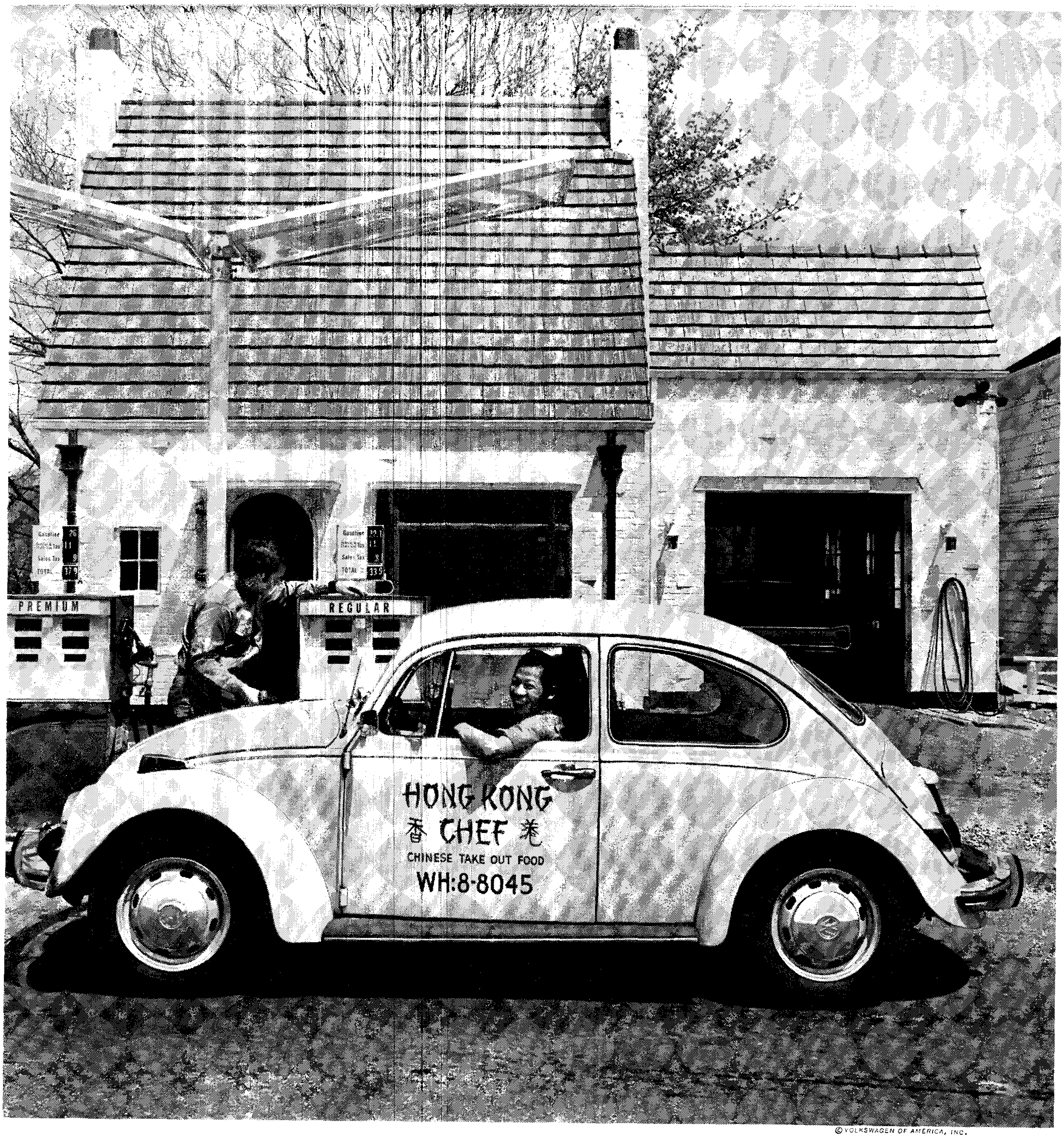
Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W. C. Fields doing his, er, best as a kindly uncle. (Beekman; July 30-Aug. 1.)

A New Leaf—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter *Matthau*?) who must marry a fortune in six weeks and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Charles; through Aug. 3.)

Night of the Living Dead (1968)—With Judith O'Dea, directed by George A. Romero. (New Yorker; starting Aug. 5.)

The Night Visitor—A Gothic suspense film with Trevor Howard, Liv Ullmann, Per Oscarsson, and Max von Sydow, directed by Laslo Benedek. (Charles; through Aug. 3.)

The Nun—Anna Karina plays Diderot's mid-eighteenth-century nun, boxed into a convent to save her parents the cost of her marriage dowry and the embarrassment of her illegitimacy. Directed by Jacques Rivette. Slow,



© VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

One hour later, it won't get hungry again.

If you need a car to make food deliveries with, doesn't it make sense to use one that won't eat up much profit?

It did to Mr. Chuck Lew, Chinese restaurateur, White Plains, New York.

His honorable Volkswagen has been delivering everything from wonton soup to leechee nuts for close to two years.

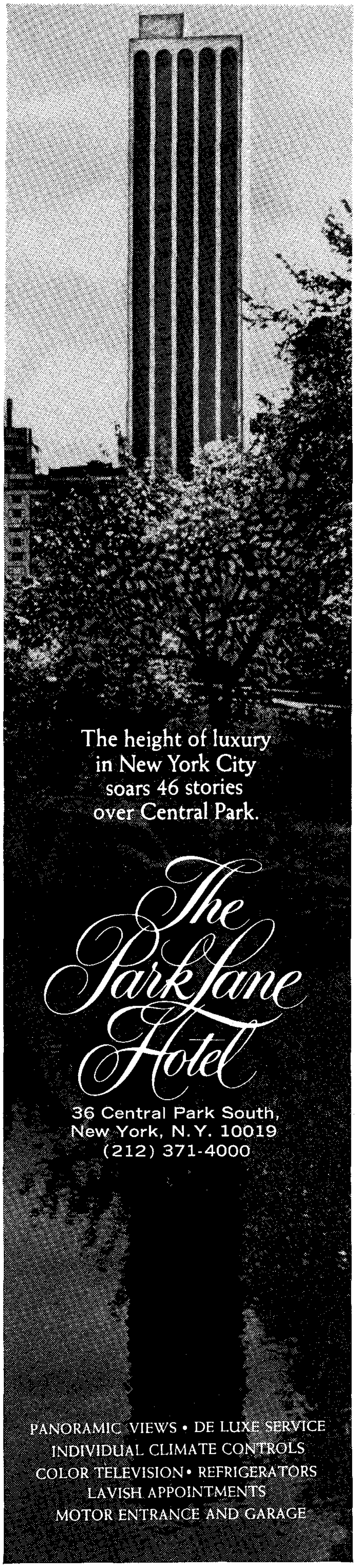
All the while averaging 25 miles to a gallon of gas, using pints of oil instead of quarts, and no water or antifreeze.

Since it can't boil over or freeze under, the egg foo gets wherever it's going while it's still young.

Since we never change the way the car looks, spare parts are as readily available from his Volkswagen dealer as are spare ribs from his restaurant.

And since Mr. Lew charges a 50¢ delivery fee and uses a car that costs roughly one-fourth of that for the average trip, he'd be crazy to trade it in.

Even for all the tea in China.



stately, suffocating stuff, full of images to inspire high-bred dread in atheists and claustrophobics, and entirely missing the point that Diderot's novel is funny. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

The Old-Fashioned Way (1934)—W. C. Fields and (Lord preserve us) Baby Le Roy. (Beekman; Aug. 2-3.)

On Any Sunday—A documentary on motorcycle racing, directed by Bruce Brown. (Murray Hill.)

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich—Casper Wrede, a Finn living in England, made this careful depiction of a great text by Solzhenitsyn. Siberian labor-camp: the squeak of feet on snow, boiled grass to eat, snatches of talk between intelligent men put to futile jobs. Tom Courtenay plays Ivan, obdurate, skeptical. Like much work from great Russian literature, the film is less about a character than about a state of soul—about a state of surviving by saying no. (68th St. Playhouse; July 28.)

The Panic in Needle Park—With Al Pacino and Kitty Winn, directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (Tower East.)

The Passion of Anna (1970)—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. There is an amazing use of closeup two-shots and of something near soliloquy. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. In Swedish. (8th St. Playhouse; through Aug. 3.)

Peter Rabbit and Tales of Beatrix Potter—For children, but even more for us. The Royal Ballet's halcyon transposition of Miss Potter's stories into dance. We are in Cumberland. Greenest grass, stone walls, lakes like glass that support flotillas of squirrels on homemade rafts; a world of picnics where Mr. Jeremy Fisher, a frog dressed in galoshes and the most beautiful brocade waistcoat, does amazing leaps while mice trample joyfully in the jam tarts and two pigs in love have a pas de deux. The film looks like Miss Potter's watercolor drawings. Sir Frederick Ashton did the choreography. A day off, prodigal. (Trans-Lux East. . . . ¶ Ziegfeld; through July 29.)

Plaza Suite—Neil Simon's continuing parish-pump Manhattan comedy—the one thing about the island that no one seems to want to pull down—is here further propped up as a horribly malevolent and unfunny three-part thing about loveless marriage in overprivileged circumstances. Walter Matthau is a souring presence; Barbara Harris and Maureen Stapleton contribute their own gentle skills. (Gramercy, Juliet 1, and Greenwich. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Aug. 5, tentative.)

Rebellion (1967)—Masaki Kobayashi, who made a famous anti-militarist trilogy, directed this story of a rebellion against feudal power. At the climax, Toshiro Mifune and Tatsuya Nakadai have a geometrically planned and handsomely choreographed swordfight. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; July 29-Aug. 4.)

Red Desert (1965)—Boredom in Ravenna, and it seeps into the viewer's bones. Antonioni's hazy illustration of emotional chaos may or may not have something to do with industrialism; he makes the pollution so exquisite that one can't decide. With Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (New Yorker; July 28.)

The Red Tent—With Sean Connery, Claudia Cardinale, Hardy Krüger, and Peter Finch, directed by Mickail K. Kalatozov. (Music Hall; starting July 29.)

Ryan's Daughter—"Ecstasy" blown up to the proportions of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." (Art. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Aug. 4, tentative.)

The Seven Minutes—From the Irving Wallace novel, with Wayne Maunder, directed by Russ Meyer. Porno patting itself on the back. (U.A. East; through July 29.)

Shaft—With Richard Roundtree, directed by Gordon Parks. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

Shanghai Express (1932)—Irresistibly enjoyable. In this glossy mixture of sex and intrigue, Shanghai Lilly (Marlene Dietrich) and her exquisitely stoic beloved (Clive Brook) fall into the hands of sinister Chinese revolutionaries led by Warner Oland. Josef von Sternberg directed. With Anna May Wong and Gustav von Seyffertitz. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 1.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman's exquisite carnal comedy—a boudoir farce that becomes an elegy to transient love. With Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Harriet Andersson, and Jarl Kulle. In Swedish. (Elgin; Aug. 4-5.)

Something for Everyone (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Aug. 3.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—A sensitive and intelligent (though finally disappointing) version of D. H. Lawrence's autobiographical novel, adapted by Gavin Lambert and directed by Jack Cardiff. Dean Stockwell does well in the role of Lawrence, and Trevor Howard and Wendy Hiller do brilliantly as the parents. With Mary Ure and Heather Sears. (Thalia; Aug. 2.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American, and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski, who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed the Tennessee Williams play. (New Yorker; July 29-Aug. 4.)

Summer of '42—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Festival, and Midtown. . . . ¶ Waverly; through Aug. 3.)

They Died with Their Boots On (1942)—Raoul Walsh directed Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Arthur Kennedy, Sydney Greenstreet. Flynn plays Custer. Well, the climactic massacre is lavish, as they say. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 2.)

The Thief of Paris (1967)—Jean-Paul Belmondo in a very fine account by Louis Malle of the state of mind of a nihilist thief in late-nineteenth-century France. Photographed by the great Henri Decaë. In French. (Thalia; July 30.)

This Strange Passion ("El;" 1955)—A careless, cheaply made variation on the theme of jealousy, but written and directed by Luis Buñuel, and full of bizarre jokes about the Spanish male's obsession with female chastity. Arturo de Cordova is the mad Othello who takes needle and thread to his wife. In Spanish. (Thalia; Aug. 3.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy that, despite its crudeness as a film, was a box-office success. Jason Robards is the rebellious TV writer (whose rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV). With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Coe directed, sort of. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Aug. 1-2.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—G.W. Pabst made this somewhat phlegmatic version of the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill opera. With Lotte Lenya. In German. (Thalia; Aug. 1.)

Tillie and Gus (1933)—W. C. Fields and his great mate Alison Skipworth as con artists who outsmart a skinflint crook. A genial comedy. With Baby Le Roy. (Beekman; through July 29.)

To Die in Madrid (1965)—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. Fancy, highly emotional, and not as informative as it might be, but some of the footage is very fine. With an English narration. (Thalia; July 31.)

The Touch—A new Bergman film from a great period, like "Persona" and "The Passion of Anna." The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. They live on bits and pieces of time, between gentleness and rage. The film is the best about kinds of love that Bergman has ever made, exact and very touching. Gould speaks English to Bibi Andersson; the married couple speak Swedish between themselves. The practical solution is aesthetically eloquent: two worlds, one closed, one raw and hesitant. (Baronet.)

Transatlantic Tunnel (1935)—With Madge Evans and Richard Dix, directed by Maurice Elvey. (Elgin; Aug. 3.)

Trial of Joan of Arc (1962)—Robert Bresson's hour-long précis of the trial, based on the historic records but directed as unemotionally as if Joan were a philosophy student taking an oral examination. Cold and mannered. In French. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 29.)

Tristana—Made by a master now at the easy height of his powers. Buñuel's story is about possessiveness: a bearded, dandyish guardian played by Fernando Rey is dankly in love with his ward (Catherine Deneuve), whom he tries to keep caged but who gradually gains the power in the combat. In Spanish. (New Yorker; July 28.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Waverly; starting Aug. 4.)

Von Richthofen and Brown—With John Phillip Law and Don Stroud in the title roles, directed by Roger Corman. (86th St. East and Cinema Studio; through Aug. 3.)

Walkabout—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," was attracted to do the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story which shows representatives of a rundown English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—two English, expensively school-trained, one a young Abo, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicatingly changeable English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicolas Roeg, who has been a very talented cameraman. (Plaza.)

Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?—Ulu Grosbard directs this Manhattan fable, written by Herb Gardner, about a pop songwriter played by Dustin Hoffman. The writer is split down the middle; the world says he is a success, he says he is a failure. The scenes that include Barbara Harris or David Burns are tender and funny, but the whole idea leans on a convention of psychoanalytic slapstick that is going to be incomprehensible a couple of decades after the epoch of the couch. (Sutton.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—A brilliant, explosive, ultimately incoherent Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913. The cast includes William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Aug. 4.)

The Wild Child—François Truffaut's film, set in the late seventeen-nineties, about a doctor, played by Truffaut himself, who grows passionately interested in teaching human skills to a boy who has spent eight or nine years learning to live like an animal in the forest. The picture is precise, moving, elegantly speculative. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; through Aug. 3.)

Willard—With Bruce Davison, Sondra Locke, Elsa Lanchester, and Ernest Borgnine, directed by Daniel Mann. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, Regency, and Symphony; through Aug. 3.)

The Wolf Man (1941)—Lon Chaney is a wolfman in an English village. He might well pass, among apes. As a species, werewolves are curiously full of self-commiseration and remorse. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 30.)

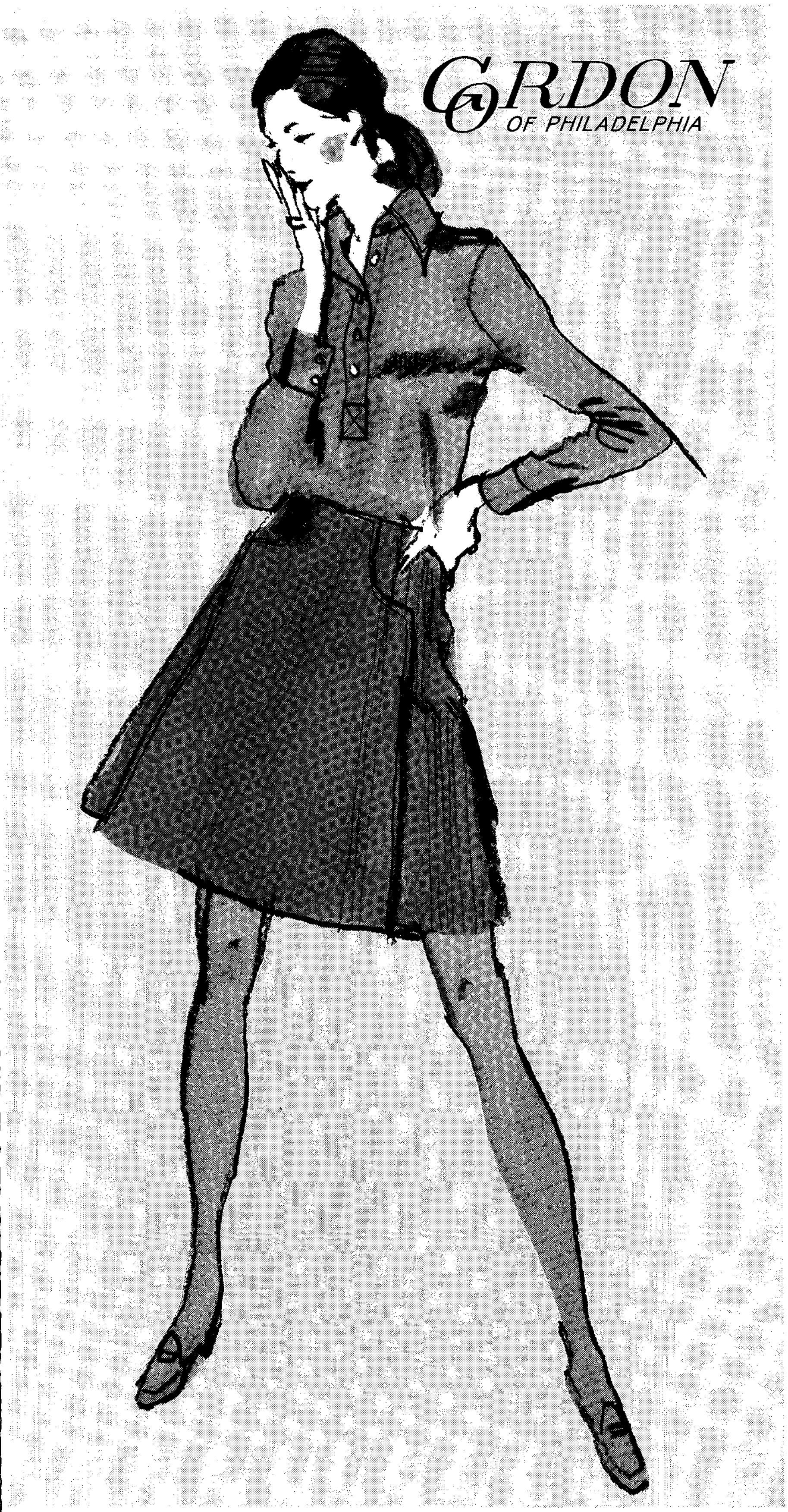
Yellow Submarine (1968)—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a lighthearted, inventive Pop Art animated feature. (Waverly; starting Aug. 4.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow (1964)—Vittorio De Sica puts Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni through their paces in a funny three-part comedy of high and low life in Naples, Milan, and Rome. In Italian. (Thalia; Aug. 5.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—Circus life, with W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, and Charlie McCarthy. The boozing burbler at his best. (Beekman; Aug. 2-3.)

The Young and the Damned ("Los Olvidados;" 1952)—The poor prey on each other in Luis Buñuel's ruthless examination of poverty and delinquency in Mexico. With some great Surreal sequences. In Spanish. (Thalia; Aug. 3.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—School as seen through the eyes of children. Jean Vigo's forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy about a schoolchildren's revolt is one of the most famous and most influential films ever made, both in theme (as in "The 400 Blows" and "If . . .") and in its leaping continuity (as in "Breathless"). In French. (Thalia; Aug. 4.)



GORDON MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

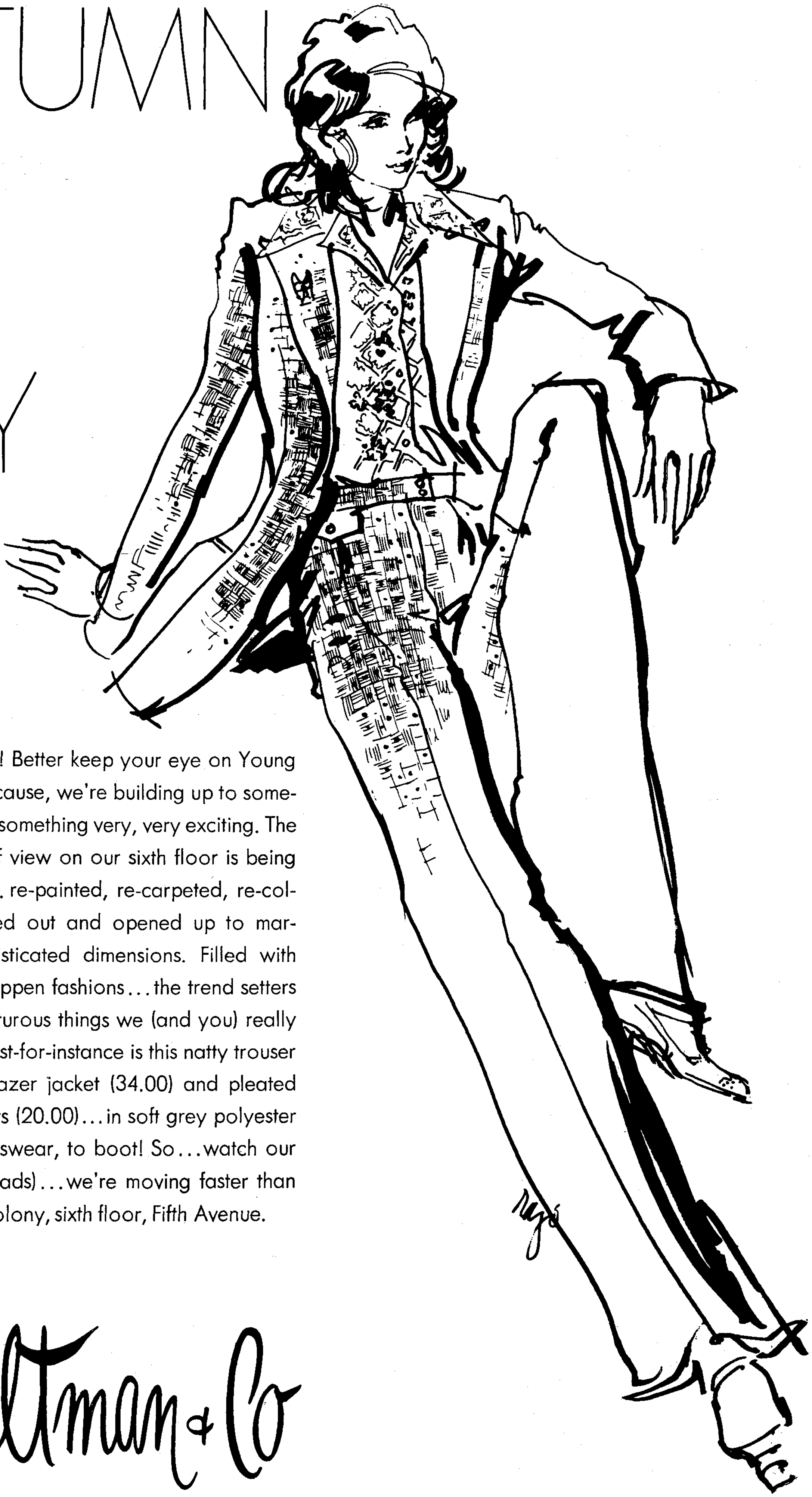
He takes the free-moving culotte and transforms it into just as free-moving a skirt. In fine wale cotton corduroy. About $17.

The coordinating polo shirt by Activair, of Antron® nylon knit. About $17.

At Lord & Taylor, all stores; John Douglas, all stores; John Mazzo, Reading, Pa. Surrey Shop, Menlo Park, Calif.; Mark, Fore & Strike, northern stores; or for the store nearest you, write Gordon Sales Associates, 1410 Broadway, N.Y. 10018.

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

AUTUMN ALL THE WAY



Hey, out there! Better keep your eye on Young Colony®... because, we're building up to something new and something very, very exciting. The whole point of view on our sixth floor is being re-designed . . . re-painted, re-carpeted, re-colored . . . spaced out and opened up to marvelously sophisticated dimensions. Filled with before-they-happen fashions... the trend setters . . . the adventurous things we (and you) really believe in. A just-for-instance is this natty trouser suit with its blazer jacket (34.00) and pleated front Fred-pants (20.00)... in soft grey polyester and wool menswear, to boot! So... watch our dust (and our ads)... we're moving faster than ever. Young Colony, sixth floor, Fifth Avenue.

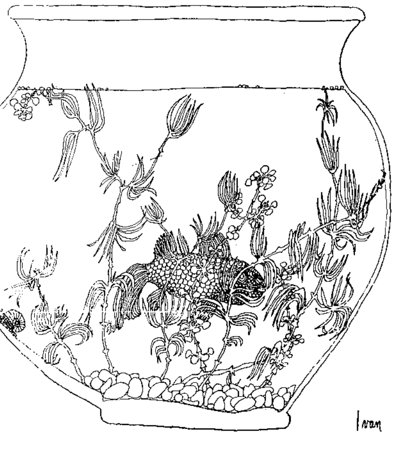
B Altman & Co

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SEVERAL thousand American lawyers attended the second half of the annual meeting of the American Bar Association, in London, last week. That half was held in London not, as the Association claimed, because England is the home of the common law and the Magna Carta but because more members would attend if they could combine a holiday abroad and a "business" trip, and so deduct part of their expenses from next year's income taxes. Since the A.B.A., like any other trade association, is designed to further the private interests of its members, whatever that may do to the public interest, this outing at the average taxpayer's expense did not come as any great surprise. What did come as a great surprise was to learn that the Attorney General of the United States and two members of the Supreme Court of the United States put their official imprimatur on a meeting of this kind by attending it. And what was even more surprising was that they used the history, the trappings, and the glory of the British legal system to attack our own. In the eyes of Attorney General Mitchell, the law in America is too legal. "We face in the United States a situation where the discovery of guilt or innocence is in danger of drowning in a sea of legalisms," he told the assemblage, and, ignoring the obvious fact that these "legalisms" grew out of the common law as essential protections of liberty, he called for reform of "the hydra of excess proceduralisms." Because Mr. Mitchell has so often recommended abrogations of our freedom, it is difficult these days to consider anything he says along this line remarkable. What was remarkable indeed was the kind of support he received in London for his old attacks on the right wing's favorite legal scapegoat—the Warren Court's decision in the Miranda case, which stated that no suspect in a criminal case could be interrogated beyond the point at which the proceeding became "accusatory" unless he was told of his rights to remain silent and to have a lawyer. That ruling did nothing more than provide to the poor and the unwary what the rich and the informed had had all along, but England's Lord Chief Justice, Lord Widgery, told the American lawyers at the A.B.A. meeting that he had found the Miranda decision "startling," and he added, "For my part, any rule requiring the attendance of the suspect's lawyer during police interrogation is unacceptable." He went on to suggest that the police in Britain, who have far more leeway in questioning prisoners than the police here have, should be even freer of official restraints. If this statement suggests that the English would do well to get a written constitution before men like Lord Widgery go much further, his unmannerly and injudicious intrusion into a matter that is basic to the American system of justice suggests that he made his statement with the approval of his hosts. Whether he did or not, it would be difficult to imagine a grosser judicial impropriety on the part of that Englishman whose principal task is to look after judicial propriety. Although the Lord Chief Justice of England may be little more than a figurehead at home, without much power beyond getting a decent table at Claridge's, American lawyers and American newspaper readers are likely to be more impressed by this bewigged and stately creature than by their own Chief Justice. In that sense, then, Lord Widgery lent the weight of a thousand years of British law to one side of what has become both a legal and a political battle in the United States. If the Miranda decision was a mistake, it should be corrected in our courts, including the Supreme Court, and not by attempts to whip up American lawyers against it on a public platform in England.



In the end, the shoddiness of this affair was probably best revealed by Edward L. Wright, of Little Rock, Arkansas, the outgoing president of the A.B.A., who took over the rostrum at the conclusion of Lord Widgery's speech and pointed out that a member of the American judiciary was present who had "gone on record as saying that Miranda was wrongly decided." Many people assumed that this coy allusion was to Justice Byron R. White, one of the four dissenters in the Miranda case, who was seated on the dais. (Also present was Chief Justice Warren E. Burger, who had often implicitly criticized that decision when he sat on the Circuit Court of Appeals.) Then Wright added, "There are a few of us at the bar who share that opinion." He got a big hand. This was an extraordinary demonstration on the part of the lawyers, for in the course of a junket that violated the spirit of the law they were, in effect, applauding a Supreme Court justice, in his presence, for having opposed what is now the letter of the law. Since the Miranda ruling *is* the law, the likeliest explanation of its having received so much attention in London is that the Attorney General and others hoped to create support among America's lawyers for its reversal by the Supreme Court. A move of that sort would be questionable if it had been made by the lawyers themselves, and made at an annual meeting in Detroit or El Paso or Philadelphia, since it would amount to an extralegal attempt to exert pressure on the Court. But for the highest legal and judicial officers of the United States, abetted by the highest judicial officer of England, to lobby in London against a fundamental part of the law of the United States was an astonishing violation of legal propriety.

Summer Glimpses

WE had a few glimpses of the city one hot day last week—summer glimpses, of a kind to be glimpsed only in the City of New York:

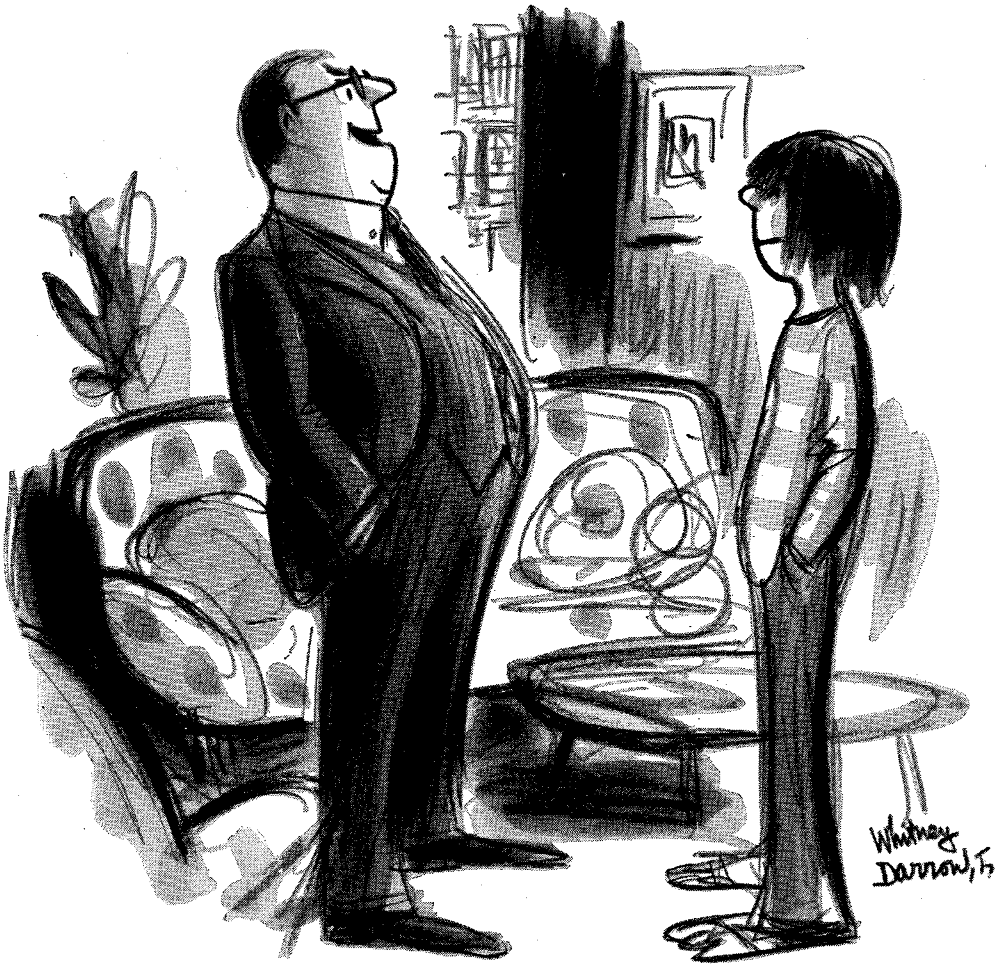
ONE: On the Teresa Moran, a 4,290-horsepower tugboat piloted by Captain Harry Hennessey, a dashing young man wearing light-green slacks and a lavender shirt, short-sleeved and open at the collar. Captain Hennessey invited us aboard for a trip from the Battery to Pier 90, at the foot of West Fiftieth Street.

"We're going to sail the Leonardo da Vinci," Captain Hennessey said as we joined him in the pilothouse. "Go ahead. Take the wheel. Proceed up what we call in the trade the North River."

We took the wheel and proceeded at full speed—fourteen knots. Battery Place and the monstrous World Trade Center buildings receded. The skyline became more and more appealing at a distance. We took a side trip and had a look at the Statue of Liberty. We blew the tug's whistle to greet a boatload of sightseers. We passed a long barge tow pulling coal. We admired the gleaming gold-leaf dome of the New York Life Insurance Building. We approached the piers of the big ships. United States Lines. French Line. Cunard Line. Italian Line. The Queen Elizabeth 2 had come in a few hours before. She looked quiet. The Michelangelo had come in right after the QE 2. She looked quiet, too. But the Leonardo was buzzing. We approached her starboard quarter. Passengers on four upper decks waved handkerchiefs at us. We got close enough to yell "*Bon voyage!*" to them and to hear a lot of appreciative "*Grazie*"s. We read the warning painted on the side of the ship:

ATTENZIONE ALLE ELICHE
KEEP CLEAR OF PROPELLERS

Captain Hennessey took over the wheel. "The tide is running hard," he told us. "Strong ebb tide."



"You might be interested to know, Son, that those expressions you're always using, such as groovy, rap, stoned, put on, put down, where it's at, and out of sight, are already passé."

We admired the big fenders on our tug, and our coiled nylon towing hawser.

"Italian ships have distinctive funnels," Captain Hennessey told us as we waited for the Leonardo to get ready to sail. The funnels were tapered and rather sleek.

The Leonardo gave three loud blasts of her horn. "Final go-ashore whistle," Captain Hennessey said.

We watched as the gangway was removed and the mooring lines were let go from the pier. Sailors aboard the Leonardo heaved the lines in.

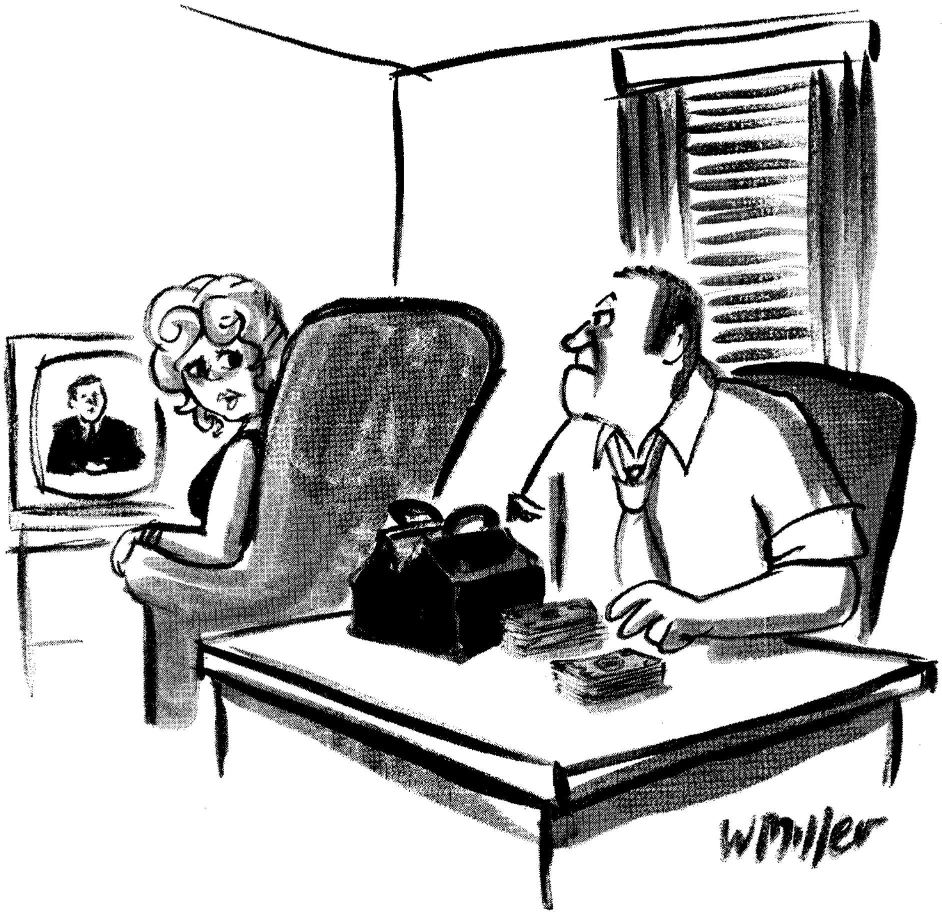
"We're going to shove her out stern first," Captain Hennessey said. "Then we'll head her downstream."

The Teresa Moran got up alongside the Leonardo and started shoving. On the other side, out of our view, we were told, another Moran tug, the Diana L. Moran, was shoving, too. The passengers on the decks were energetically waving handkerchiefs and scarves.

"The tugs are keeping the ship from coming down on the pier," Captain Hennessey said.

The Leonardo backed out from the pier—fairly fast, it seemed to us—and soon she was heading downstream and was on her own.

Two: At the Metropolitan Museum of Art, we paid a dollar, got a button with an "M" on it for our lapel, and went up to the second floor for a look at the Diego Velázquez painting of Juan de Pareja. On our way, we came across some workmen, in blue-and-white striped overalls, standing on a bright-orange ladder. They were taking some paintings down. A Madonna and Child with angels, by Sebastiano Mainardi, was being taken down. A painting of a Venetian general being armed by two pages, by Paris Bordone, was being put up. We passed the workmen. We passed an "After the Bath" by Pierre Auguste Renoir, and about a dozen Edgar Degas paintings of bathing—"Woman Bathing," "Bather," "After the Bath," and so on. The Velázquez painting was all by itself in a well-guarded, air-conditioned room, with a red carpet and a red velvet rope separating the painting from the viewers. Four other people were in the room—a young couple with long hair of identical length and with identical brown leather sandals and identical blue-and-white striped overalls, exactly like the workmen's, and two elderly ladies, both with gray hair and both wearing print dresses and carrying overstuffed brown leather handbags. There was a descriptive card on a stand in front of the painting. The young couple



"If New York City becomes a state, I hope they'll keep you around here, instead of sending you up the river all the time."

• •

in overalls studied it silently. One of the elderly ladies read it aloud to the other: " 'Portrait of Juan de Pareja painted in Rome 1650. Purchased 1971. Principally from purchase funds bequeathed by Isaac D. Fletcher and Jacob S. Rogers, supplemented by gifts from friends of the Museum.' "

"They don't tell you the cost," the other elderly lady said. "I happen to know the cost."

"I know the cost, too," the first one said. "It cost five million five hundred and forty-four thousand dollars."

"No picture is worth that much," her companion said.

"The *artist* isn't worth that much," the first one said. "*No* artist is worth that much."

We left the air-conditioned room and read a sign saying that color reproductions, the exact size of the painting, would be priced at fifteen dollars but could be ordered at the Museum for the "pre-publication" price of nine-seventy-five. We left by way of the corridors with the glass cases of pre-Nixon Chinese porcelain, the sight of which is always a great comfort.

THREE: We wound up on a corner lot at First Avenue and Seventieth Street, where a so-called Adventure Mountain Playground, run by the Lenox Hill Neighborhood Association, had just opened. The lot was fenced in with wire mesh. There weren't many kids in the playground—a couple of dozen fooling around on a high pile of dirt, about a dozen more playing some kind of group jumping game under the supervision of teen-agers, and a few more walking on large upended Con Edison wooden spools of the kind that hold cables. Off to one side, a steel band was playing jazzily. A large truck was parked in the middle of the playground. It had the words "Test Borings" painted on its doors. A young woman named Beverly Peyser was in charge. She was wearing sunglasses, a long print dress, and high-heeled sandals.

"The whole idea of this playground is a 'happening,' " Mrs. Peyser told us. "It's the idea of not staging anything. There is a feeling of chaos as you look around. But out of the feeling of chaos comes something."

The kids fooling around on the high pile of dirt placed the flat part of a Con Ed spool on the top of the dirt and started dancing around on it in time to the playing of the steel band.

"This is a *real* adventure playground," Mrs. Peyser told us. "These children are not supervised. They improvise. They'll build tunnels. They'll build their own slides. The whole theme of the playground will change from day to day. See those kids over there working with the wire mesh? They're going to Rockaway Beach tomorrow, and they're making a lobster trap to take with them and catch lobsters."

"Lobsters?" we asked. "At Rockaway Beach?"

"Or something," Mrs. Peyser said. "The kids at this playground are between the ages of seven and fourteen. I have a staff of fourteen teen-agers—nine of them from the Neighborhood Youth Corps, one from Staten Island Community College, and the rest from Hunter College. I've tried to employ teen-agers from the neighborhood. They are paid out of city resources. This is a real neighborhood effort. People around here gave us free ice for our free lemonade. Rocket Auto Supplies, around the corner, gave us a bunch of old automobile tires. The kids are devising their own games with them. One thing is certain—this is not going to be a *tidy* playground."

"What do you mean by *real* adventure?" we asked.

"Well, it's not like the new playground at Fifth and Seventy-second, for example," said Mrs. Peyser. "Here we're doing things with earth, with water, with fire, with air. We seeded rye grass, but we haven't been able to water it yet. As soon as we get rid of the test-borings truck, we'll do more with the earth. We have to be patient with the borings for the time being, because this lot is being leased from the city for one dollar a month, until they start building low-income housing here. The point is that the dirt from the borings is being used by the kids, too, just the way kids in London during the Second World War used bombed-out sites to play in, to build exciting things with the rubble. Lady Allen of Hurtwood is the one who discovered the adventure playgrounds, way back then."

We were approached by a wisp of a woman with large, childlike eyes and an expectant air. She carried several books close to her breast.

"Oh, this is Mini Stein!" Mrs. Peyser said. "She's from South Africa, and she's the author of some wonderful children's books, and she's going to sing to the children and tell them stories."

"I thought I might start by singing them a song I wrote called 'Hooray for Children's Day,' " Mini Stein said. "I wrote the song for International Children's Book Day. Perhaps the children will join in with me in singing the song."

"Splendid," said Mrs. Peyser.

"And perhaps I might read to them from my books 'Majola, a Zulu Boy' and 'Puleng of Lesotho,' " Mini Stein said.

Mini Stein sat down in the shade of an upended Con Edison spool. The steel band stopped playing. In no time at all, without any announcement, about forty children had seated themselves on the ground facing Mini Stein. She started right in singing, " 'The library for books we love . . .' "

As we left, we heard the children joining Mini Stein in the chorus of her song, all singing, " 'Horray for Children's Day. . . .' "

Spécialité

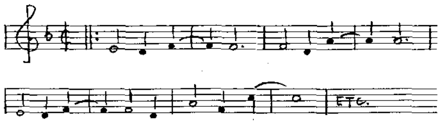
AT one of those locally and predictably catered East Hampton cocktail parties—tiny sandwiches, tiny shrimp, tiny tomatoes—the hostess suddenly appeared, to everyone's amazement, with an enormous molded *pâté en croûte*. "Please try some," she said to her guests. "I did it myself."

"You mean you actually *made* it?" somebody asked her.

"Heavens, no," she answered. "I brought it out from New York."

The Da-da Da Da Man

WE can't tell you about one of our favorite new comedians—a young man named Art Metrano, who is known to his fans as the Da-da Da Da Man—until we get you to remember an old tune called "Fine and Dandy." The first few words are "Gee, it's all fine and dandy, Sugar Candy, when I've got you. Then I only see the sunny side. Even trouble has its funny side." If that doesn't bring the tune to mind, go to a piano and pick out the notes below.



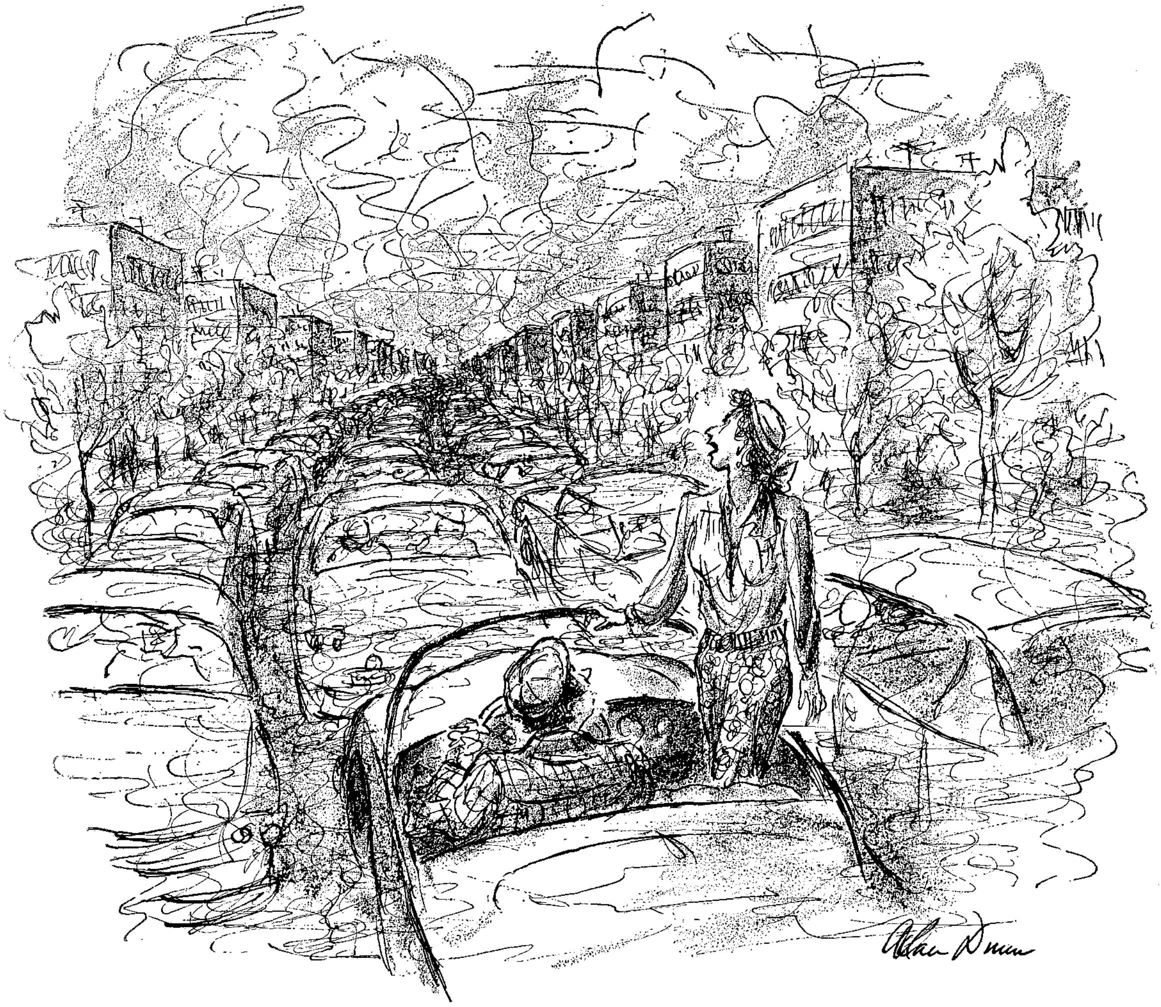
Now imagine a band playing the tune at a bright tempo, in a desperately peppy manner. They're trying to provide a socko entrance for a team of acrobats, a dog act, or maybe a magician. During the past couple of years, Art Metrano has just about built a career out of "Fine and Dandy," with a strange little anticlimax act that plays against the old-time shabby-slick show-biz atmosphere the tune evokes for most audiences. The Amazing Metrano, as he is sometimes introduced, comes onstage wearing a tux, grinning broadly, and wordlessly singing "Fine and Dandy." There is no musical accompaniment—just Metrano singing "*Da*-da *Da Da*, *Da*-da *Da Da*," a little offkey, over and over, with no letup, through the whole act. He never stops moving. He seems to be not only the band and the magician but the magician's girl helper, mincing about, handing the star his equipment, and pointing to the results of the star's maneuvers. Metrano slowly pulls a silk handkerchief out of his breast pocket and shows both sides of it to the audience. He makes a fist with his left hand and stuffs the handkerchief down into it, through the tiny opening formed by his thumb and forefinger. Then, in full view of the audience, he pulls *out* of his fist—*Da*-da DA DA—the *very same silk handkerchief!* Metrano produces what appears to be an ordinary playing card, displays it to the audience, holds it between the thumb and the middle finger of his right hand, grasps the edge of the card with his left hand, slowly rotates the card, and, presto chango, there is the *other side of the card!* And so on. It may not sound like much, but it's funny to watch.

We met Metrano the other day at the R.C.A. Building, where he was rehearsing for an appearance with Johnny Carson on the "Tonight" show. The "Tonight" studio was empty except for the band and some technicians, but Metrano had an appreciative audience in the musicians and us. He seems to have a particularly strong effect on musicians, perhaps because most of them have played "Fine and Dandy" behind just the sort of acts that he parodies.

The rehearsal lasted only ten or fifteen minutes, and when it was over we went backstage to Metrano's dressing room. We were introduced to Metrano by his manager, a tall, slim black man named Wally Amos, who was wearing a big, floppy straw hat, sunglasses, a bright shirt, bell-bottoms, and sandals. Metrano, a heavyset, curly-haired man in his early thirties, was dressed as casually as his manager, but minus the hat and sunglasses. We told Metrano that we realized he was probably tired of talking about it but that we'd like to hear how he originated his Da-da Da Da routine.

"Listen, I'm *thrilled* to talk about it," Metrano said, with a smile. "I'm thrilled to have something to talk about. I can't tell you how happy I am to get somewhere in this business. You know, sometimes a singer will get a hit song and then when people ask to hear it he acts like it's a big drag to sing it—an imposition. I don't feel that way. If I can make people laugh, and if they're interested in what I do—well, that's wonderful. Da-da Da Da came about at a party in Los Angeles. I was there getting drunk, with a lot of other people who were getting drunk. We were wiped out. And I got up and started doing bits. Blackouts and opening acts. You know, '*Ya*-da Da-da Da-da, hey-hey! And now, Augie and Shmymer! And now, here they are, the Great Bandinis!' That sort of thing. And I started getting crazy. Mel Brooks used to say 'Get *crazy*.' I started doing this tune 'Fine and Dandy,' or something close to it. I didn't even know the name of it. It was just one of those old opening-act tunes. And suddenly I was a magician. I was showing my handkerchief, doing little tricks—nothing tricks, non-tricks. And I started moving my hips, pointing to one hand with the other hand, and I realized that I was the girl, too. You know, they always had a girl prancing around, showing a lot of net stocking. I was making a *thing* out of every little nothing I did—pointing to it, grinning bigger, bringing the music up louder to emphasize it. I was really getting nutsky. And people were watching and laughing, falling out of their chairs. But I didn't think anything about it until the next day, when a friend of mine—Rudy DeLuca, a writer, who had been at the party—called and said, 'Hey, you've got a good bit there.' "

The "Fine and Dandy" act, Metrano told us, helped him get a regular spot on "The Lohman and Barkley Show," a local program in Los Angeles. This opened the way to television appearances with Della Reese, Dean Martin, Rowan and Martin, Johnny Carson, and Tim Conway, and to a part in a special called "The Super Bowl of Comedy." The "Super Bowl" appearance, in turn, led to a successful audition for a big part in "Chicago Teddy Bears," a new television series to be shown this fall on C.B.S. However, Metrano's career hasn't been as effortless as this summary implies. He has studied acting for seven years, with Stella Adler, John Cassavetes, and Harold Clurman in New York, and with Ned Manderino in Hollywood, and has played small roles in a number of television series and in two movies—"They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" and "The All-American Boy," which is to be released in November.



"No, it isn't civil rights. It's a flat tire."

• •

We asked Metrano to tell us about the days before "Fine and Dandy."

"I grew up in a big family in the Bensonhurst section of Brooklyn," he said. "I played football at Lafayette High School, and then at Stockton Junior College, in Stockton, California, and then at the College of the Pacific, which is now part of the University of the Pacific. That's in Stockton, too. After about two and a half years of college, I came back to New York to be an actor. I studied, but to make a living I had to have a day job. I was a hairdresser for several years, and before that I worked for my father in the garment center, as a slave. In 1967, I went to an astrology lady at the Electric Circus, who told me I was going to the Coast. A few days later, I read an article by Jackie Gleason saying that if you want to be a stockbroker or you want to sell dresses, stay in New York, but if you want to be an actor, go to California. And then a friend in the business started telling me I ought to go out there. All the signs seemed to be pointing toward a move. It was a hard decision for me, because L.A. was, like, a big hick town as far as I was concerned. I was so in love with this city, with New York. But I moved. As soon as I got out there, I started selling an automatic phone system—it stored all the numbers you call regularly and then dialled them for you when you punched a button. I was good at selling. Coming from New York, I was very aggressive. I'd go into the office of a producer or director or agent, I'd pitch the phone system, I'd write the order, and then I'd say 'By the way,' and pull out my eight-by-ten. I'd tell them to come see me in a play I was doing at U.C.L.A., or at the Century City Playhouse, or whatever. And some of them came. Finally, I began to get little TV parts here and there. Man, I wanted to work. If they called me about a Western and said 'Can you ride?' I'd say 'I can ride like the *wind*.' I did things on 'Mannix,' 'High Chaparral,' 'Ironsides,' 'The Outcasts,' and 'Bewitched.' Usually I'd have, like, one line—'Yeah, I got the garbage, Sam.' And maybe I'd get to nod."

"It sounds as though you almost had two careers going simultaneously—the straight dramatic parts on television and in the movies, and the comedy bits on 'Laugh-In' and 'Tonight,' " we said.

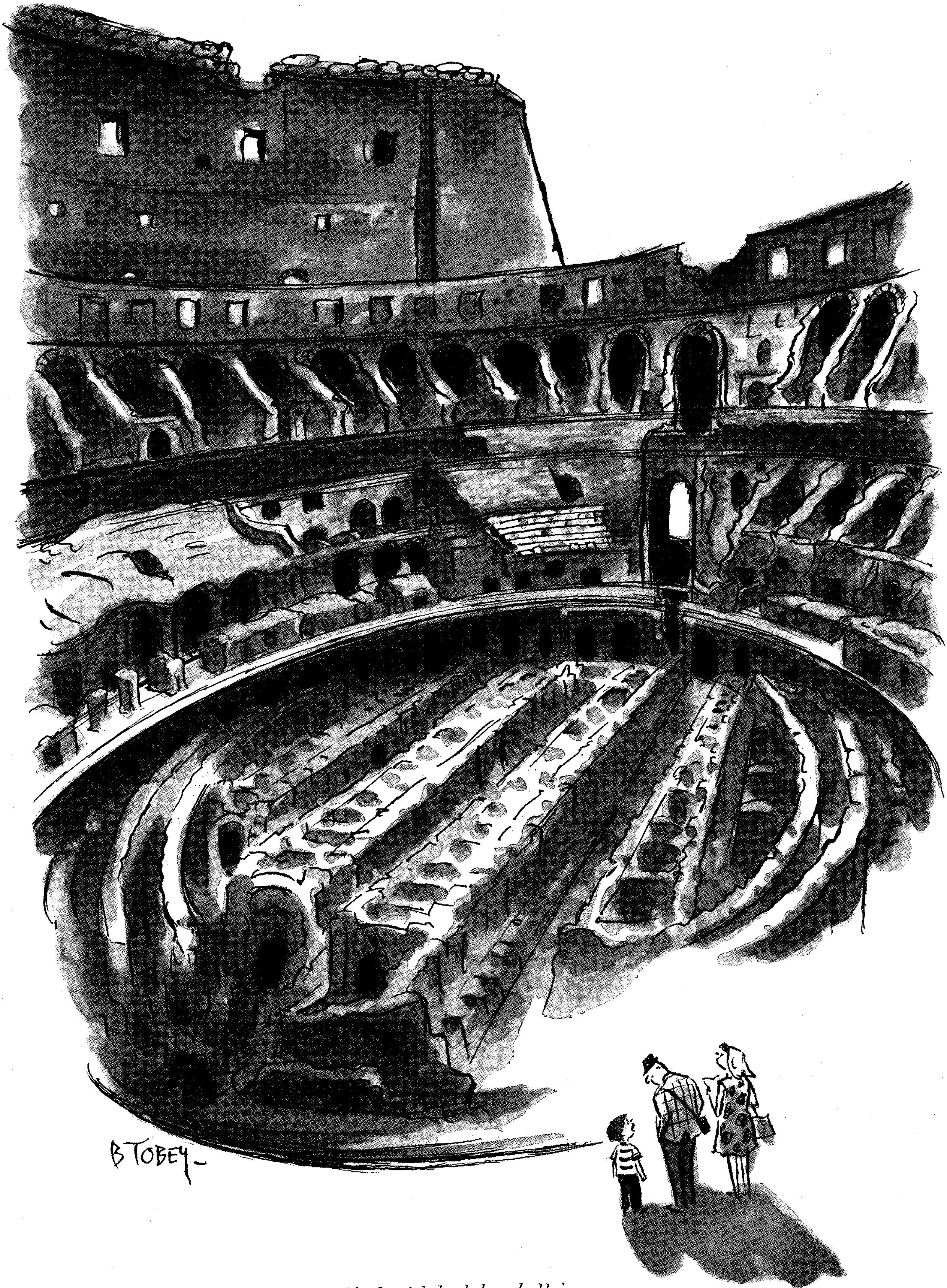
"That's right," Metrano said. "Oh, and commercials, too. Commercials have kept me alive. You may have seen the WOR-TV promo I did a few months ago."

We said that we had, and that we had thought it was very funny.

"And now I'm into something else," Metrano said. "I have a hot-dog store in Beverly Hills. It's called the Hot Dog Store Company, Inc. I opened it with a couple of partners, because every time I went to get a hot dog in Los Angeles, all they had were, you know, these *boiled things*. I'd say 'I want a grilled hot dog,' and they'd say 'What do you mean, grilled?' The closest I came to a real hot dog was a charcoal-broiled hot dog. So I decided I had to open my own place. We import the New York hot dog—which *can* be grilled, by the way. The ones they make on the Coast, if you put them on the grill they shrivel up to nothing. They're the worst. We import the corned beef and the pastrami, we import the knish, and we import from Brooklyn the chocolate syrup. When we opened, New Yorkers started coming out of the walls out there to get that New York food. Steve and Eydie, Marty Allen, Carl Reiner. Sammy Davis, Jr., is always there."

We asked Metrano to tell us about his new television series.

"Well, it's a twenties thing, with gangsters and speakeasies, and so on, but with comedy," he said. "Dean Jones is the star and I'm the co-star. He plays my cousin, who runs a speakeasy. I play Big Nick, a sort of comic Al Capone character. One of my sidekicks is Huntz Hall. Can you imagine that? I grew up on the Dead End Kids, and now Huntz Hall is one of *my* sidekicks. And I actually have words to say. Lots of words."



"I guess if they'd had baseball in olden times the Mets would have played here."

PHILIP AND ANNA

AFTER the first onslaught of Mrs. Talbot's welcome, Philip said he would wait in the car: his wife was better at looking over houses than he. So Philip sat outside the house called Perivale and placarded "To Let," and Anna followed Mrs. Talbot from room to room, resigning herself to the thought that the rent was within their means and reflecting that the house might probably be more tolerable when Mrs. Talbot's furniture and Mrs. Talbot were out of it.

After the house came the bewintered garden. "A mass of color," said Mrs. Talbot, indicating a bed containing rosebushes, to which a few leaves still clung, rattling in the east wind. "A positive mass of color. All these wonderful new shades. And so hardy, so willing! When people talk to me about nuclear warfare and battery hens and landing on the moon, I say to them, 'But one can't condemn every new development. Think of the new roses!' Going on through the autumn, too—I think one appreciates color more in autumn. Week after week—a positive blaze—you should see them! But you will."

Six months later, Anna was doing so.

Venders expatiate. The spirit of the bazaar inflames them; they praise their wares as if all their future happiness hung on getting rid of them. But when the roses opened fire, Mrs. Talbot proved to have been the soul of truth. Every day they bloomed more vehemently; their scarlets, crimsons, oranges, salmon pinks more brilliant, their parti-colored petals more emphatically slashed, their livid mauves more insistently pathological. Strumpets, thought Anna, nothing but strumpets. But that honest old word was too good for them. She rescinded it and sought for something more vernacular. For a clergyman's wife her repertory of current abuse was deplorably meagre. "Tarts," she said inadequately.

Perhaps it was a mercy that their scent did not correspond with their hues. They were all totally scentless.

The garden of Perivale had been described by Mrs. Talbot as a sun trap. It was a small rectangular trap. It had high wooden palings round it, in perfect repair. It sloped uphill. The rose bed dominated its upper slope, the rest was lawn and rockworks. Unless one inserted oneself in the tool shed between the mowing machine and some unaccountable old rhubarb pots, it was impossible to be in the garden without a total submission to the roses.

It was fortunate that there was so much to do in the house. It was small, yet managed to be gaunt, for its late-Victorian proportions ran to height. Its stairs were steep, its kitchen echoing. Its woodwork was dominated by cusps and ogees. It had a pursuing resemblance to the parsonages which would never more be theirs. At intervals Philip would fear that she found it tiring to spend so much time on the stepladder. When she assured him that she liked the house very much and was full of plans for improving it, he politely looked credulous and turned back to the satisfaction of having enough room for all the bookshelves he wanted. The bookshelves were post-Talbot; some had come on with the books, others Philip had put up himself. Surrounded with bookshelves, which even had gaps for more books to come and occupy, he sat at his writing table with his back to the window.

Defeatedly reiterating "Tarts," Anna wrenched herself from the objects of her abhorrence and walked slowly down the sun trap, studying her husband's back. It wore a coat of clerical grey, a coat which still had a great deal of wear left in it. His hair was a less definite shade of grey. When the time came to buy a new suit, the new suit might be drab but would probably be grey, too. Philip would never be a mass of color. Yet within the last twelvemonth she had seen him positively blazing, morally apparelled in purple and scarlet, a scarlet man. How long it had been brewing she would never know; but on the eve of All Saints' Day he told her he was going to see the Bishop. With the idiocy which distinguished her intercourse with him she inquired, "Does he want to see you?" Surely it could not be a question of preferment? Philip was not the sort of parson who is preferred.

"As to that, my dear, I cannot say." He gave a brief cackle of laughter and drove the spoon into the base of his boiled egg.

"Will you be home to lunch?"

"I expect so, I expect so. I see no reason why not. He has read my letter with regret. Five minutes should be quite long enough for him to repeat his sentiments but his dignity may demand fifteen."

"What has upset him?"

"*Die Wahrheit*, Anna, *nur die Wahrheit*."

"I see."

"And what do you see, my dear?"

"Well—he's no Sarastro. Truth would upset him, I suppose."

Something, something unforeseen and probably uncomfortable, was impending. So she played for time.

"It may upset you, too, I'm afraid. I told the man that if I am to remain a Christian—if, mark you, for it is conjectural—I must resign from the priesthood. For I cannot and will not go on paying lip service to what I don't believe in and don't approve of. More coffee, please."

She filled his cup, but he did not drink it. It was his variety of playing for time.

He folded his table napkin and got up. "You won't want the car, Anna?"

"No, no, no."

"I could perfectly well bicycle. We may have to adapt our ideas to bicycles."

Philip in love had been as surprising as this. She felt a kind of awed giggle rise up in her as she watched the car turn the corner. Now, as in those days, she longed for him to reappear: dazzling, incalculable, incontrovertible. They would go out on bicycles, she thought, freewheel down hills, silent as moths.

She freewheeled through the morning, making the most of this sensation of airborne, astonished youth. For it would not last. The question of lunch rushed at her like a good watchdog, and a remembrance of socks, and of Bartle and Philemon, their sons, both married and settled and regrettably taking after her in their inability to rouse surprise in any bosom. Someone would have to tell them; in all probability, it would be she. Two letters, both of them read with regret. Oh, what was Philip saying to the Bishop? And why was he so late? If he were killed on the road, swept off in his fiery chariot of unexpectedness, there would be a symmetry about it—and the Bishop would see the hand of God wielding a fire extinguisher. Damn the Bishop, keeping Philip for so long!

"Oh, here you are! I was getting quite anxious. What did he—"

"Do you know what he had the effrontery to suggest? All this time, he has been asking me to reconsider, to stay on till he can get another man to put in. Plasterer! Timeserver! Face-saver! He would be so infinitely obliged to me. Of course, he would never dream of standing between a man and his conscience, but he would be so infinitely obliged. And it would be so much less painful to the parish. Whoso offendeth one of these little ones, you know. And then a tee-hee."

"Fiddlesticks!" she interjected. "It would be Christmas pudding to them."

"Exactly. I told him so, though less poetically. More tee-heeing. I also told him . . ."

"Goodness!" she said at the close of the recital.

"And finally I told him we would be out in a week. Can we be out in a week?"

THEY were out in a week, and in lodgings for six weeks; and then they were in Perivale and Mrs. Talbot was in Malta.

And there was Philip with his grey back to the window, writing a horror story about the Three Choirs Festival. He had written several horror stories; they were all ecclesiastical, all popular, and reviewers said, "John Emu again breaks new ground."

Or he might be engaged in being a godsend to Dripworth. A clergyman of the Church of England is trained to industry, efficiency, and adaptable usefulness. A clergyman of the Church of England who has lost his faith need never be reproached with an idle hour, provided he settles in the South of England and an expanding neighborhood. Dripworth's philanthropic factotum had been stricken with a palsy a couple of months before Philip and Anna moved into Perivale, and even before the move Mrs. Talbot had spread the news that Philip was exactly what Dripworth needed. Before there was a leaf on the roses, Philip was being an answer to every need. Established inhabitants—defending the charms of old Dripworth, the horsepond and the vast inn sign of the Devil and Tongs, which hung across Fore Street and made it impossible for two-decker buses to pass beneath—more recent inhabitants who wanted a swimming pool and playing fields impartially enlisted him as Appeals Secretary. He kept the accounts for the Beekeepers' Association, the Moral Welfare League, the Boating Club, the Skittles Club; he was secretary to the Cemetery Trust, the Noise Abatement Society, and the Dripworth and District Operatic Group. He was respected by all, and collected useful material for his next story, "Pelican's Piety." On Sundays he mowed the lawn and tended the roses—weeding their bed, trimming its edges, and spraying them against aphids and black spot as though they were parishioners.

Never had a man lost his faith with less nostalgia and inconvenience. But a man's faith, thought Anna, is compact. You have it, you have it not. Rather like a hat. But spiritual.

Her loss—her losses, rather—was like a ragbag. An understanding butcher; a potting shed; a drying yard; a window seat; and a Souvenir de Malmaison, a Zéphyrine Drouhin, and a nameless lemon-scented, white cluster rose rescued from a rubbish dump. And she felt considerable inconvenience, and a piercing nostalgia for their materiality.

There was also one nonmaterial loss: an illusion, a silly, quite recent illusion and not at all creditable to a woman of her age. A distant dazzling Philip, bicycling beside her, bicycling at dusk through smells of meadowsweet and hemp agrimony; a recent furious and glorious Philip, blazing with rectitude, his garments dyed with the blood of bishops, helping her pack books and chinaware. But this was in a different county and eight months ago. A month more would make it a baby. Four months more, and those roses would still be at it. She hurried herself into the house and into the echoing kitchen. There were the pork chops, still glacial from the butcher's freeze; demand as she might, the man would never take things out beforehand. Bound, therefore, to be tough. She got the mallet and began to thump.

"Frappez, frappez, ma belle.
Frappez, frappez toujours . . ."

Hearing the thumps and the harsh, true voice, Philip winced. He had never expected that Anna would take it so badly, this decline into the laity. She had shown no aptitude for the lot of a clergyman's wife, drifting out of her obligations, ostentatiously reading the Thirty-Nine Articles during his sermons. On the rare occasions when she came to Communion, he half expected to see her turn away her head from the proffered wafer, saying politely, "No thank you." The winter might settle her in; he had noticed that shortening days are reconciling. Meanwhile, he had got to enrage the Vicars Choral and get two rats into the double bass with some acknowledgment of probability. She was now frying onions. "We

know each other by our works," he said to himself. "Identification by grace is a thing of the past."

"Come to bed, Ridgely. If your boomerang were going to return, it would have been back hours ago."

THE weather grew increasingly hot, the sun trap increasingly retentive. The rose bed had to be watered three times a week. Anna was again on the stepladder—alleging that it was cooler up there. She had decided to redecorate the bathroom, giving it a green ceiling. A green ceiling, the color of an ivy leaf, would mitigate its Gothic height. The bathroom window looked out on some neighboring conifers, a form of vegetation which makes no attempt to be arresting. If ever again she had a garden of her own (she repudiated all ownership of the sun trap) she would fill it with conifers. At intervals she had to descend the stepladder and move it farther along to get at a fresh area of ceiling. To get at the portion of ceiling above the bath it became necessary to plant the stepladder's forelegs in the bath itself—which caused a wobble. The wobble was so far below her and she so much engaged in holding the brush at the correct angle that she thought little of it. But the bath acted as a sounding board; the wobble was reverberated through the house and impressed itself upon the yearly financial statement of the Cemetery Trust. Philip went to see what was happening.

"How well you are getting on, Anna. I do congratulate you. There's a little streak just to your left—"

She leaned sideways to deal with the little streak. The stepladder adjusted to this by shuffling in the opposite direction. "Take the paintpot!" she screamed, and appeared to throw it at him. With dreadful slowness, the stepladder deposited Anna in the bath and fell on top of her. Philip, who had caught the paintpot, placed it carefully on the windowsill and raised the ladder. Anna scrambled out. Relieved to find that she was able to scramble, Philip asked why the hell she hadn't called him to hold the ladder, and why he was treated like a nonentity in his own house.

Anna stooped to pick up the bottle of turpentine, and said "Ow!" in a tone of surprise. She shook herself experimentally, and said "Ow!" again.

"Bed for you," said Philip sombrely.

The doctor came. It was his first visit, and nothing could disabuse him of the idea that Philip's surname was Merivale. Mrs. Merivale had torn her left trapezoid, wrenched her knee, and possibly cracked a rib. Sedatives, painkillers, bed. "Unique chance to look at the telly," said he; and went away thinking they were a skinny pair, and their furniture very shabby. But good teeth.

Philip had no conscience about tins, so housekeeping was easy for him. Anna subsided from resignation into enjoyment—the indulgent enjoyment one dedicates to what one knows won't last. Philip, happy with trays and tins; herself, virtuously doing as she was bid, reposing on extra pillows and remembering to take a painkiller at regular intervals: what a pleasant couple they made! She thought of them as the Merivales, the happy harmless Merivales. Nice people, nothing in particular, but nice: soothing, sensible, idyllically dull; undemanding yet fulfilling; not passion's slaves. Sedated Merivales. Dated, too, alas! But while they stayed, a pair to be reposed on, believed in, even. Here came Philip with another tray. Lunch? Tea? She could not quite remember.

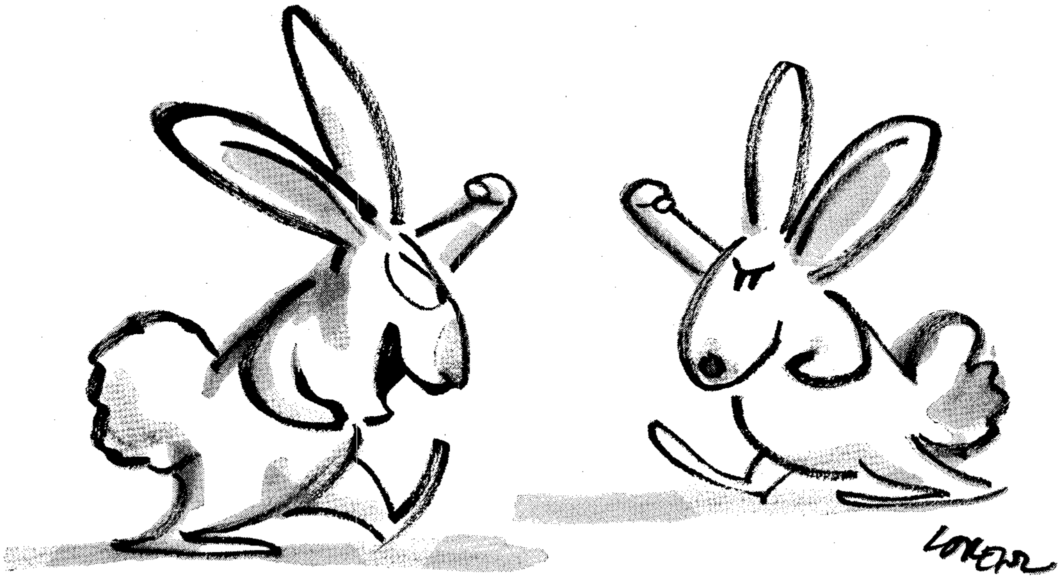
"I've brought you some roses."

She opened her eyes on that positive blaze of color.

"Where would you like them?"

"Oh Philip, how kind of you. Anywhere, really. Yes, that will do very well. They'll be out of the sun." They glowed like the fires of Hell.

A petal fell, orange and vermillion. It was surprising that it should fall silently; one would expect it to fall with a clang. But it fell silently. She recog-



"All power to the bunny rabbits!"

• •

nized that the satire, the mockery, the derision with which she had assailed the roses had masked a plain positive hatred. As human beings hate human beings, she had hated them.

"My dear Anna, why are you crying? Is it your rib?"

She shook her head.

"Is anything worrying you?"

"No."

She went on crying. Philip stared decently out of the window. He was allergic to the smell of tears—which had been inhibiting when it was his duty to comfort the afflicted. When he looked round, Anna was mopping her eyes.

"I'm sorry to have been an idiot. I think it's these pills of his. I shan't take any more."

"It wasn't to do with the roses?"

"No, no, not the roses. Though it's sad, isn't it, when you come to think of it—the trouble people have taken to make them so bright and bedizened, and the roses lending themselves to it so obligingly—and only to be disliked. And for no fault of their own, poor things!"

"No doubt some people like them very much. You are being anthropomorphic. I shall get you some tea."

What a near thing, she thought. For it had been on the tip of her tongue to resort to a lie, saying that she was grieving for the roses left behind at Stoke Easter. Which would have sounded like a reproach.

It was a sad end to the Merivales—though Philip brought up two cups and stayed on to read from "The Voyage of the Beagle." Next day, the Merivales were officially dismissed. Dr. Hopkins pronounced her fit to get up. But he would like an X-ray of that rib; he would make an appointment with the radiologist for Thursday afternoon, and arrange for a Hospital Service car to fetch and return her. "If it isn't a Mrs. Talbot, it will be just such another," Anna said to Philip. Philip said probably; they abounded.

This variant was a Mrs. Nealson, who praised Philip, saying he was such a live wire. Anna was feeling the apprehensions usual to those who go for an X-ray. On the drive back, she felt the additional apprehension that those who undertake Hospital Service expect—since they can't be tipped—to be offered tea. The offer was rejected. Mrs. Nealson had to hurry on in order to pick up Miss Hankey, arthritic but quite invaluable, for a committee meeting. But perhaps another day?

"Yes, yes, it would be delightful," said Anna, overdoing it, for she had a violent headache.

For a long time now she had stopped automatically outside Perivale's gate, and knew so well what she would find beyond it that she did not look about her. The left-hand path led to the back door, and she habitually took it, since the right-hand path led into the sun trap. But today, as though propelled by Mrs. Nealson's resemblance to Mrs. Talbot, she took the right-hand path. And there was Philip, carrying a fork and a pair of garden gauntlets into the tool shed. Why a fork? Could there be a weed in this garden so unrestrained as to necessitate a fork? Her eye was caught by what seemed to be the aftermath of a very gaudy funeral. It was the roses. They had been dug up, they lay heaped and sprawling on the grass. She was staring in amazement at this scene of massacre, at the roots clawing the air, the broken limbs, the leaves already wilting, the flowers (*so hardy, so willing*) defiantly blooming on, when she heard the tool-shed door being closed. That fork—

"Philip, Philip! Did you do this?"

"You seem surprised, Anna. You even look taken aback. Yes, I did it. . . . I thought it better," he added after a pause.

"You dug them up—just like that?"

"I *forked* them up. I hope you are not going to regret them. You disliked them. You could only regret them from the vulgarest motives."

It was exactly how she had been regretting them—with a sense of waste and guilty compunction.

She looked from the roses to Philip, from Philip to the roses.

"You have a very violent character," she said humbly. He accepted the tribute with one of his brief cackles of laughter—mirthless, and more like the cry of some rare, ungainly seabird.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

•

KEEP IT

the lonely people are marching
on the capitol everyone's yelling not
to give them anything but just
buying dinner together was fun
wasn't it? don't give them a thing
the boss said the boss
is dreaming of beautiful nurses
the lonely people are taking
all their little dogs to washington
back home the channels change
by themselves the soap changes
to perfume perfume to cereal the boss
dreams of the moon landing on
spruce street nobody is lonely
on locust street nobody is left
at all the sun comes by himself
the buses go along by themselves
and wonder have I told you about
my disease? the lonely people
hold tight at night
on the coast they are tucked
in under the twilight
together the boss walks
across them it was fun it was
so much fun wasn't it?

—C. K. WILLIAMS

A DAY IN CONEY ISLAND

TODAY I know exactly what I should have done that summer—my work. But then I wrote almost nothing. "Who needs Yiddish in America?" I asked myself. Though the editor of a Yiddish paper published a sketch of mine from time to time in the Sunday edition, he told me frankly that no one gave a hoot about demons, dybbuks, and imps of two hundred years ago. At thirty, a refugee from Poland, I had become an anachronism. As if that were not enough, Washington had refused to extend my tourist visa. Lieberman, my lawyer, was trying to get me a permanent visa, but for that I needed my birth certificate, a certificate of morality, a letter saying that I was employed and would not become a public charge, and other papers I could not obtain. I sent alarmed letters to my friends in Poland. They never replied. The newspapers were predicting that Hitler would invade Poland any day.

I opened my eyes after a fitful sleep, full of nightmares. My Warsaw wristwatch showed a quarter to eleven. Through the cracks in the shade a golden light poured in. I could hear the sound of the ocean. For a year and a half I had been renting a furnished room in an old house in Sea Gate, not far from Esther (that's what I'll call her here), and I paid sixteen dollars a month for it. Mrs. Berger, the landlady, gave me breakfast at cost.

Until they deported me to Poland, I was enjoying American comfort. I took a bath in the bathroom down the hall (at that time of day, it was not occupied) and I could see a huge boat arriving from Europe—either the Queen Mary or the Normandie. What a luxury to look out my bathroom window and see the Atlantic Ocean and one of the newest and fastest ships in the world! While shaving, I made a decision: I would not let them deport me to Poland. I would not fall into Hitler's paws. I would stay illegally. I had been told that if war broke out I had a good chance of becoming a citizen automatically. I grimaced at my reflection in the mirror. Already, my red hair was gone. I had watery blue eyes, inflamed eyelids, sunken cheeks, a protruding Adam's apple. Although people came from Manhattan to Sea Gate to get sunburned, my skin remained sickly white. My nose was thin and pale, my chin pointed, my chest flat. I often thought that I looked not unlike the imps I described in my stories. I stuck out my tongue and called myself a crazy *batlan*, which means an unworldly ne'er-do-well.

I expected Mrs. Berger's kitchen to be empty so late in the morning, but they were all there: Mr. Chaikowitz; his third wife; the old writer Lemkin, who used to be an anarchist; and Sylvia, who had taken me to a movie on Mermaid Avenue a few days before (until five o'clock the price of a ticket was only ten cents) and translated for me in broken Yiddish what the gangsters in the film were saying. In the darkness, she had taken my hand, which made me feel guilty. First, I had vowed to myself to keep the Ten Commandments. Second, I was betraying Esther. Third, I had a bad conscience about Anna, who still wrote me from Warsaw. Still, I didn't want to insult Sylvia.

When I entered the kitchen, Mrs. Berger cried out, "Here's our writer! How can a man sleep so long? I've been on my feet since six this morning." I looked at her thick legs, at her crooked toes and protruding bunions. Everyone teased me. Old Chaikowitz said, "Do you realize that you've missed the hour of morning prayer? You must be one of the Kotzker Chassids who pray late." His face was white and so was his goatee. His third wife, a fat woman with a thick nose and fleshy lips, joined in. "I bet this greenhorn hasn't even got phylacteries." As for Lemkin, he said, "If you ask me, he was up writing a best-seller the whole night."

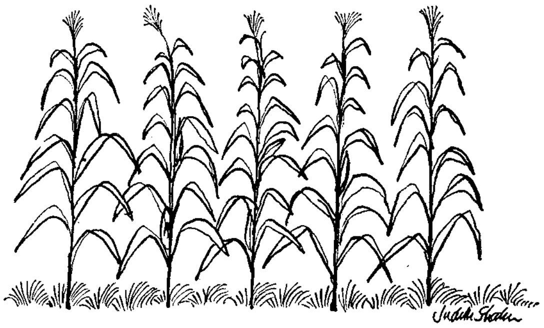
"I'm hungry for the second time," Sylvia announced.

"What are you going to eat today?" Mrs. Berger asked me. "Two rolls with one egg, or two eggs with one roll?"

"Whatever you give me."

"I'm ready to give you the moon on a plate. I'm scared of what you may write about me in your Yiddish paper."

She brought me a large roll with two scrambled eggs and a big cup of coffee. The price of the breakfast was a quarter, but I owed Mrs. Berger six weeks' rent and for six weeks of breakfasts.



While I ate, Mrs. Chaikowitz talked about her oldest daughter, who had been widowed a year ago and was now remarried. "Have you ever heard of a thing like this?" she said. "He hiccupped once and dropped dead. It seems something ruptured in his brain. God forbid the misfortunes that can happen. He left her over fifty thousand dollars' insurance. How long can a young woman wait? The other one was a doctor, this one is a lawyer—the biggest lawyer in America. He took one look at her and said, 'This is the woman I've been waiting for.' After six weeks they got married and went to Bermuda on the honeymoon. He bought her a ring for ten thousand dollars."

"Was he a bachelor?" Sylvia asked.

"He had a wife before, but she was not his type and he divorced her. She gets plenty of alimony from him—two hundred dollars a week. May she spend it all on medicine."

I ate my breakfast quickly and left. Outside, I looked in the letter box, but there was nothing for me. Only two blocks away I could see the house Esther had rented the winter before last. She let rooms to people who wanted to spend their vacations near New York. I couldn't visit her during the daytime; I used to steal over late at night. A lot of Yiddish writers and journalists lived there that summer, and they were not to know about my love affair with Esther. Since I didn't intend to marry her, why jeopardize her reputation? Esther was almost ten years older than I. She had divorced her husband—a Yiddish poet, a modernist, a Communist, a charlatan. He took off for California and never sent a penny for their two little daughters. He was living with an artist who painted abstract pictures. Esther needed a husband to support her and the girls, not a Yiddish writer who specialized in werewolves and sprites.

I had been in America for eighteen months, but Coney Island still surprised me. The sun poured down like fire. From the beach came a roar even louder than the ocean. On the boardwalk, an Italian watermelon vender pounded on a sheet of tin with his knife and called for customers in a wild voice. Everyone bellowed in his own way: sellers of popcorn and hot dogs, ice cream and peanuts, cotton candy and corn on the cob. I passed a sideshow displaying a creature that was half woman, half fish; a wax museum with figures of Marie Antoinette, Buffalo Bill, and John Wilkes Booth; a store where a turbanned astrologer sat in the dark surrounded by maps and globes of the heavenly constellations, casting horoscopes. Pygmies danced in front of a little circus, their black faces painted white, all of them bound loosely with a long rope. A mechanical ape puffed its belly like a bellows and laughed with raucous laughter. Negro boys aimed guns at metal ducklings. A half-naked man with a black beard and hair to his shoulders hawked potions that strengthened the muscles, beautified the skin, and brought back lost potency. He tore heavy chains with his hands and bent coins between his fingers. A little farther along, a medium advertised that she was calling back spirits from the dead, prophesying the future, and giving advice on love and marriage. I had taken with me a copy of Payot's "The Education of the Will" in Polish. This book, which taught how to overcome laziness and do systematic spiritual work, had become my second Bible. But I did the opposite of what the book preached. I wasted my days with dreams, worries, empty fantasies, and locked myself in affairs that had no future.

At the end of the boardwalk, I sat down on a bench. Every day, the same group of old men was gathered there discussing Communism. A little man with a round red face and white hair like foam shook his head violently and yelled, "Who's going to save the workers—Hitler? Mussolini? That social Fascist Léon Blum? That opportunist Norman Thomas? Long live Comrade Stalin! Blessed be his hands!"

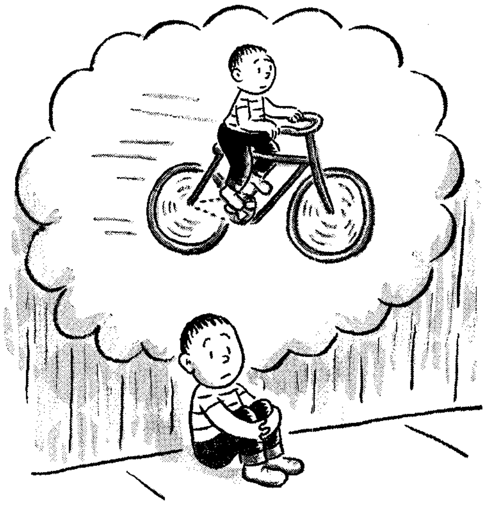
A man whose nose was etched with broken veins yelled back, "What about the Moscow trials? The millions of workers and peasants Stalin exiled to Siberia? What about the Soviet generals your Comrade Stalin executed?" His body was short and broad, as if his midsection had been sawed out. He spat into his handkerchief and shrieked, "Is Bukharin truly a German spy? Does Trotsky take money from Rockefeller? Was Kamenev an enemy of the proletariat? And how about yourself and the proletariat—you slum landlord!"

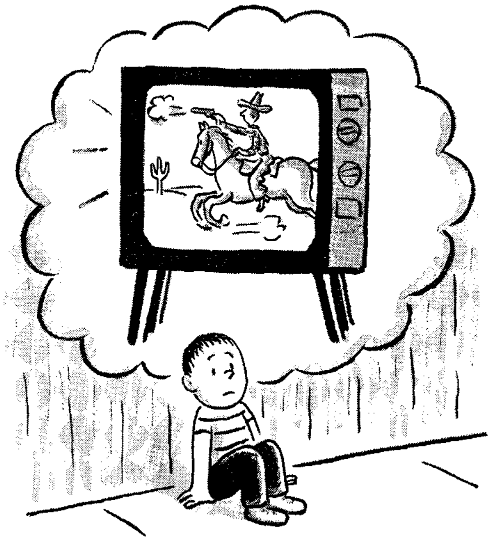
I often imagined that these men didn't stop to eat or sleep but waged their debate without interruption. They jumped against one another like he-goats ready to lunge. I had taken out a notebook and a fountain pen to write down a topic (perhaps about these debaters). But instead I began to draw a little man with long ears, a nose like a ram's horn, goose feet, and two horns on his head. After a while, I covered his body with scales and attached wings. I looked down at "The Education of the Will." Discipline? Concentration? What help would that be if I was doomed to perish in Hitler's camps? And even if I survived, how would another novel or story help humanity? The metaphysicians had given up too soon, I decided. Reality is neither solipsism nor materialism. One should begin from the beginning: What is time? What is space? Here was the key to the whole riddle. Who knows, maybe I was destined to solve it.

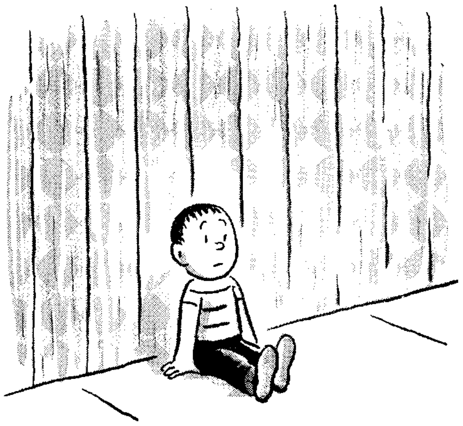
I closed my eyes and determined once and forever to break through the fence between idea and being, the categories of pure reason and the thing in itself. Through my eyelids the sun shone red. The pounding of the waves and the din of the people merged. I felt, almost palpably, that I was one step from truth. "Time is nothing, space is nothing," I murmured. But that nothingness is the background of the world picture. Then what is the world picture? Is it matter? Spirit? Is it magnetism or gravitation? And what is life? What is suffering? What is consciousness? And if there is a God, what is He? Substance with infinite attributes? The Monad of Monads? Blind will? The Unconscious? Can He be sex, as the cabalists hint? Is God an orgasm that never ceases? Is the universal nothingness the principle of femininity? I wouldn't come to any decision now, I decided. Maybe at night, in bed . . .

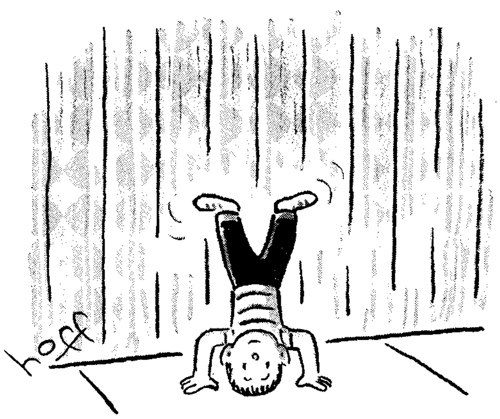
I opened my eyes and walked toward Brighton. The girders of the "L" threw a net of sun and shade on the pavements. A train from Manhattan zoomed by with a deafening clatter. No matter how time and space are defined, I thought, it is impossible to be simultaneously in Brooklyn and Manhattan. I passed by windows displaying mattresses, samples of roofing shingles, kosher chickens. I stopped at a Chinese restaurant. Should I go eat lunch? No, in the cafeteria it might be a nickel cheaper. I was down to almost my last cent. If my sketch, "After the Divorce," didn't appear in the Sunday edition, nothing remained but suicide.

Walking back, I marvelled at myself. How could I have allowed my finances to dwindle this way? It was true that a tourist wasn't permitted to work, but how would the Immigration and Naturalization Service know if I washed dishes in a restaurant, or if I got a job as a messenger, or as a Hebrew teacher? It was crazy to wait until you were completely broke. True, I had convinced myself that I could be sustained by the leftovers on cafeteria tables—whole rolls, half sandwiches, almost untouched cups of coffee, even soup and meat. But sooner or later the manager or cashier would notice a human scavenger. The Americans would rather throw food into the garbage can than let it be eaten without payment. Thinking of food made me hungry. I remembered what I had read about fasting. With water to drink, a man can live for sixty days or so. I had read somewhere else that on an expedition to the South or North Pole Amundsen had eaten one of his boots. My present hunger, I told myself, was nothing but hysteria. Two eggs and a roll contain enough starch, fat, and protein for days to come. Just the same, I felt a gnawing in my stomach. My knees were weak. I was going to meet Esther that night, and









starvation leads to impotence. I barely reached the cafeteria. I entered, took a check, and approached the buffet counter. I knew that those who are condemned to death order last meals; people don't even want to be executed on an empty stomach. This, I thought, was proof that life and death have no connection. Since death has no substance, it cannot end life. It is only a frame for living processes that are eternal.

I had not yet become a vegetarian, but I was brooding about vegetarianism. Nevertheless, I picked out flanken in horseradish with boiled potatoes and lima beans, a cup of noodle soup, a large roll, a cup of coffee, and a piece of cake—all for sixty cents. Holding my tray, I passed tables littered with the remains of meals, but I stopped at a clean one. On a chair lay the afternoon tabloid. Although I wanted to read it, I remembered Payot's words: intellectuals should eat slowly, chew each bite thoroughly, and not read. I glanced at the headlines just the same. Hitler had again demanded the Polish Corridor. Smigly-Rydz had announced in the *Sejm* that Poland would fight for every inch of territory. The German ambassador in Tokyo had had an audience with the Mikado. A retired general in England had criticized the Maginot Line and predicted that it would be broken at the first attack. The powers that rule the universe were preparing the catastrophe.

After I finished eating, I counted my money, and I remembered that I had to call the newspaper and ask about my sketch. I knew that a call from Coney Island to Manhattan cost ten cents, and the Sunday editor, Leon Diamond, rarely came to the office. Still, I couldn't leave everything to fate. One dime wouldn't change the situation. I got up resolutely, found an empty telephone booth, and made the call. I prayed to the same powers preparing the world catastrophe that the operator wouldn't give me a wrong number. I pronounced my number as clearly as I could in my accent, and she told me to put in my dime. The girl at the switchboard answered and I asked for Leon Diamond. I was almost sure she would tell me he wasn't in the office, but I heard his voice on the line. I began to stutter and excuse myself. When I told him who I was, he said brusquely, "Your story will be in on Sunday."

"Thank you. Thank you very much."

"Send me a new story. Goodbye."

"A miracle! A miracle of Heaven!" I shouted to myself. The moment I hung up, another miracle occurred; money began to pour from the telephone—dimes, nickels, quarters. For a second I hesitated; to take it would be theft. But the Telephone Company would never get it back anyway, and someone who needed it less than I might find it. How many times had I put dimes into the telephone without getting a connection! I looked around and saw a fat woman in a bathing suit and a wide-brimmed straw hat waiting for the booth. I grabbed all the coins, shoved them into my pocket, and left, feeling like a new person. In my thoughts I apologized to the powers that know everything. I walked out of the cafeteria and strode toward Sea Gate. I calculated: If I got fifty dollars for the sketch, I would give Mrs. Berger thirty to cover my rent and breakfasts and I would still have twenty dollars to spend. Besides, I would reëstablish credit with her and could stay on. In that case, I should call Lieberman, the lawyer. Who knows, maybe he had news from the consul in Toronto. A tourist could not get a permanent visa while in the United States. I would have to go to Cuba or Canada. The trip to Cuba was too expensive to consider, but would Canada allow me to enter? Lieberman had warned me that I would have to be smuggled from Detroit to Windsor, and whoever took me across the bridge would ask a fee of a hundred dollars.

Suddenly I realized that I had committed not one theft but two. In my elation, I had forgotten to pay for my lunch. I still held the check in my hand. This was certainly the work of Satan. Heaven was tempting me. I decided to go back and pay the sixty cents. I walked briskly, almost running. In the cafeteria, a man in a white uniform was standing next to the cashier. They spoke English. I wanted *to wait until they were finished*, but they kept on talking. The cashier threw a sidelong glance at me and asked, "What do you want?"

I answered in Yiddish, "I forgot to pay for my meal."

He grimaced and muttered, "Never mind, get out of here."

"But—"

"Get out of here, you," he growled, and then he winked.

With that, I understood what was going on. The man in the white uniform must have been the owner, or the manager, and the cashier didn't want him to see that he had let a customer get by without paying. The powers were conspiring to provide me with one stroke of luck after another. I went out, and through the glass door I saw the cashier and the man in the white uniform laughing. They were laughing at me, the greenhorn, with my Yiddish. But I knew that Heaven was trying me out, weighing my merits and iniquities on a scale: did I deserve to stay in America or must I perish in Poland. I was ashamed at having so much faith after calling myself an agnostic or unbeliever, and I said to my invisible critics, "After all, even according to Spinoza everything is determined. In the universe there are no large and small events. To eternity, a grain of sand is as important as a galaxy."

I didn't know what to do with the check. Should I keep it till tomorrow or throw it away? I decided I would give the money to the cashier without it. I tore it to bits and threw them into the trash can.

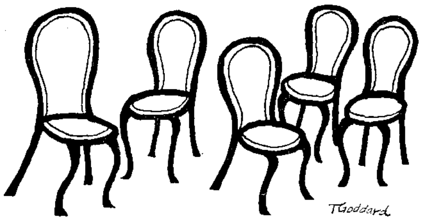
AT home, I collapsed on my bed and fell into a heavy sleep, where I found the secret of time, space, and causality. It seemed unbelievably simple, but the moment I opened my eyes it was all forgotten. What remained was the taste of something otherworldly and marvellous. In my dream I gave my philosophic discovery a name that might have been Latin, Hebrew, Aramaic, or a combination of all three. I remembered myself saying, "Being is nothing but . . ." and there came the word that answered all questions. Outside, it was dusk. The bathers and swimmers had all gone. The sun sank into the ocean, leaving a fiery streak. A breeze brought the smell of underwater decay. A cloud in the form of a huge fish appeared out of nowhere, and the moon crept behind its scales. The weather was changing; the lighthouse fog bell rang sharply. A tugboat pulled three dark barges. It seemed unmovable, as if the Atlantic had turned into the Congealed Sea I used to read about in storybooks.

I no longer needed to scrimp, and I went to the café in Sea Gate and ordered cheesecake and coffee. A Yiddish journalist, a contributor to the paper that printed my sketches, came over and sat at my table. He had white hair and a ruddy face.

"Where have you been hiding these days? Nobody sees you. I was told you live here in Sea Gate."

"Yes, I live here."

"I've rented a room at Esther's. You know who she is—the crazy poet's ex-wife. Why don't you come over? The whole Yiddish press is there. They mentioned you a few times."



"Really? Who?"

"Oh, the writers. Even Esther praises you. I think myself that you have talent, but you choose themes no one cares about and nobody believes in. There are no demons. There is no God."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely sure."

"Who created the world?"

"Oh, well. The old question. It's all nature. Evolution. Who created God? Are you really religious?"

"Sometimes I am."

"Just to be spiteful. If there is a God, why does He allow Hitler to drag innocent people to Dachau? And how about your visa? Have you done anything about it? If you haven't, you'll be deported and your God will worry very little about it."

I told him my complications, and he

NIGHT RUNNING

I like this part of town
For the way it runs after dark
With its trees when my son is with me.
I sense him running into me
When he tries to match my stride,

The way I lean to round the corners, then
Cut for the river running black
Beside the park lights to my right.
He is my shadow cast behind, until
We enter the bright circle in the street

To become a boy and his father
Running into the change which leaves the boy
Flashing alone with his shadow
Weaving through staggered trees like a montage.

"It is strange how the light has changed him,"
I think as I run alongside myself
Only as far as the shadow
Which has taken my friend, the boy.

I am running with my father
And it is strange that he moves so quickly
Into the next light, is my son,
Is so tall so soon; so strange

That I breathe so hard so soon.
So strange to suddenly know that
I live only as the moon lives.
Strange to know soon he will only
Pretend to run, that we may be

Side by side a moment, only
Under a street light—a fast boy
And his father running into the change
Which leaves the boy flashing alone
Into the staggered trees.

—THOMAS SNAPP

• •

said, "There's only one way out for you—marry a woman who's an American citizen. That'll make you legal. Later, you can get the papers and become a citizen yourself."

"I would never do that," I said.

"Why not?"

"It's an insult to both the woman and to me."

"And to fall into Hitler's hands is better? It's nothing but silly pride. You write like a ripe man, but you behave like a boy. How old are you?"

I told him.

"At your age, I was exiled to Siberia for revolutionary activities."

The waiter came over, and I was about to pay when the writer grabbed my check. I'm too lucky today, I thought.

I looked toward the door and saw Esther. She often dropped in here in the evening, which was the reason I avoided the café. Esther and I had conspired to keep our affair a secret. Besides, I had become pathologically bashful in America. My boyish blushing had returned. In Poland, I never thought of myself as short, but among the American giants I became small. My Warsaw suit looked outlandish, with its broad lapels and padded shoulders. In addition, it was too heavy for the New York heat. Esther kept reproaching me for wearing a stiff collar, a vest, and a hat in the hot weather. She saw me now and seemed embarrassed, like a provincial girl from Poland. We had never been together in public. We spent our time in the dark, like two bats. She made a move to leave, but my companion at the table called out to her. She approached unsteadily. She was wearing a white dress and a straw hat with a green ribbon. She was brown from the sun, and her black eyes had a girlish sparkle. She didn't look like a woman approaching forty, but slim and youthful. She came over and greeted me as if I were a stranger. In the European fashion, she shook my hand. She smiled self-consciously and said "you" to me instead of "thou."

"How are you? I haven't seen you for a long time," she said.

"He's hiding." The writer denounced me. "He's not doing anything about his visa and they'll send him back to Poland. The war is going to break out soon. I advised him to marry an American woman because he'd get a visa that way, but he won't listen."

"Why not?" Esther asked. Her cheeks were glowing. She smiled a loving, wistful smile. She sat down on the edge of a chair.

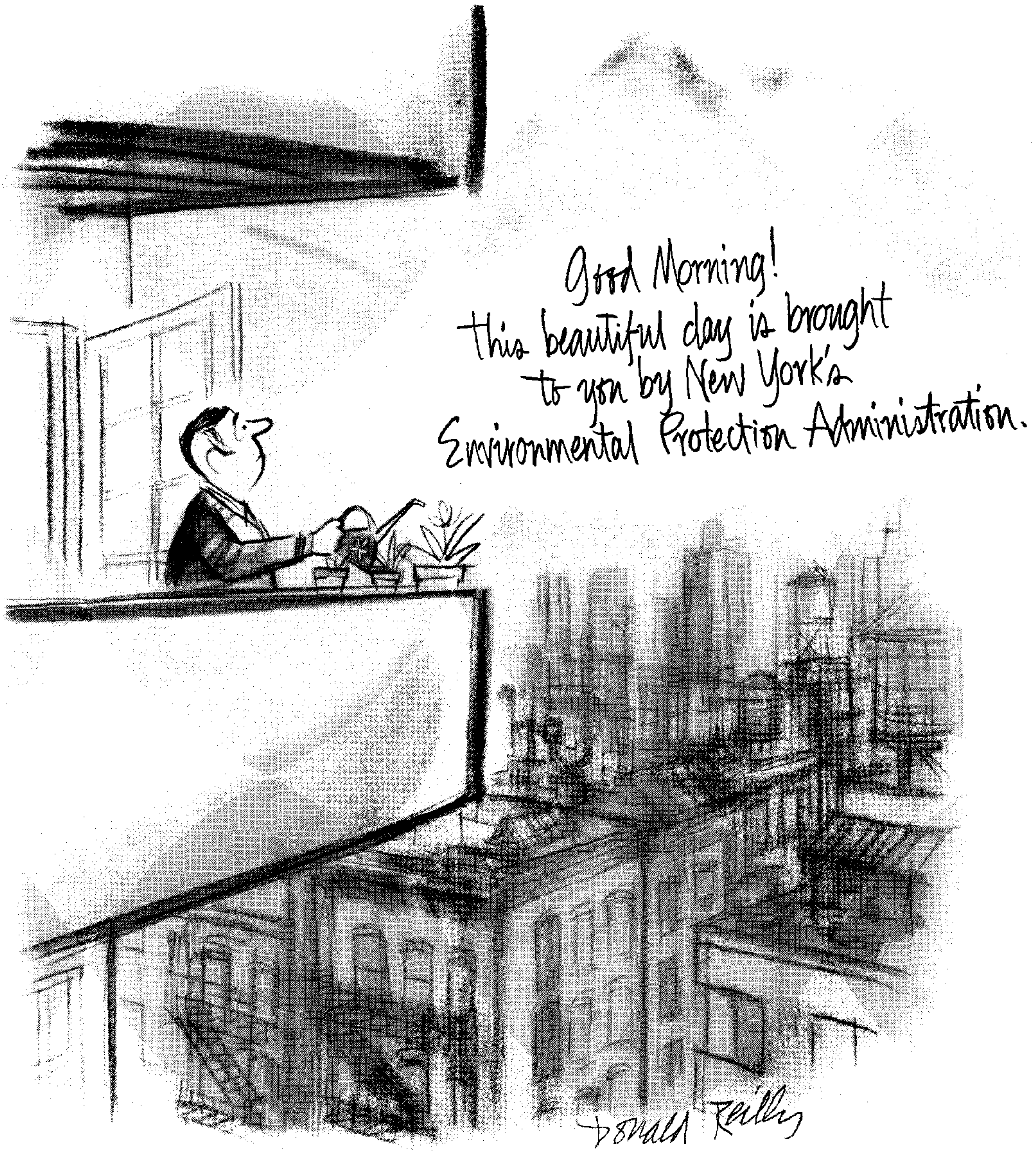
I would have liked to make a clever, sharp reply. Instead, I said sheepishly, "I wouldn't marry to get a visa."

The writer smiled and winked. "I'm not a matchmaker, but you two would make a fitting pair."

Esther looked at me questioningly, pleading and reproachful. I knew I had to answer right then, either seriously or with a joke, but not a word came out. I felt hot. My shirt was wet and I was stuck to my seat. I had the painful feeling that my chair was tipping over. The floor heaved up and the lights on the ceiling intertwined, elongated and foggy. The café began to circle like a carrousel.

Esther got up abruptly. "I have to meet someone," she said, and turned away. I watched her hurry toward the door. The writer smiled knowingly, nodded, and went over to another table to chat with a colleague. I remained sitting, baffled by the sudden shift in my luck. In my consternation I took the coins from my pocket and began to count and recount them, identifying more by touch than by sight, doing intricate calculations. Every time, the figures came out different. As my game with the powers on high stood now, I seemed to have won a dollar and some cents and to have lost refuge in America and a woman I really loved. —ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author and Laurie Colwin.*)


Good Morning!
This beautiful day is brought to you by New York's Environmental Protection Administration.
Donald Reilly

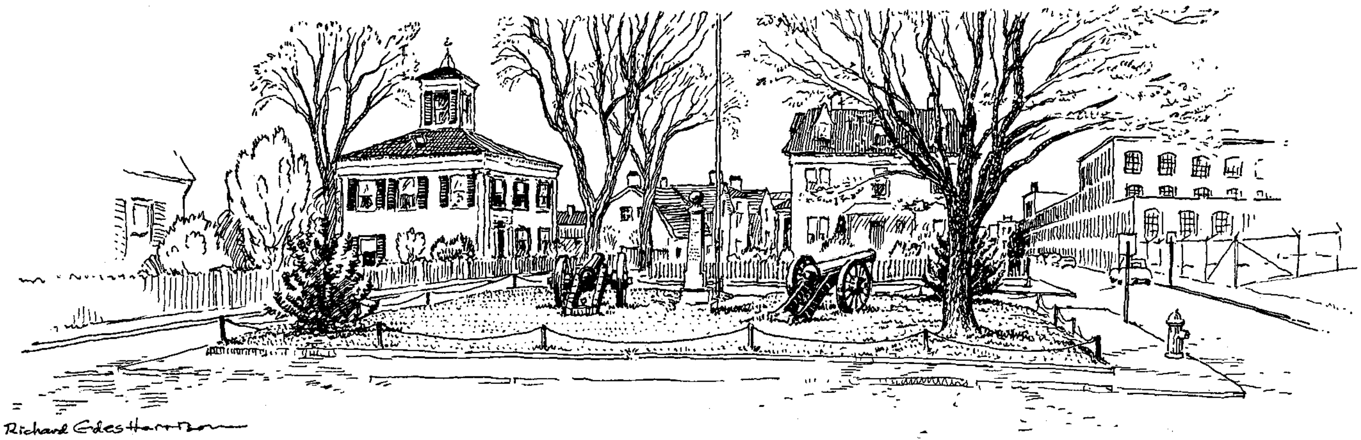
•

Two days later, Moody's Investors Service lowered its rating from "A" to "Baa."—*The Times.*

In a sudden fit of temper.

PROFILES

THE VILLAGE—II



PARADES frame the summer in our coastal Connecticut village. The parade of July 4th is for the most part secular, patriotic American, with fire companies, auxiliary policemen, and perky high-school bands. The parade on the first Sunday in September, the day before Labor Day, is more religious, patriotic Portuguese, with statues of saints and with little girls in white Communion dresses; the band, which comes annually to our town, Stonington, from Fall River, Massachusetts, plays melancholy Iberian rhythms. Both parades make a circuit of the village. People line the sidewalks and stand on the steps of stores or on front porches, and other people walk along—adults on the sidewalk, children in the street—keeping pace with the marchers. Marching has become an exceptional activity—the organization of something that most people no longer do, which is to walk—and because of this it serves better than it ever did for the purposes of celebration or propaganda. A march declares: See, here we are, walking together. It makes more of a point, whether it is done in the name of peace or of unsegregated schools or simply, as here, to express the pleasure that people take in tradition and ceremony.

In the village, the day before Labor Day is known as "the Holy Ghost"—the complete term, "the Feast of the Holy Ghost," being understood. Similar abbreviation has affected the popular account of the historical occasion in sixteenth-century Portugal of which this is an anniversary celebration; the Holy Ghost, one is told, ended a great famine and fed the masses. A less abridged version is that Queen Isabella prayed to the Holy Ghost for aid in stopping rains that were flooding Portugal; the rains ceased, but the crops were ruined, so the Queen sold her crown jewels to feed the starving people. And now, in Portuguese communities all over the world, there are Holy Ghost Societies and Clubhouses. When a young Portuguese girl was asked if she could babysit for us that day, she replied that she would be going to the Holy Ghost, and that covered the whole situation: the Holy Ghost parade, on the Feast of the Holy Ghost, beginning and ending at the Holy Ghost Club. The club is an asbestos-shingled Greek Revival building on Main Street, next door to the Nathaniel Palmer house, where James Abbott McNeill Whistler lived as a child and the family of Stephen Vincent Benét, one of whose poems is called "American Names," have lived since. Portuguese names common in Stonington are DeBragga, Santos, Costa, Moniz, Faria, Vargas, Sylvia, Arruda, Medeiros, Serrano, Narcizzi, Sousa, and Mello, among many others—some of them Americanized now to Lewis, Henry, and Roderick. Some Portuguese began arriving here in the nineteenth century from the Azores, having been recruited as crew by Stonington's Yankee whalers, and others followed to become inshore fishermen.

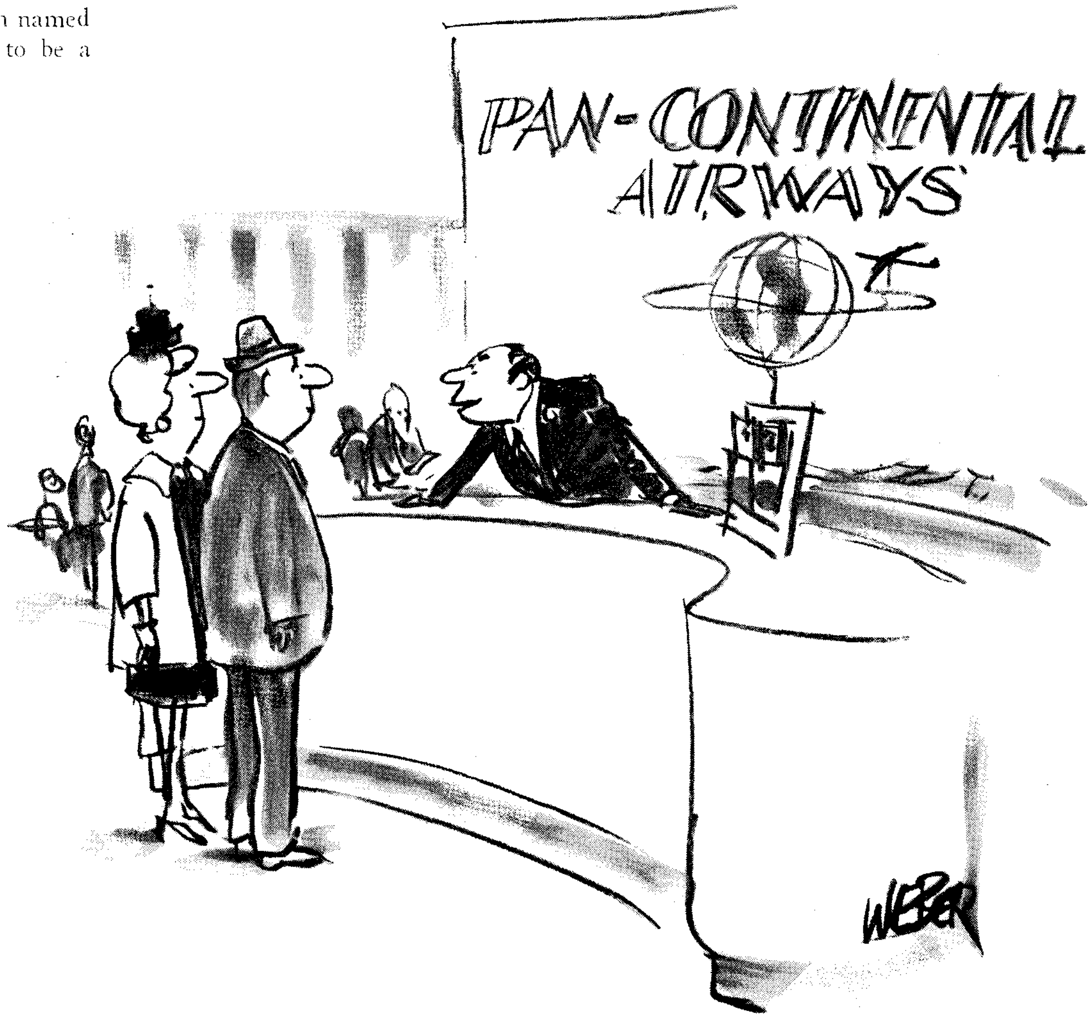
Processions have always been the chief amusement of the Portuguese on their holidays. In Ponta Delgada, in the Azores, the Procession of Santo Christo, on the fifth Sunday after Easter, is one of the most important, and by the nineteen-twenties, when many Portuguese Americans had returned to the islands to live, the Ponta Delgada procession was accompanied by a fireworks display incorporating the American flag. At the club on Main Street, the Holy Ghost parade is followed by a fête with refreshment stalls. There is continuous music and dancing, and a banquet of strong Portuguese soup and of ice cream, free to all comers. Last time I saw the parade, the day dawned gray. Frank Keane said cheerfully when I went in to pick up the morning paper at his shop, Keane's News Office, "Well, it's the Holy Ghost all right—it'll either rain or snow." It rained all morning. The parade came past our house on School Street in a thick warm drizzle, the Acoreana Band of Fall River playing slow, sad music that sounded as if it belonged on a faded pianola roll. Rain fogged the glasses of the bandsmen and the transparent plastic slickers that covered their uniforms, of gray serge and gold braid. Near the ground, between gray trouser cuffs and wet black shoes, uniformity ceased—ankle socks were all colors. The top had been raised on the new Ford convertible, driven by the local Ford dealer, that carried Catholic Father Loftus, the Episcopal Reverend Dr. Lewis, and the Congregational minister, Mr. Worcester, ecumenically bunched together in the back seat. The rest of the parade did without foul-weather gear. The occasion and the music seemed to be sunny enough for the band of little girls—including two of my own (nominally Protestant) daughters—adorned in frilly white or blue dresses, and the very small child, pale with importance, who carried the Holy Ghost Society's crown, an arrangement of pearls and silver suggesting Isabella's jewels, on a white silk cushion. The American flag was borne on the right, and on the left the Portuguese, carried by one of my School Street neighbors, Manny Arruda, dressed in his best suit and soberly smiling at his family as he passed them.

For most of the year, the crown resides in the care of a trusted member of the Holy Ghost Society, but in the last few weeks before the feast it travels from house to house. That year, the crown stayed for a while across the street from us, at Mrs. Neto's, on a bureau in the front downstairs room, where people could see it as they walked past the front door. Surrounded by pink and purple candles, it looked like an exotic birthday cake. Children were beckoned in from the street by Mrs. Neto to see the crown. Having paid tribute by kissing it, they were given a piece of candy as a souvenir of their visit.

IN the nineteenth century, Stonington had many more Negroes than it has today. When it was a prosperous railroad town and steamboat port, Negroes worked on the docks and in the hotels. Benjamin Ross, who was black, ran a restaurant and catering business. A Negro named William Henry Wood was a Borough of Stonington bailiff and constable; in 1891, he was the oldest member of the force and polled the highest vote when he was re-elected to his post for the sixth consecutive time. In 1880, a black man named John Francis, who was said to be a hundred and eight, died in the village. As a young man, he had come from St. Helena, where he was a servant to Napoleon. One wonders if he sat in Benjamin Ross's restaurant and related his memories. Hank Palmer, who is in his late fifties, remembers the African Baptist church, which used to stand next door to his father's house on Water Street. Its congregation numbered a hundred and fifty or so in the steamboat era, but it was down to a score by the time he was a child, and now there is only one Negro family in town.

I mention the Negro past for several related reasons. For one thing, it was a period that many older people miss. Joe Costa, who came here at the age of eleven with his father from the Azores and is now in his late seventies, says, "This was a lively place then. It's half dead now." What was the basis of the liveliness? Joe sucks on his pipe and thinks. "Ah, it was the trains." When the village was a center of public transportation, it was lively. There were trains, steamers, strangers, hotels, and turnover. A second reason I mention the Negroes is that the Portuguese tend to be somewhat tetchy about the fact that some of them have African blood. In their colonies, the Portuguese have always been good mixers, with no great prejudice against intermarriage. On the mainland, they mixed with the Moors, and, on many of the islands, particularly the Cape Verdes, with Negroes. An occupant of our house before we bought it was quite black. One small boy who delivers newspapers is nicknamed Cinnamon; he is, in fact, a very sunny, cheerful color. What on the wider village scale this touch of color may do, however, is tinge the antagonism that occasionally flares up between those villagers who are in general descendants of Northern Europeans and those villagers who are in general of Iberian descent. It makes for a certain amount of racial tension and makes it easier for sides to be taken and lines to be drawn. "Them uptown" is one way the Portuguese have of describing the Yankees on Main Street—the implication being that all Yankees live on Main Street and are rich stuffed shirts. The Yankees fire back with "Black Portugee!" There is no doubt that *some* Portuguese can justifiably be described as fatalistic, vindictive, and mean to their hardworking women. Nor is there any doubt that *some* Yankees are inbred and addlebrained. "Swamp Yankee" used to be a term bearing connotations of native wit and resourcefulness, but now it seems more often connected with a redneck obstinacy, a sort of frontier suspicion that regards all men as enemies until they've shown signs of being otherwise—and sometimes even then.

Time, of course, erases differences. Portuguese bread is now a gourmet delicatessen item, replaced by Wonder Bread and Bond in the diets of Portuguese families. The Portuguese language is slowly fading from use, despite new arrivals from the islands; the first generation hangs on to it when talking among its own members and to the elderly, the second generation makes

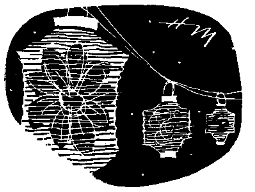


"Not only do we offer guaranteed on-time departures and arrivals, thirty-second baggage pickup, Miss America-type hostesses, and expensive door prizes, plus better food and greater comfort than any other airline, but we assign our exclusive Pan-Con Happiness Agent to insure your well-being and contentment for the rest of your natural lives."

fun of it, and the third generation, going to college, may study and teach it. Although some aging Portuguese return to Faial or São Miguel after a working lifetime here, others remain. Their bones lie in St. Mary's Cemetery, at the head of Lambert Cove. The land for this burial ground was given to the church by Frank Sylvia, who came from the Azores in the eighteen-forties and prospered in real estate, the ice business, and construction work.

The Portuguese-Yankee split, though it is abetted by a touch of racial feeling and a strong dollop of religious difference, remains latent most of the time. Several things help here. For one thing, Portuguese feelings of inferiority are alleviated by political success; it is easier for a Portuguese to get elected to borough office than for someone stamped as a Yankee. A sufficient number of people who are not really affiliated with either group seem to share the Portuguese suspicion of the Yankees as a breed with too strong an attachment to the past—to old houses, old trees, old atmospheres, even old stocks and bonds, all of which may militate against present opportunities to make a living. The president of the Historical Society threw a scare into many people a few years ago when he proposed the creation of a Historical District within the village, which would apparently have involved control of the kinds of alterations made to land and buildings here. But what, in that case, about aluminum storm windows? How about television aerials? Not to mention industries and small workshops, stores, and commercial traffic and cars. Would it be all right and not anachronistic to park, say, a 1970 Chevrolet station wagon outside a historic 1776 house? As it is, the Yankees are always planting trees wherever they can, and it is the Portuguese of the borough street-cleaning crew who have to sweep up the leaves.

Stonington is the only port in Connecticut that feels the effect of the open sea. It faces a gap left by Fishers Island and the eastern tips of Long Island, through which the Atlantic rolls in from the southeast, past Block Island Sound, until it breaks on a chain of reefs running from Wicopesset to Watch Hill. For several hundred years, the village has made a good part of its living from the sea. In a memorial (petition) addressed to the Hartford General Assembly in 1774, the Congregational petitioners, seeking to establish a permanent place of worship in the village, said they lived principally by the whale and cod fishery. Two hundred whales were reported in Fishers Island Sound in October, 1799. Sealing and whaling in distant waters brought prosperity to the town and fortunes to individuals in the first half of the nineteenth century. It was the age of Stonington captains who made great voyages—Cutlers, Fannings, and Palmers. While in command of the small sloop Hero, Nathaniel Palmer discovered the Antarctic Continent. It was in mid-century, when Yankee sailors were no longer so keen to embark on voyages that might last three years, that ships stopping for crews in the Azores and Cape Verdes brought the first Portuguese here. Soon many of the Portuguese began to do their own fishing, handlining for cod and haddock from small sailboats. In this century, the boats got bigger; large, steam-engined bunker boats collected fish from barrel traps and shore seines along the Rhode Island beaches. In the twenties and thirties, there came on the scene the diesel-engined fifty- and sixty-foot draggers that are still in use—boats named Luann, Marise, Fairweather, Dauntless, and America. Some of them are now rather worn, others rigorously maintained. The work produced tough, independent men, their own bosses, not paid by the hour, who became constitutionally and temperamentally unable to work in a factory—not that any of them would actually admit to such a thing as "loving" the sea. One family, the Rodericks, came from Terceira, in the Azores, in 1907. The father, Manuel Roderick, Sr., had fourteen children, eight of them boys who followed him to sea. The old man, despite the loss of both legs, kept fishing almost until his death. He sat in the pilothouse of his dragger, the Alice & Jenny, strapped to a chair behind the wheel. On its last trip, in 1945, the boat went on the rocks off Block Island. Captain Roderick was cut loose, and his son George carried him piggyback to safety through the surf.



The fortunes of the fishing fleet declined after the Second World War. Some Stonington boats went off to other ports, such as Point Judith and New Bedford. The fishermen complained that the village lacked good docks, trucking facilities, fillet plants, or fish-processing factories. Critics of the fishermen said that they had poor boats, obsolete equipment, and outmoded ideas—that they were bad husbandmen of their resources, and often completely fished out an area and then wondered why succeeding years brought smaller harvests. In 1961, when I arrived here, the fleet was down to fewer than ten boats. It moored at decrepit wooden piers behind Bindloss's hardware store and oil depot, and at the former railroad terminal and steamboat dock—a dusty, bumpy wilderness with a few old storage shacks, rough stone embankments, and rotten fenders and pilings, to which the draggers tied up. It was called Longo's Dock, after its owner, Anthony Longo.

In the mid-sixties, the situation came to a head. Anthony Longo offered to sell his dock and the adjoining acreage to the town for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A town meeting was called to decide whether or not to buy it. At that point, the town had a good reason for doing so, because, like other towns, it was being compelled by the federal government to clean up its polluted waters and install a sewage system. Longo's and the adjacent land would make an excellent site for a treatment plant. If the town bought the site for that purpose, it could, along the way, fix up the dock as a proper base of operations for the Stonington fishing boats. The issue was immediately tangled in irrelevancies. In the Yankee camp, the anxiety was *smell*, not so much from a sewage plant as from a fish-processing plant, which, it was suggested, would be built if the town owned the dock. Wouldn't it be better to use the site for some attractive private houses? On the other side, supporters of the fishermen went round yelling that the Yankees wanted to buy up all the remaining waterfront and turn it to their selfish ends. It was true that a fish-processing plant would produce dreadful odors. It was also true that the number of places in the village where the ordinary citizen could reach the water were disappearing fast behind private fences. However, both factions tended to ignore economics, planning opinion, sanitation-engineering advice—and, indeed, all reasoned, balanced argument. If you were heard to say that there might be a better place for a sewage-treatment plant but it seemed no one was looking very hard, you were at once accused of being anti-fisherman, anti-Portuguese, and an uptown snob. If you opined that you thought the town ought to do something for the fishermen, because fishing was one reason the place had real character and wasn't just a cute New England beauty spot, then you were taken as a damned advocate of fish flour, fish factories, and acrid stinks that would envelop the whole community.

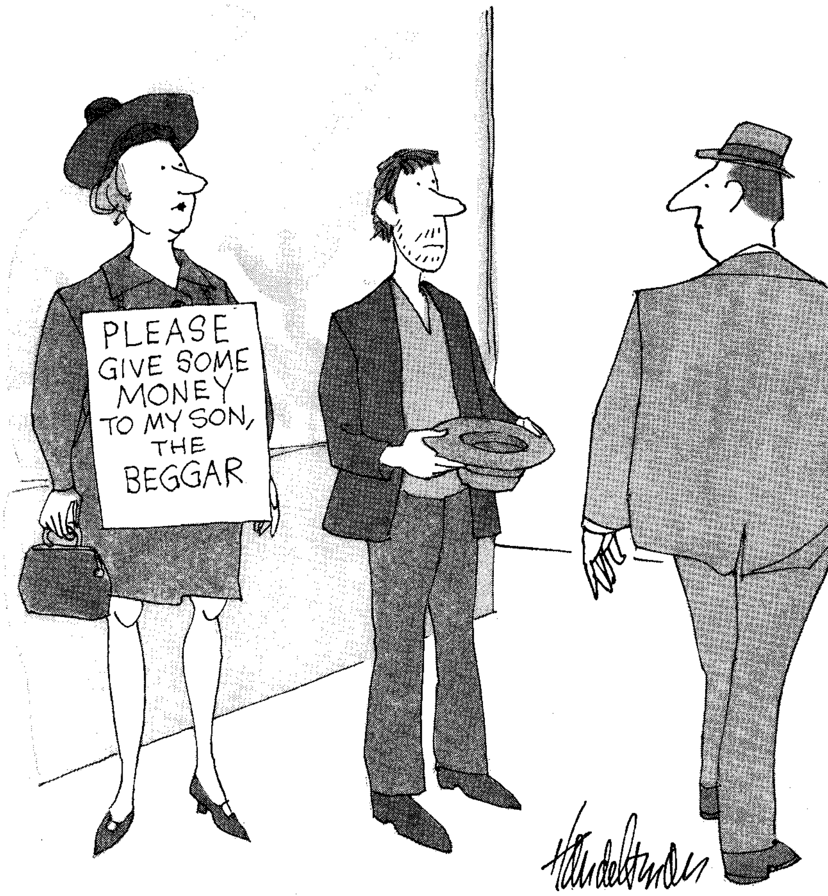
At the town meeting to decide the Longo's Dock business, held in the senior high school, some people made short, pithy speeches and others made long ones full of hard-to-follow argument and scarcely relevant detail. There were cheers and shouts and hot tempers. When John Dodson, Sr., the operator of the boatyard, who employed a number of Portuguese, stood up in order to ask that some light be thrown on one aspect of the plan—namely, that the dock might be a municipally sponsored competitor for him, providing public wharfage for yachts as well as fishing boats—the uproar was immense. By that time, the will of the majority was obviously in favor of the town's buying the dock. Among the yells and catcalls drowning out John Dodson's question could be heard the voice of Mrs. Rita, the Dodsons' cleaning woman, screaming, "Sit down, you old dope!" Of course, next day she was back at work, feeding the Dodson dogs and dusting the downstairs.

Now that the dock has been bought, and a few years have passed, it's possible to say that the property looks like a good investment. There is no fish factory. A couple of draggers have joined the fleet, and there are many more lobster boats; lobstering is booming. The dock has been greatly improved, with new pilings and concrete reinforcements. The whole area has been levelled and graded, so that trucks can drive up to the loading wharf with no fear of breaking an axle, and on several grassed stretches children can chase around and fly kites. The treatment plant is about to be built, in a secluded position. Summer brings Dodson's Boat Yard as much business as it can handle. And on the evening of the Holy Ghost, when a block party is going on, with a Portuguese core but with much of the village participating, the front door of the Dodsons' house, nearby, is always invitingly open, and quite often the overflow from the street party goes in.

"SOCIAL pressures" are what those people complain of who suddenly seem to find village life too much for them and leave, if not for the anonymity of the city, then for the loneliness of a back-country farm or a house in the woods. For me, the reverse would be the case. On a farm, I would feel the increased pressure of being only with myself. I imagine I would spend a lot of time wondering whether I was completely forgotten. Did other people still want to see me? And if I had to go anywhere, it would be so much more of a production. I think, moreover, that if I lived surrounded by trees and fields, I would be even more jealous of my rights as a proprietor than I am in the village—more suspicious of trespassers and hunters, more afraid of developments' springing up on adjoining land and of superhighways' blazing through. There are compensations in living in a place where most of the building has been done that can be done, most of the suspicions aroused that ever can be aroused.

When towns like Stonington were first being settled in Connecticut, in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, men who expressed a desire to move out of the settlement and live on farmland two or three miles distant were viewed with distrust. The small town was a religious society, with a meetinghouse for its center. The struggle to organize new parishes generally succeeded only when the people involved had shown that they were sufficient in numbers and wealth to support a minister of their own. In the Town of Stonington, the original settlement took place in Wequetequock, at the head of the creek, but the first center for a rather scattered community of planters was a few miles farther inland, on the Pequot Trail, where the Road Church was established in 1673. Most settlers were farmers, and a few traded with the Indians. Thomas Stanton, at Pawcatuck, a few miles east on the Rhode Island border, remained a friend of various Indian sachems even after King Philip's War, and on one occasion (as one can read in the "History of the First Congregational Church of Stonington") "Uncas in his old age went from Mohegan to Pawcatuck for Mr. Stanton to write his will, taking with him a train of his noblest warriors to witness the same."

In the course of the next hundred years, the center shifted from the Road district to Long Point, on the water, which in those days, of course, provided the best means of transportation. In 1774, the villagers petitioning the General Assembly in Hartford wrote, "The memorial of William Morgan, Benjamin Park, John Denison 4th, Joseph Denison 2d, Oliver Hillard, Edward Hancox, Oliver Smith & the rest of the subscribers hereto in behalf of themselves & the professors of the Establish'd Religion of the Colony, living at a place called Long Point in Stonington in the county of New London humbly sheweth . . ." What they testified was that they were four miles from a meetinghouse; that they were generally poor; that their population had increased in recent years to upward of eighty families, among them twenty widows, seventeen of whom had children; and that they had no more than one horse to every ten families and therefore few could ride four miles to church. The fishing had


PLEASE GIVE SOME MONEY TO MY SON, THE BEGGAR

been poor the previous year, and the prices low. Furthermore, "the various and different sentiments in the religious denomination of Christians among them, viz.: First day Baptists, Seven day Baptists, & the Quakers or those call'd Friends, are such real grief and great discouragements to your memorialists, who are of the Establish'd Religion of this Colony, that they can no longer think of obtaining a meetinghouse by subscription or any other ways among themselves." What they wanted was the right to hold a lottery to raise the money for a meetinghouse. The permission was given in due course, and after a further delay, occasioned by the Revolutionary War, the Second Stonington Congregational Church was built. The minister in 1789 was paid a hundred pounds a year, plus firewood cut and delivered.

Coincident with the movement into the village for practical purposes was the feeling that out in the country lay "disorder and sin." Churches, neighbors, and constables couldn't keep an eye on things. In the mid-eighteenth century, Jared Elliot attacked a proposal for new settlement in large, scattered estates. He believed that it was only in towns, where children could attend schools, where "social worship" was available, and where "wild and savage behaviour" was "put out of countenance," that there was "opportunity for the exercise of social virtues." "Outlivers," as the early suburbanites were called, were distinctly farther from God. They became a group with their own special interests; in an early Stonington militia election, the people of the town center formed one party and the outlivers formed another.

Although the religious and social circumstances are now very different and the present village is a much more compact and heavily populated community than the "town" was then, there remains a feeling that those who live outside are different. Those outside the village have, to begin with, plumped for a contrasting set of circumstances. They have more room around their houses. They see less of their neighbors. They are more dependent on their telephones and their cars. They tend to be middle- and upper-income, because zoning demands houses of a certain size, and what poor there are seem to be old rural families gone to seed and living in rundown gray-shingled farmhouses or new industrial families living in trailer camps.

Many of those who live outside the village may never have lived in it; some may never enter it. They work in New London, perhaps, and shop in Westerly. Although they live in the Town of Stonington, the magnetism of the village center has been diffused by the spread of housing along the country roads. The high school and the new police station are on U.S. 1, halfway to Westerly. The Town Hall is in the borough (which is the governmental term for the village), but it is on the wrong side of the tracks, and, having been built in the nineteen-thirties, of red brick, it doesn't recognizably belong to the village.

There was a nine-month period last year when the village was without a full-time doctor. We seemed to drive a lot then—in one direction to a professional building situated at an interchange of Interstate Highway 95, where there are specialists in teeth, children's ailments, and psychiatric disorders, and in another direction to get adult checkups. I admit to moments of resenting the mobile, time-wasting, multiple-choice-giving suburban society, which by its growth, if not by its disorder and sin, threatens to fray the well-bound edges of the village—the place we live *in*.

On this simple image, however, has to be imposed another. The village is not only a place where people live or do not live; it is a place where they come and go and come back again. Some move out when they have teenage children and move back when their children have married and gone away. Sometimes those who have sold their village houses and moved to a split-level on Flanders Road or an apartment in Pawcatuck feel they would move back if they could afford to—inasmuch as the value of property in the village seems to increase faster than that of property outside it. (One native whom villagers quite a while back were surprised to see return was John Fish; he had been missing and believed dead for ten years when he came back from South Africa in 1902, a captain in the British Army.) And some leave and never come back. John Albertus retired to France in 1885 after being the village shoemaker. And, of course, some of the Portuguese who come and spend thirty or forty years on the fishing draggers or in the velvet mill retire on Social Security to the Azores.

But the loose mold of the village allows this. It is not to be located too precisely. Instead of saying it is in the Town of Stonington, in the State of Connecticut, one should perhaps say simply that it is somewhere between New York and the Azores. It allows one to feel for a time that it is a suitable container for one's loyalties—if you belong to it, you don't have to throw in your lot altogether with contemporary America, which is merely a holding company, a conglomerate. Perched on the edge of the continent and on the edge of the sea, the village gives one the equal possibilities of going on or going back—whether, like the Portuguese, to the islands or, like the Yankees (who, as they get older, become involved in antiques and family trees), into a short and crowded past.

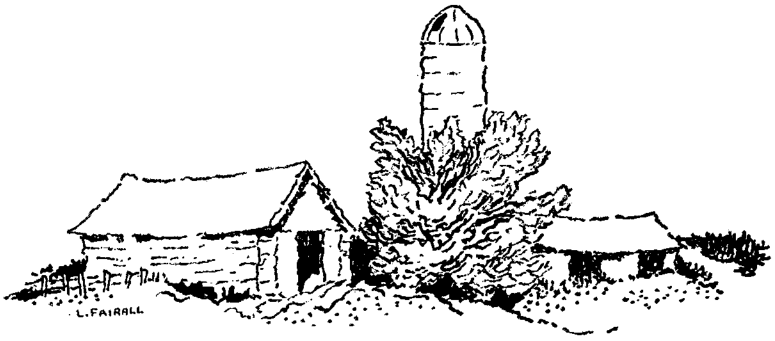
FALL returns us to ourselves, the essential villagers. Summer distractions have gone. We can resume old companionships, get back to more diligent work, take up veteran animosities. Where summer expands the village population and brings in many new faces, allowing a novel and much wider choice of acquaintances and a greater possibility of like's talking to like, autumn constricts our circle again; the rich and the poor, the hearty and the intellectual once more have to put up with each other as well as they can—which sometimes isn't very well at all. Next-door neighbors who have had different things to do and different people to see since Memorial Day now re-realize each other's existence. Women who for the past two months have managed to unload their children on summer friends (who were, at least to begin with, glad to have knowledgeable local kids for their city-deprived youngsters to play with) now find their children, and all the children from nearby houses, continually in and out. There are wars, from which the defeated go bawling home. On front steps and porches, mothers are heard defending their progeny against the loud accusations of other mothers. Income, accent, occupation, and education exaggerate all natural differences. Doors slam.

On School Street, the spark of a dispute often arises from parking problems. On this street and others in what the borough warden and the burgesses sometimes refer to as "the congested Point section," two- and even three-family houses are prevalent. Many of the families in these houses have sons in their late teens whose earliest, and soonest realized, ambition it is to own a car—preferably a large Chevrolet or Pontiac convertible with chromed tailpipes and with hubcaps modelled after those on Etruscan war chariots. It is a rare thing for the man of a family not to own a car himself, but whether he does or not his wife is probably earn-ing enough at the mill or cleaning "uptown" houses to afford one of her own, and working daughters may also have theirs. Thus, some three-family houses are responsible for seven or eight cars. Given the state of public transportation—in part the cause of this, but mostly the effect—it is pointless to complain about them. (Bus service has finally collapsed altogether. In fact, we have reached such a zenith of laissez-faire or nadir of public service that there is not even a taxicab in the village; one has to be summoned from Pawcatuck or Mystic.) Parking complications are increased by the narrow streets, which permit parking on one side only, and numerous driveways. So parking is a point on which contact is first made between the fenders of cars and then between the even more fragile temperaments of their owners.

On fall afternoons, one can drop into various places to feel the village pulse: the book shop, Mr. Segal's department store, or Squadrito's, which is one of the three barbershops, and the one I prefer. It isn't just the quality of the cut, or the vacuum cleaner that Mr. Squadrito uses to remove the loose hair from under one's collar. The superiority of Squadrito's resides in the fact that there are always people there, talking. Social historians say that barbershops are not what they were—that before the invention of the safety razor there was a golden age, when numbered shaving mugs could be rented from the barber, if you didn't keep your own named mug there, and when the presence of the *Police Gazette*, the *Playboy* of yesteryear, made a wait for a shave or a haircut worthwhile. But at Squadrito's conversation is still lively. The men discuss whether the Hartleys are going on a world cruise again this year; what the Plymouth dealer thinks of this year's Plymouth; how much Al Davis paid for his initialled license plates; how many more school buses are being leased this semester; whether old Robinson is really going to sell his icehouse this time, and if he does, where he is going to put his collection of five hundred major-league baseball bats.

In the Book Mart, on Wadawanuck Square, the gossip has a slightly different tone. During this equinoctial period, people who have lived in the village for any length of time watch the sky and sniff the air, and can be seen gazing at the tops of the trees on Main Street—the replacements or survivors of the great elms decimated by the hurricane of 1938. "It feels like a hurricane to me," says elderly Miss Stimson, a former college dean and professor of history. John Dodge, a retired architect, says the weather reminds him of that which preceded an earthquake he once went through. In fact, there have been earth tremors in this part of New England—on October 29, 1727, and on April 1, 1828, to mention a couple. In Stonington, windows broke, doors threw themselves open, great noises were heard, and for several days there was a heavy swell at sea. The 1938 hurricane brought huge waves, which swept away forty houses on Napatree Point, sank most of the fishing boats and yachts in the harbor, and demolished houses on Hancox Street and Wall Street, which was then still called Shinbone Alley—it was where many of the Negroes used to live. Three people were drowned in Shinbone Alley. The old trees came down, and a New Haven express was stranded halfway across the embankment spanning the upper harbor. Many people in the village remember this storm—it impressed them deeply enough to last a lifetime, giving them a knowledge of what nature could do when it got properly tuned up; hearing of hurricanes, they think immediately of storm shutters and higher ground.

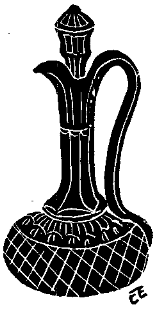
One person who vividly remembers September 21, 1938, is Evelyn Cole, a very spry little lady who is to be seen swimming off the Wadawanuck Club dock in the late-summer evenings, when the swimming float is less crowded, or driving her laundry down to Mrs. Narcizzi, on School Street, the top of her wide-brimmed hat barely visible over the steering wheel of her car. Mrs. Cole, whose husband, Walter, died some years back, became known as a whiz at the real-estate business, and her ads in the New York *Times* ("Charming house in historic New England seaport village") brought many city people to Stonington. "Oh, we had a time that day," says Mrs. Cole. "The Curtises were moving into our house Ragged Edge, at the foot of Omega Street. Nice people, so we'd rented it to them for not too much money. Mrs. Curtis said they didn't want to be responsible for all of our furniture, and we should take out the stuff that we cared for. So Walter and I spent the morning doing that. We were living in our old guest cottage next door, the Barnacle, right on the water's edge. We had a few houses that we'd done up, put our furniture in to make them look nice, and then rented. Walter had suffered on the stock market, and we needed whatever we could get. Anyway, when we first heard about the storm, we went down into the cellar of the Barnacle. When anything dreadful is about to happen, I feel the need to be close to stone. We had a colored couple with us. The man's name was Malcolm. Malcolm said he thought it was a hurricane. Said it smelled like one. He'd been in one down South. I said don't be silly, but through the cellar windows we could see those big yellow waves getting higher and higher. Pretty soon, we thought we'd better get out. The whole house was jumping and shaking, but Walter went upstairs and put on a tie. He felt he'd better be properly dressed if it was a hurricane. He also put a bottle of whiskey in his coat pocket. I made sure I was wearing my pearls. Then we crawled up Omega Street to the top of the hill. By then, the wind was making the sort of noise you hear in a sawmill—a fierce, screaming whine. We went into one of the Portuguese houses on the hill. My shoes were soaked, and I was given some slippers that were too tight, but I put them on. I guess we were wet through. Walter brought out the whiskey and we all had some. Malcolm said he needed some bad—he was getting a cold, and colored folks' colds were worse than white folks' colds. So Walter gave him an extra-strong dose. Then we heard the Barnacle go. There was a loud bang as it floated off its foundation and blew against the house Pat Willson has now. Well, we went upstairs—I forget why. Perhaps the people who owned the house suggested that we might want to be by ourselves. The house was shaking, shaking. We opened one door, into a bedroom with a big walnut bed, and there was this Portuguese couple going at it. I remember the man



had tight black hair, and the woman yelled at us, 'Get out! Get out!' I think that's something, don't you? At the height of the hurricane."

Walter and Evie Cole borrowed two thousand dollars from an uncle, and that got them through the next few months. Walter hired a crew of carpenters and set about repairing houses. The borough warden and the burgesses put the Coles in charge of a tree-planting campaign to replace the elms that had been smashed by the hurricane; the dogwood trees in Wadawanuck Square and the trees on Main Street, now thirty-three years old, were planted at that time.

WHEN the last leaves have been swept away by an end-of-November gale (and the borough highway crew), I enjoy Thanksgiving, though we no longer bring in a harvest, and perhaps we give thanks too soon; the feast might be more appropriate at the end of winter than at the beginning. But for a month or so there seems to be plenty of benevolence and good cheer. The first thick snow falls in big, sticky flakes, and, wielding shovels, we encounter our neighbors in boots and galoshes, loudly commiserating with them when the borough plow turns back the snow from the street onto the sidewalks we have just cleared. Across the street, Mrs. Arruda, wielding a lusty shovel, says, "Yeh, some of them uptown don't even bother to clear their sidewalks." Some of "them" are summer residents who have forgotten to arrange to have their sidewalks cleared by local youngsters, and some are year-round natives who neglect the task from indolence or spite.



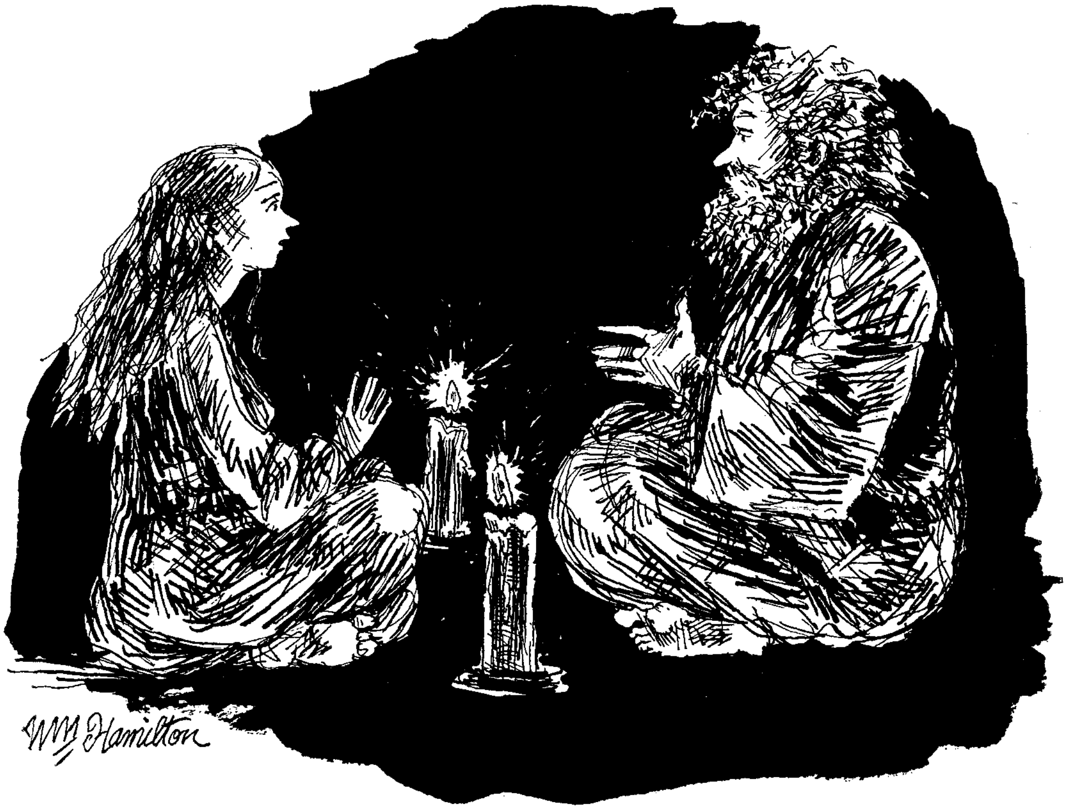
Snow brings us out into the streets together, but there are also other occasions that gather the village. At the Village Fair, in August, parents of all backgrounds barge forward democratically as they push their children on board the hay wagon, or attempt to buy balloons before the balloon man sells out, or to grab the best books on the bookstall. Queues are not well known here; there has never been a dire shortage of anything that would give rise to such organization. The funeral of Dr. Haliday, who was the town physician for decades, brought together many of us who had in common the fact that we were his patients, had been given shots and inspections by him, had had our children delivered by him and all our ailments and imagined ailments ministered to. We all liked him, or respected his crusty humor. We felt jointly bereaved—and also worried by the sudden lack of a village practitioner. The death of John Kennedy was a disaster on a different scale. It was huge, and it also seemed to strike at everyone separately, individually. There was nothing binding about it. People all stayed at home, watching the television screen, wet-eyed, tight-chested. I couldn't stand it. I walked around the village; it was a gray November afternoon, and the vacancy of the place was for a moment immense. I was on my own. We were all on our own.

Spontaneous assemblies take place when there are fires. "The houses being wood, none were seen to fall," the British Captain Sir Thomas Hardy reported apologetically to his superiors after bombarding the village in 1814. But the militia had been kept busy extinguishing fires started by the British rockets. We need little reminding that we live in a wooden town. The premium of my house-insurance policy is based partly on the distance from the nearest fire hydrant (though it doesn't take into account the fact that a good number of volunteer firemen live on School Street). In the nineteenth century, there were three sizable fires that started in the wharf area. That of April 2, 1837 ("supposed to be the work of an incendiary," said the Providence *Journal*), destroyed nineteen houses and damaged two more. There was no fire engine, but one was bought soon afterward. Men of the village formed a chain and passed buckets of water from the harbor. Wet blankets were spread on endangered buildings. In one burning building, Mrs. Hancox handed her eleven-month-old son, Nathaniel, to someone in the midst of the action and for a while afterward he couldn't be found. He was eventually discovered, well wrapped up, lying in the yard of the Hyde house, a bit farther along Water Street. Nathaniel grew up to be a keen wit.

Open fires and sooty chimneys produced unwanted blazes, and when they occurred it was imperative for all the men to turn out. The first fire engines were pumped by hand—forty men were needed to work some of them—and they had such names as Niagara, Deluge, Damper, Fountain, Annihilator, Phoenix, and Excelsior. The three Stonington companies are still called the Pioneers, the Steamers, and the Neptunes. These days, the number of serious fires in the village is small. Central heating has cut down the risk engendered not so long ago by coal stoves and kerosene space heaters. Most alarms now sound for grass fires, started along the edge of the railroad tracks by sparks from overheated bearings. Late winter and spring seem to be the dry-grass seasons. Now and then, a woman cooking breakfast starts a fire in a pan, which, in turn, sets fire to grease collected in a flue, but such fires usually burn themselves out just as the Pioneers, the Steamers, or the Neptunes roll up with their splendid, gleaming appliances. The two-hoot all-clear sounds soon after the original alarm, and most people feel a slight surge of disappointment. The all-clear is also sounded nightly at seven o'clock, as a test signal. It is used by many parents as a bedtime signal for small children. But the signal is not always exactly at seven, and now and then it seems to be forgotten altogether.

Certainly, in the village, when the alarm sounds people turn out. Most kitchens have pinned up in a prominent spot the list of alarm signals: two-three is the corner of Water and Diving Streets, one-two is Dewey Square, and so on. When the first hoot is heard, there is silence in every house while the following blasts are counted. Then people appear on their front steps and hasten to the spot, nodding as they recognize one another: Tom Powell, the insurance man; the Stones and the Bianchinis; Maria McVitty; Henry Chapin; Tricia Dodson; and, without fail, Evie Cole. Having survived the 1938 hurricane, Mrs. Cole seems to have retained a keen taste for disasters—or it may simply be that, having spent much of her real-estate career in promoting Stonington as the Saint-Tropez of New England, she feels more responsible for its property than the average villager does. At any rate, when the fire signal sounds she is soon on her way, always well groomed and wearing her pearls. Tricia Dodson said she met Evie Cole one night en route to a fire on the town dock; a shed full of lobster pots was blazing. In the light of a street lamp, Tricia thought Mrs. Cole looked not her usual self. Then, realizing why, she asked, "Evie, where are your pearls?" Mrs. Cole's hand flew to her neck. She said, "Oh my!" and dashed home to put them on, then headed for the fire again.

The firehouse still has some of the characteristics of a clubhouse where men get together in the course of drills and the maintenance of fire equipment, but the average age of the volunteers seems to have risen in the last decades. Television and the private car (which enables a man to get out of the village for work and entertainment) have sapped the attractions of the firehouse as a home away from home, and the fact that many able-bodied village men work in factories elsewhere has reduced the number of volunteers on call.



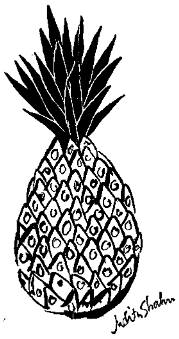
"Larry, in case we don't find enlightenment, do you think we can still get back your Pontiac dealership?"

WALKING down Water Street the other night, past the open ground-floor windows of the plant occupied by the Packaging Division of Monsanto, I heard three men of the second shift singing "America the Beautiful." They were singing loudly, over the noise of their lathes and drill presses: ". . . for spacious skies . . . from sea to shining sea." Perhaps it was the only song that all three of them knew some of the words of. At any rate, they sang in a joshing sort of way, as if they didn't want to sound too nuttily patriotic or affectionate—like grown men singing "Happy Birthday" to their mothers.

In the fall, my daughter Liz brings home from school a mimeographed form to be filled out. I have to say whether I work for any federal agency or serve in the armed forces, such as the Navy or the Coast Guard, because if I do the school system gets a subsidy payment from the government for each of my school-age children. Quite a lot of men in the village are so employed. There are submariners and Coast Guard officers, Navy hospital corpsmen, and young doctors serving their time. Many men work at Electric Boat, in Groton, building and repairing submarines. Other large employers of villagers are Pfizer, also in Groton, a drug-and-chemical firm; Yardney, in Pawcatuck, which makes electric batteries, transformers, and fuel cells; and Cottrell's, also in Pawcatuck, which manufactures printing presses. Closer at hand is what is known simply as the mill—the American Velvet Company, on Bayview Avenue, in the across-the-tracks section of the village. It has a green water tower and a tall brick chimney, and is surrounded by "mill houses," which in the course of time have been fancied up and made different from one another by various kinds of siding and trim; the residents of the area are sufficiently house-proud to complain frequently about the sooty fallout from the mill chimney. It was the mill that brought many of the Portuguese in here to work, and the Wimpfheimers, who own it, rewarded their employees with free lots to build houses on. I once made a list of the occupations in a textile mill. There are beamers, warpers, slashers, doffers, carders, combers, lappers, drawers, rovers, twisters, mule spinners, frame spinners, weavers, winders, reelers, spoolers, loom fixers, slubbers, and trimmers. Today in the mill you can still hear the deafening clatter of looms—the sound that was most typical of nineteenth-century New England industry—but the employees also have twentieth-century privileges like profit-sharing. The Wimpfheimers, moreover, take their role as local business leaders seriously, and, without any flamboyance, provide much of the backing for "good causes," like the Community Center.

On the Point, the big trucks going to and from the Monsanto plant annoy some of the householders on Water Street and Main Street and the streets giving off them, but they do remind us that there actually is a place in the village where men and women earn their living. Joe Costa, who used to own my house—he bought it in the twenties for twelve hundred dollars and sold it in the thirties for thirteen hundred, having turned it into a two-family dwelling—worked in the Monsanto building when it was the Atwood Machine Company; he was a foreman there and, when Atwood's closed, was paid off without a pension. The husband of Mrs. Sadie Cunha, an elderly lady on Omega Street who sometimes babysits for us, was a machinist at Atwood's and died on the job there. Nowadays, every afternoon, Manuel Narcizzi walks up School Street to his house, lunchbox under his arm, having just finished the day shift at Monsanto.

For several hundred years, there were shipyards in the village. Boats were built on Long Point by Thomas Stanton's sons before there were any houses. In the nineteenth century, schooners were the trucks of the coastal areas. There was also need for whalers, sealers, passenger packets, and privateers. The Stonington Shipyard, at the foot of Church Street, built fishing draggers through the Second World War and built yachts for some years afterward. Now the yachts can be built better and more cheaply in Scandinavia or Hong Kong. Peter Tripp, a retired merchant-marine officer, until recently built an occasional dory in his workshop on Ash Street, and the lobstermen order their lobster boats in hull form from Nova Scotia and complete them themselves. Many of the craftsmen work a few miles away at the Mystic Seaport Marine Museum, restoring and repairing the ships and boats that have been preserved from the days of working sail. Others, in these prosperous days of leisure sailing, work for Dodson's, maintaining yachts that are out of the water seven months of the year. Although fibre glass is the material of which most modern yachts are made, wooden boats continue to be most highly prized by those who have the time or the money to keep them up, and at a yard like Dodson's the vocabulary pertaining to wooden boats is still unromantically but practically in use—futtocks, carlings, breasthooks, coamings, rabbeting, caulking—though even at Dodson's there may be only one or two men who could rattle off the names of the different irons used for laying the caulking cotton in the seams between the planks: creasing, dumb, bent, spike, sharp, reefing, and reaming.



Onshore, the material of the age is metal. Cars, appliances, fittings of one sort or another—they all need welding, brazing, hammering, greasing, tuning. The village supports one garage, Al Palmer's, that seems to do well, and two more that change hands fairly often. The two car dealers moved a while back from the village to U.S. 1, where they have become part of the congestion-making ribbon development that is spreading between Westerly and Mystic. The village has a welding shop for the repair of industrial equipment; a small machine shop, where three men sitting at well-lit benches do precision work in a spotless, studiolike building; and Buddy Jacobs' marine chandlery, where the fishermen get their winches, hoists, and otter boards repaired. Buddy also repairs broken ironing boards and children's tricycles, for a change or for kindness—certainly not for much money.

The village is generally a good place for getting things looked after. Although a few people complain that contractors, carpenters, plumbers, and electricians are hard to get, they are people who have never tried to get a plumber in piratical New York or a gas serviceman in nationalized England. The telephone works well; the electricity flows without much more than a short annual breakdown. The piped-in water (from a private company) is expensive, but it is the exception among our expenses. Compared to other places in the urban Northeast, the taxes are not particularly high, but they are rising. Services of all kinds tend to cost more as places increase in size; in the case of public services such as police and education, the relative cost in an American city of a million is generally twice per capita what it is in a town of twenty-five thousand. Another benefit we enjoy is the secondary services provided by men moonlighting from their regular jobs. They fulfill the traditional function of the old hired man, who swept the yard, cut the grass, painted the fence, put out the garbage cans, and kept an eye on things when the owner was away. Several men on School Street do this sort of job for people on Main and Water Streets. One or two men have turned all these part-time jobs into a full-time occupation, and do nothing other than drive school buses, put the flags up at the post office, sweep the leaves in Cannon Square, polish the doorknobs at the bank, wash the windows at the library, and shovel snow. One man, a successful building contractor who two or three evenings a week tends bar at the Harbor View, gives the impression that moonlighting for him is not a way of supplementing his income but a way of providing himself with company.

The village also shelters a number of men who don't work. In some cases, it's an ordinary matter of being in retirement from business or the armed services. In others, the retirement has come earlier. There are refugees from oppressive families and dominant mothers, dropouts from the urban rat race, and men who simply want to be somewhere other than at the source of the family fortune that enables them to live in the village. The village is their refuge. They have their small routines, their boats, their gardens, their visits to their post-office boxes, their correspondence with family lawyers, trustees, and stockbrokers. Some of them have pickup trucks in which they drive around on their errands, looking very busy. One of them, David Vallie (to give him a nom de plume), is busy writing a philosophical treatise on the art of keeping busy. Several speculate in local real estate. They make long lists of all the jobs they have to do. They have hobbies, like constructing telescopes, in which they become a good deal more perfectionistic than they would be if they were doing the job for a living. Personally, I don't think the new age of leisure that is rumored to be almost upon us is to be feared—at least, once people have got over the existentialist dread of twelve hours of their own to make free use of. Some of these men are on the wagon, and others have trouble postponing the first cocktail of the day. Perhaps the Protestant ethic—work we must—is still an influence here, a ruinous taskmaster, but most of these men prove that work, in the old-fashioned sense, doesn't redeem people. In fact, it can make the unimaginative even more so; it can make the earnest and ambitious thoroughly obnoxious. Stonington has in its leisured class many doubting men, who clearly don't have a simple goal and don't know the answers, and I find this doubt—sometimes radiating through an assured façade—likable and disarming.

THE worst months of the year begin in mid-January. It is suddenly very cold. "Fourteen below in Ledyard this morning," says someone in Frankie Keane's News Office. It is zero here. Sea smoke rises on the water this side of Sandy Point, and there's ice on the other side as far as Watch Hill, across the Pawcatuck River in Rhode Island. The sky is clear and ice blue, and one can take it for a while but it becomes oppressive before long. The wind begins to blow, snowstorms lose their earlier fascination, and the furnace chugs away in a dollar-consuming attempt to keep winter at bay. Those who can afford the time and the money take vacations at this season; Grace Stone is in Moscow, Evie Cole is in Italy, the Fuller Potters are in Tunisia, and the landowners out in the country are off on world cruises, bumping into each other in Hong Kong and Gibraltar.

Those of us left behind feel obliged to keep things going. We keep the doctor's waiting room crowded—especially in the in-between weather that brings on the flu and brings to the doctor people who are actually sick, and not only the usual quota of children having shots, world travellers getting inoculations, and young women having prenatal examinations. My own health is generally good (touch wood), but I'm not immune to the bugs that whiz around the village, and once a winter I decide I am really ill. I have a day or so of aches and fever, perhaps psychosomatic in origin but, as I have to insist to my family, none the less painful on that account. My wife, Margot, is furious—partly from apprehension—when I am ill, and begins to look after me with sweet wifeliness only when I am about to get up, feeling better. In bed, I lie full of Vitamin C, aspirin, lemon juice and honey, and a good portion of self-pity. With a temperature running at a little over a hundred and one, I can read Pound's "Cantos" and enjoy the ragbag of Anglo-Saxon seafaring, Provençal troubadouring, Italian petty-princing, Midwestern nineteenth-century economics, and Chinese lyricism:

E lo Sordels si fo di Mantovana,
Son of a poor knight, Sier Escort,
And he delighted himself in chançons
And mixed with the men of the court
And went to the court of Richard Saint
    Boniface
And was there taken with love for his
    wife
  Cunizza, da Romano
That freed her slaves on a Wednesday

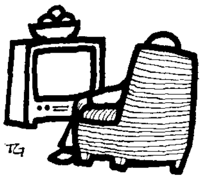
The whole thing runs well enough while my temperature remains steady, but then it suddenly rises a little and I fall back on the pillow with delirious visions: a gigantic bridge, designed by Henry Fuseli and sponsored by Robert Moses, spreads across Fishers Island Sound and plants its concrete feet on the village. Over it hover a cloud of smoke and a smell like peat or marijuana burning, and square-rigged ships brace their yards to fetch through the cut between Napatree and Sandy Point, where there is less than two feet of water at mean low tide.

In the seventeenth century, people coped with their severe illnesses by letting blood. They had leeches applied, which sucked up some of the precious fluid. In the village, the bloodmobile turns up at this time of year, as if to tap a traditional source, and those who feel generous with their blood, or simply feel that it would do them good to get rid of some (it feels congested, curdled, needs to be thinned out a little; perhaps being indoors and all the central heating have something to do with it), turn up in the basement of St. Mary's Church. Ladies from the village are there in white smocks, arranging the donors in neat rows of chairs, handing out orange juice and leading one to the nurse who tests a drop of blood. An elderly out-of-town doctor (who looks about to have a heart attack) checks one's blood pressure. There are ambiguous questions about foreign travel, designed to find out if one has been to Mexico or Africa recently and thus come in contact with hepatitis or tsetse flies. On the assumption that one is nervous, the helpful ladies make nervous-making conversation about one's wife and children. One has a view across the room of ladies' shoes sticking out from under sheets hiding their outstretched legs, and plastic bags hanging from the sides of the high beds, filling up with black liquid. What if . . . What if a vampire society has taken over, and this is a wicked conspiracy to drain the blood of the entire village? That face suddenly appearing over a portable screen looks like Alfred Hitchcock's. What if . . . But one's arm is taken, and one is being led to bed. A handsome nurse in her late thirties rolls my shirtsleeve up and says, ingratiatingly, "I can tell you work out-of-doors. Now, you're really good at this, I'll bet." *Jab.* But instead of staying there and holding my hand she's gone to another customer, and a high-school girl who looks as if she were about to faint is dispatched to keep an eye on the tubes and connections. I make noblest-Roman conversation, not without a touch of self-interest, asking as the life ebbs out of me, "How many pints do I hold, anyway?"

The high-school girl goes whiter than ever. "Gee, I don't know," she says. "We get to the human body next semester. Just now we're on ferns and mosses."

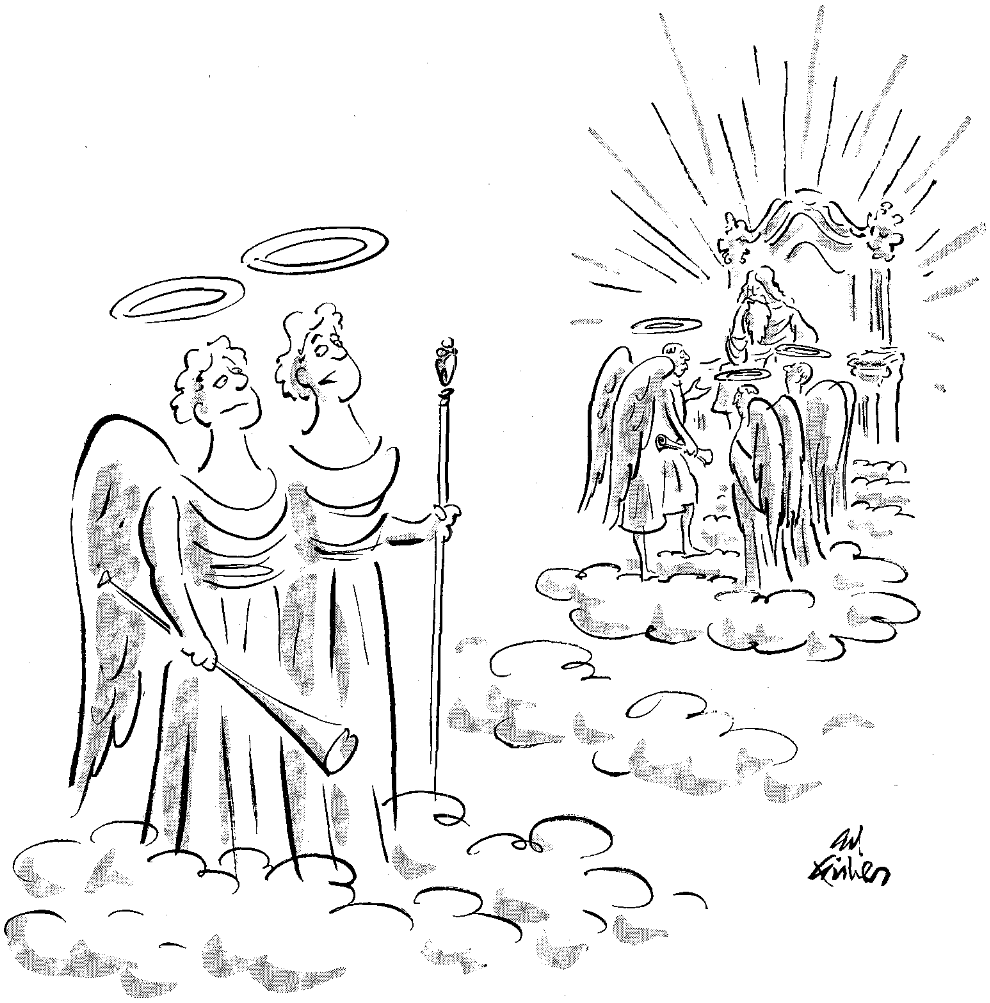
THERE is a poem of Roy Campbell's I half remember: ". . . in winter, when the leaves depart, nature, the paragon of art" takes hold. Ice and snow provide compensations of the season. On Sylvia's Pond, buried in the woods just north of the village, the ice forms perhaps a foot thick. There are long rifts and cracks, but there's no sense of movement and no view of water underneath. Now and then can be heard dull detonations as the ice expands; the sound reverberates from the middle toward the shore, and echoes off the rocky cliffs, from two to twenty feet high, that mostly surround the pond. At the edges, the ice is faulted and delaminated, like plywood where one or two veneers have peeled or split to expose a void beneath. The ice has bubbles of air in it, and strata of colors as different as those in diamonds and sapphires. Here and there, it is frosted with snow.

This is the pond that gave the family and descendants of Frank Sylvia much of their living from the eighteen-forties to 1947. Mandy Lindberg, who lives near one end of the pond, remembers an icehouse at either end until just after the Second World War. Apparently, the first man to try to make money out of ice in America was one Frederick Tudor, of Boston, who in 1805 shipped a cargo of ice from Fresh Pond, Cambridge, to Martinique, in the French West Indies. The venture was a total loss. However, Mr. Tudor persevered, and soon other people joined him in successfully vending ice, both locally and in distant areas. In the early years, the ice was cut with axes and then the cakes were poled along through ice-lined canals to a loading place, from which a horse-drawn sled carried it to the icehouse. As time went on, the icemen developed special implements—horse-drawn scrapers to clear frozen snow from the surface, horse-drawn plows to mark the ice for cutting into large squares, and a horse-drawn cutter to separate the cakes. The icehouse generally had its door on the north side and stood under the shade of a tree. Stored in sawdust, the ice lasted a year.



We sit on the rocks at the edge of Sylvia's Pond and put on our skates, and then push off. On a weekend afternoon in January, perhaps a dozen skaters are there. A bonfire burns on a little island two-thirds of the way toward the north end, and someone is roasting hot dogs. Where the Lindbergs' land slopes down to the pond edge and frozen mud meets frozen water, a few old aluminum garden chairs have been left; these make splendid training devices. You can push them ahead of you, and they provide support without too much resistance. You can acquire the proper forward lean and movement of the feet and pretty soon push the chair aside and keep on going. Learning to skate as an adult is one way of recovering the earlier thrills of learning to walk and to swim. The pond is half a mile long, and there is plenty of room for both duffers and experts—for children like my daughter Anny, who takes as much pleasure in sliding on her bottom as on her feet, and for ladies in elegant skating costumes like Mrs. Hurlbut, who moves effortlessly and gracefully across the ice, now and then spinning to a smiling stop for a moment of conversation and then skating on, as at a cocktail party, where one doesn't have to make excuses about needing another drink. The mechanics are fluid here. You can go off on your own and still show off. You can sit by the bonfire, take off your skates, and warm your feet. On the way back through the woods, we pick up logs for the fire at home.

FEBRUARY is a magnifying glass. People crack open like the clapboards of warm houses exposed to cold winds. *They* feel exposed. They explode. For Louis Varga and Jim Skidmore, two young village men (renamed in this account), the month of February, several years ago, became insupportable. Skidmore worked as a lumper on Bindloss's dock, unloading fish from draggers. Varga, who had formerly been a lumper, now ran a fish-and-chips shop in Westerly, obtain-



"I understand that because of the worsening managerial problem on earth it's been decided that the meek will inherit Neptune, Uranus, or Pluto."

• •

ing his fish at the dock from the same draggers. He was the father of several small children, one of whom, a pretty little girl called Carol, sometimes stopped to pick up my daughter Liz on the way to school. Skidmore lived with his parents, in a neatly kept two-family house. The Varga house was full and noisy; out of it life seemed to pour, in the form of radio music, family quarrels, and children, while cats and garbage littered the unfenced front yard. For some time, on Bindloss's dock, the owner-skipper of a dragger I'll call Glory B had been complaining about the handling of his fish boxes; it was said that Skidmore or Varga was dropping the boxes and spoiling the fish. The skipper refused to sell any more fish to Varga for his shop. New grudges and old animosities were piled on top of one another. One December night, the mooring lines of the Glory B were cut, but she was secured again before she had drifted out of the dock.

In February, while Margot and I were sitting late at the dinner table, we heard a bump. It seemed close at hand, as if one of us had hit a knee hard against a table leg or something heavy had fallen in the cellar. A minute later, we heard the fire alarm. I hurried out, putting on overcoat and gloves as I went. The night sky above and beyond the Monsanto plant was lit by a lavender glow. I hastened, with a number of people, along Water Street, thinking that perhaps an oil tank behind Bindloss's was on fire, but the fire trucks that were already turning up as we got to Bindloss's were going down along the dock, beyond the oil tanks. Men were running the hoses from the hydrants down to the Glory B, which was blazing.

The light from the conflagration illuminated the next dock, and there I joined twenty or thirty spectators. For a while, the fire hoses didn't seem to make much impression. The Glory B's pilothouse, a tall box on the foredeck, formed a chimney, through which the flames welled from deep inside the dragger, and soon the dory that was perched on top of the pilothouse, ready for service as lifeboat or tender, began to burn, began to lose a dimension, became a flat black shape, which gradually folded up like a charred banana skin. Then the flames also started to show through the seams of the hull. The Glory B appeared to be built of planks caulked with molten fire. And at last, when the hoses began to make an impact, steam was added to the smoke and flames. Steam rose with the smoke, lit from beneath, shooting up above the dock with sparks and ashes.

Across the small intervening stretch of water, we watched with a mixture of fascination and horror—or perhaps not so much horror as a sense of Thank God it's not my boat or anything to do with me. Pieces of equipment floated over, and were scooped up and put on the dock for someone to claim. We were in an exposed position if the fire reached the fuel tanks and the boat exploded, but despite this no one moved away. It was too interesting. After a time, when the fire had eaten away the caulking and the weight of water in her had become great, she began to settle. She went down very slowly, almost imperceptibly. Then she was resting on the bottom, slightly heeled, with only the mast (with nets still hung from it) and the shell of the pilothouse standing above the water. I went home. I wondered how the blaze had broken out, but it didn't occur to me that there might be reason to think of it as anything more than a spectacular fire.

However, things went on happening during the night. In Frank Keane's next morning, as I handed over my money for a New York paper, Frank said, giving me the local news orally, "Well, they caught one of the two boys that did it."

"They did?"

"The other's dead. They got his body out at 3 A.M.—divers from the sub base went down for it."

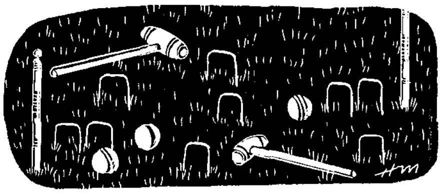
Skidmore had been encountered on the dock during the fire, the local newspapers said that night. He wasn't a volunteer fireman. The fire marshal asked him what he was doing there, and Skidmore muttered that he thought he'd seen his buddy Varga down on the dock half an hour before and he'd come down to look for him. Someone noticed that the sleeve of Skidmore's coat was singed. The police took him in to ask him a few questions, and in an hour or so he told them that after a few drinks he and Varga had borrowed a can of gas from a lobster boat at the dock. Varga went below in the Glory B and splashed the gas around. He, Skidmore, stayed up on the dock. The next thing he knew—*boom!*

Varga was given a Requiem Mass. The flags at the Holy Ghost—one American, one Portuguese—flew at half-staff. Skidmore went to jail on an arson charge, coupled with a charge of murder, since in Connecticut that can be tacked on if someone is killed during the commission of a felony. After six months, however, the murder charge was dropped, and, perhaps because Skidmore was found to be less culpable than his friend and was thought to have been punished enough, he was given a suspended sentence. The owner of the Glory B died of a heart attack five weeks after the incineration of his dragger, which had been uninsured. For a while after the event, there were sightseers in out-of-town cars driving around the village streets, the people in them staring at each person they passed, clearly wondering if this was someone connected with the affair. They were probably satisfied to have stared into the face of a resident of the place where the deed was done. As for local people, it seemed that for a day or so they stayed home, indoors, unwilling to see or be seen, as they did after Kennedy was shot. In its parochial way, this was a similar intimation of the demons within.

Mrs. Cunha drops by occasionally between babysitting sessions with a jug of homemade soup and enjoys a little conversation about times past. She says, looking at our girls, "Oh, kids have it good now. I can remember we had two clean dresses and three white pinafores every week—we called them Mother Hubbards. But in warm weather we went barefoot all weekend. We took our shoes off Friday night and, except for church, didn't put them on again till Monday morning."

In the mornings, our well-shod children walk to school. Until they reach seventh grade, when a bus will take them to school outside the village, they'll walk to the three-story brick building (1888) on Orchard Street, overlooking Little Narragansett Bay, and walk home again. It's a good thing. The *Times* of London not long ago reported a speech made to the British Association by Dr. Terence Lee, of the Psychology Department of Dundee University. Dr. Lee isn't happy about some of the effects of primary schools' being closed down in the British countryside, one effect being the increased busing of small children. He thinks children who live near enough to walk to school operate within their own familiar "mental map," their own built-in picture of their home and school and neighborhood. He says, "Bus children, however, traverse a complex causeway between two separate maps and they cannot recross the no man's land until the bus returns." To this I would add the observation that there are things to be done, seen, and made contact with as you walk to school: leaves to scuffle through, chestnuts to pick up, shortcuts to take through Gregory Smith's garden and the Dodges' driveway (picking, as you go, a few flowers for the teacher from the Millers' garden)—and also, as you traverse the stone causeway behind the old pottery-kiln field, which floods in bad weather, plenty of ways to fall and get muddy. While walking to school, you can find a dead squirrel or an injured bird. You can talk to other children, play jokes on them, be chased or snubbed or insulted. You don't even *have* to walk—you can skip or run.

After the children have been got off to school, there's a short peaceful spell—a period of trance induced by newspapers and coffee. I go up to my attic to work, and if I'm a bit slow about it Margot takes the vacuum out, and that gets rid of me. The day passes, punctuated by telephone calls, occasional visitors, and regular happenings: a walk to Camacho's Delicatessen for a loaf of Italian bread for lunch; the oil-and-gas man making a delivery, or the electricity or water man coming to read a meter; and John, the mailman, opening the combination screen and storm door and throwing in the day's dispatches—a fourth-class advertising booklet, a few bills, several magazines, a free tube of toothpaste, and a letter or two. I call out, "Thanks, John!" and John calls back, "You're welcome!" The screen door slams. The afternoon is never long enough, and is somehow cut short by the truck delivering the evening paper, the New London *Day*. The truck rumbles onto School Street and screeches to a slowdown outside the Arrudas' house, where the driver pushes out a load of papers. The *Days* fall with a thud to the sidewalk; the truck speeds on downhill. Soon Russell Arruda appears, often in his baseball suit, and starts his paper route. Paper routes, like babysitting, are supposed to be good training for "life," but they also bring some useful money into the family; Russell makes about four dollars a week on thirty papers. There is still an aspect here of the times when children were economic assets, doing farmwork or such domestic work as weaving, rather than economic liabilities, which is what they mostly are today.



The significance of our days is that they run on uneventfully but now and then are jolted by a crisis or relieved by a happy occasion. I have been reading the succinct diary of Manasseh Minor, who was one of the first settlers in Stonington. The diary, full of agricultural and ecclesiastical news, reflects his concerns. In April, 1707, he was sixty, and his record for the month was:

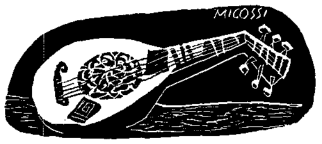
1 I cached a fox
2 I went to Sam Perys for Cloth & Mr Carter went away to sea
3 I worked at the island
4 I had seed corn of Chisbrok
6 Captn Eldredgs chilldren were baptized & Sam Burton was published
7 I went with Mr Noys to the Counsel at Lebanon
14 I came home again
15 I went to see Lidya
19 Silvistars child was buryed
21 Lidya departed this life
22 Shee was buryed
23 My wife came home again
24 wood people chos thair ofisers
26 I sold my oxen to Ephraim
27 2 sarmons & Mr Sherman preached
28 wee clared the feld of cattel
29 free mens meeting
30 Thomas Noys payd me

Elsewhere in the diary, women are brought to bed, and there is a great snow, with the Sound frozen across to Fishers Island. Manasseh clears a salt marsh, fences the turnip yard or the spring orchard, teaches a friend to make coverlids, and goes wolf hunting. A neighbor kills a bear. Manasseh weaves a rug. In time, with neither crescendo nor falling off, the diary simply stops.

We have a calendar pinned to the side of a cupboard by the telephone:

5 prune willows
9 library meeting
10 call O'Keefe about downstairs toilet
12 meet Inger's train at Westerly
13 feed Hills' dog
16 get tomatoes from Patsy Marshall
17 pay mortgage
18 go to Coles' for drinks
20 Poo's wedding
21 Anny to Dr. Dolan's for shot
24 firewood
26 Robinsons for dinner
27 write to Henry

There are certain chores that belong to certain seasons: putting up screens, sharpening the lawnmower, fixing a roof leak, making sure the car has anti-freeze, planting bulbs. They can occupy an afternoon, at least. Take that first calendar entry, for instance—"prune willows." It isn't quite that brief or simple. I'm not much of a garden-er. My father, home from the office for lunch, would always spend ten or fifteen minutes pottering round the edges of the lawn or just standing and gazing at a flower or shrub before returning to his desk and ledgers. Youth is intolerant in its estimate of the permissible forms that creation can take, but I now begin to see that it is an act of imagining or helping into existence many sorts of art and many kinds of life. I have found in our garden that, as in art, the act can occasionally be negative: to get things to grow, it is necessary to hoe and weed and chop other things away. It is necessary to cut back the willow trees that Mr. Browning planted a dozen years ago at the end of his long garden. They have now grown wide and tall, and hang out over our smaller plot, causing a black blight on plants underneath. Yet the trees, with soft green leaves and thin pliant boughs, are beautiful. In summer, they create an illusion of green air. They place a veil between us and the hours of strong afternoon sun. In winter, they become sparse enough to let us see the harbor and places west of it—Wamphassuc Point, and even Noank spire, on a clear day.



It takes me a little while to get worked up to the job. I call Mr. Browning for permission; he says to please go right ahead, cut whatever's bothering you—he had been meaning to do it himself but hadn't got round to it. I have a Swedish bucksaw, a small Japanese pruning saw in case the bucksaw proves unmanageable, and an aluminum ladder. Now all I need is someone to hold the ladder, because the willows afford no solid spot on which to rest it—they sway, and the top rung slides on the smooth and bending boughs. A neighbor agrees to do it. I hang on with one hand and saw nervously with the other. The nervousness is partly physical, from the act of hanging on and sawing and hoping that the whole works isn't going to tip and topple me off onto the palisade of picket fencing twenty feet below. And it is partly emotional, resulting from the thought that Mr. Browning may suddenly look out and see me up in his trees and change his mind: Hey, he really *is* cutting them back! The act of cutting also contributes to my nervous condition—the sawing into the soft green marrow of the bough, which is alive and part of the tree and now slowly bends and breaks. It is often at this point that one's associate seems to catch the nervous contagion and starts to call up, "Do you really think you ought to be cutting that much?" or, "Did he *really* say he didn't mind?" And since the act of asking these upsetting questions seems to require my trusty helper to take one, or even both, hands from the ladder as he reaches into a pocket to wipe sweat (caused by embarrassment, surely, rather than effort) from his flushed brow, the ladder begins to wobble. I decide that, anyway, my arm is aching from sawing one-handed. I descend.

I suppose one can read in this a sort of wariness of one's neighbors—a salutary wariness, which is generally mirrored by the attitude of the neighbors themselves. We live very close to each other and try not to underline the fact. Yet the neighbors are there when they're needed, and it is something we bear in mind when we hear that someone from New York would like to buy So-and-So's house for an astronomical sum—which means that it will be lived in for only three months of the year. Not long after we moved to School Street, Liz, who was then two and a half, got lost. Margot thought she was playing in the garden, but the gate wasn't properly locked, and the next time she looked Liz had gone. Margot then tried the nearby houses and gardens. She knocked on doors. And pretty soon the women in the neighboring houses, who had all said, "No, Liz isn't here," were—without being asked—out looking for her. Some of them, like Mrs. Arruda, walked around the block. Mrs. Neto got in her big Pontiac and drove around the village. Another walked to the Point to look on the beach. They called at other houses and telephoned the school. Just when Margot was about to call the police, one of the neighbors brought back word from the bank, on Cannon Square. The manager said a little girl with curly hair had walked into the vault and was playing with the money.

OUR lives are made up largely of eating and sleeping, of getting meals and doing the dishes, of playing hide-and-seek with the children and alternately harassing them and encouraging them to do homework, brush their teeth, and go to bed. Time goes in writing letters, taking showers, reading in bed, picking up things that have been dropped all over the house, going to the bank, answering the telephone, waiting for the mailman, paying the newspaper boy, turning away vacuum-cleaner salesmen, watching an hour of television, standing with our arms around each other or, furious, a long way apart. Time is spent writing checks. (In Stonington, I save postage by taking around the checks to pay my bills myself once a month; the tour consists of Palmer's Gas Station, the Book Mart, the lumberyard, Bindloss Fuel & Hardware, and the drugstore.) We spend a certain amount of time laughing and some time shouting, and now and then we have moments in which a word or two, hardly a conversation, indicates a mood in common. Sometimes it is an enthusiasm, sometimes a state of depression. I wonder if this dissatisfaction springs from the fact that we don't seem to be changing the world but are merely holding it together. I think on some days that a greater life is going on elsewhere, that we are in a shallow backwater of the world, but on others I am confident that that "greater" life is of less worth, that this is the way the world should be arranged. We should all live in villages.

My neighbor Peter Tripp thinks that this is going to happen anyway, as a result of the breakdown of our conglomerate-swollen civilization. He thinks that next year will be the great civil war—both ends against the middle—and after that will come an era of a thousand city-states and even more village-states. We compare prognostications over the garden fence while he is digging his lettuce patch and I am repairing the jungle gym. Peter's ultimate optimism has its basis in gloom. Oil in the harbor, state senators boosting a jetport in the woods to the north of us, a country that is car-crazy, car- and oil- and mobility-dominated, and has people running round in it demanding compulsory-sterilization programs—these things make him certain that the whole nation is about to come to pieces, lots of little pieces, and this further prospect enchants him: grass growing on long stretches of the interstate expressway system; a customs-and-immigration checkpoint at the entrance to Stonington village; and maybe, somewhere in the impenetrable depths of the continent, a capital from which ornate, powerless pronouncements now and then come forth, as in the late days of the Holy Roman Empire.

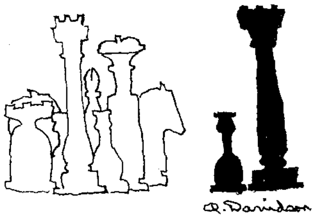
My own optimism is differently based. For one thing, it seems to me that in many ways this country isn't crowded enough. It is thinly and fluidly peopled. It needs less development and more settlement, more cultivation. Sprawls need centers, and centers need citizens—not commuters who come and go, not superintendents who keep an eye on things, but people who belong. Rather than blow up the conglomerate in a fatal explosion, it might be better to make sure it does a just and efficient job of what it alone can do; namely, distribute the losses and profits of all the subsidiaries, some of which are starving and thus need help, and some of which need help in the form of removal of fat. Within the conglomerate there ought to be plenty of opportunity for "participation" and "decision-making"—not that a village or a neighborhood needs to control its own foreign policy, but it does need to look after its own fabric. Scale is the essential; a certain size for a certain function has to be insisted on. We need to recover the ability to give things—fire engines, Pullman cars—names rather than numbers. This country remains gripped by the myth that unless something keeps getting bigger it is doomed. In reality, the reverse is often true, as some magazines with circulations in the millions are beginning to realize. It may be harder to stay small, but then the growth may be within.

The settlers of the original New England villages had some idea of this. When a village reached the point where it was becoming too big for its institutions—its land and its church—it sent out a group to settle elsewhere, and there maintain the same respect for the balance between human society and the natural surroundings. A good deal of that respect and that self-control has been lost. But the village preserves the stamp of it. Even if the outline can no longer be precisely copied, the form remains exemplary. And since much of what we find objectionable about the modern state and the modern city is a result of dissociation between man and a place, itself a result of the various consequences of industrialization (whether slums or suburbs), and since it seems to me that the post-industrial future, through improved communications, is going to allow men to stay at home and work, and read, and grow lettuce, I believe that the example will be in demand. Not just for villages as villages but for cities of villages, like London.

THERE was a time when time was sun time. Days were framed by the rising and the setting of the sun, and were divided with the help of sundials or of a noon mark set on the kitchen windowsill. The first public clock in Connecticut was installed by one Ebenezer Parmelee in Guilford Meeting House in 1726. Now, besides the electric clock over the stove and what the television indicates if we turn it on, we can get the time from sound as well as from light: the sound of those afternoon papers hitting the sidewalk outside the Arrudas', the sound of the seven-o'clock-or-shortly-thereafter fire whistle, and the sound of the Murray Hill, the last night train, hooting for the gateless crossings at Walkers Dock and Wamphassuc Point on its way from Boston to New York—a sound we hear more clearly when the wind is northwest to northeasterly.

One characteristic daytime sound of the village is hammering. I noticed this one spring morning when I'd gone up on the roof to fix a leak. From three or four places came the sound of nails being banged into wood. There were also sounds of wood being cut and shaped—the sounds of wooden houses being remodelled, fixed up, and cared for. Down on Hancox Street, someone was having a rotten section of gutter removed. On Omega, Ed Smith was hanging a new front door. Several carpenters who work for the contractor Donald Palmer were busy putting a kitchen extension on a house on Water Street, while, on Trumbull Street, Tony Previty was installing wooden shingles on one side of his garage.

On the roof, I sit with a big can of black roofing compound and an old brush. The compound is a sort of tar. I have worked my way across the fragile, elderly shingles, whose coarse, sandpapery surface provides friction for the soles of my boots and the seat of my trousers. I keep my weight low. The chimney and the television antenna furnish handholds as I seek spots where the shingles are worn away, exposing the wood beneath or the rusty heads of old roofing nails. The tar goes on like black molasses, which is to say that it tends to stay on the spoon rather than to be transferred to the cereal, and then, when one seems to have successfully plastered it on and takes away the spoon, a good deal of cereal comes up, too. So, as I work across the roof, the tar is applied with a brush clogged with bits and pieces of old shingle, and pretty soon, when it seems to me that I am doing more to damage the roof than to repair it, I climb to the ridge and rest.



Up here, the view of the village is fine. The skyline: roofs, dormers, antennas, chimneys, water towers, church towers, cupolas, and trees. Black roofs, gray roofs, red roofs, green roofs, and roofs with weathered wooden shingles—the nicest texture. John Lawrence, my next-door neighbor, has a roof whose southern slope he recently re-covered with green asphalt shingles, but the northern side, which faces me, and which is a little less exposed to weather and sun, is still old wooden shingles, cracked and worn and, in damp weather, covered with a thin film of green moss. I hope they last forever. A local architect has a thing about flat roofs, and Pat Willson's new wing, down on Hancox Street, which I can just see between the Netos' and the Arrudas', has a flat roof covered with gravel, on which small pools of water collect and, in cold weather, freeze, forming mirrors in which seagulls can see themselves. The high-pitched roof of the Waldron house is singular in being corrugated steel. But actually none of the roofs are alike; two houses side by side and probably built by the same builder reveal, after a hundred years of accretion and repair, slight differences. The main chimney has disappeared from one; a dormer has been added to the other. The York house has a true widow's walk. The Avellars have a tall cupola with windows on all sides. A few houses have anemometers, with small cups whizzing round to measure the wind speed. From the chimney at the velvet mill a tall plume of charcoal-colored smoke shoots up and bends away on the breeze.

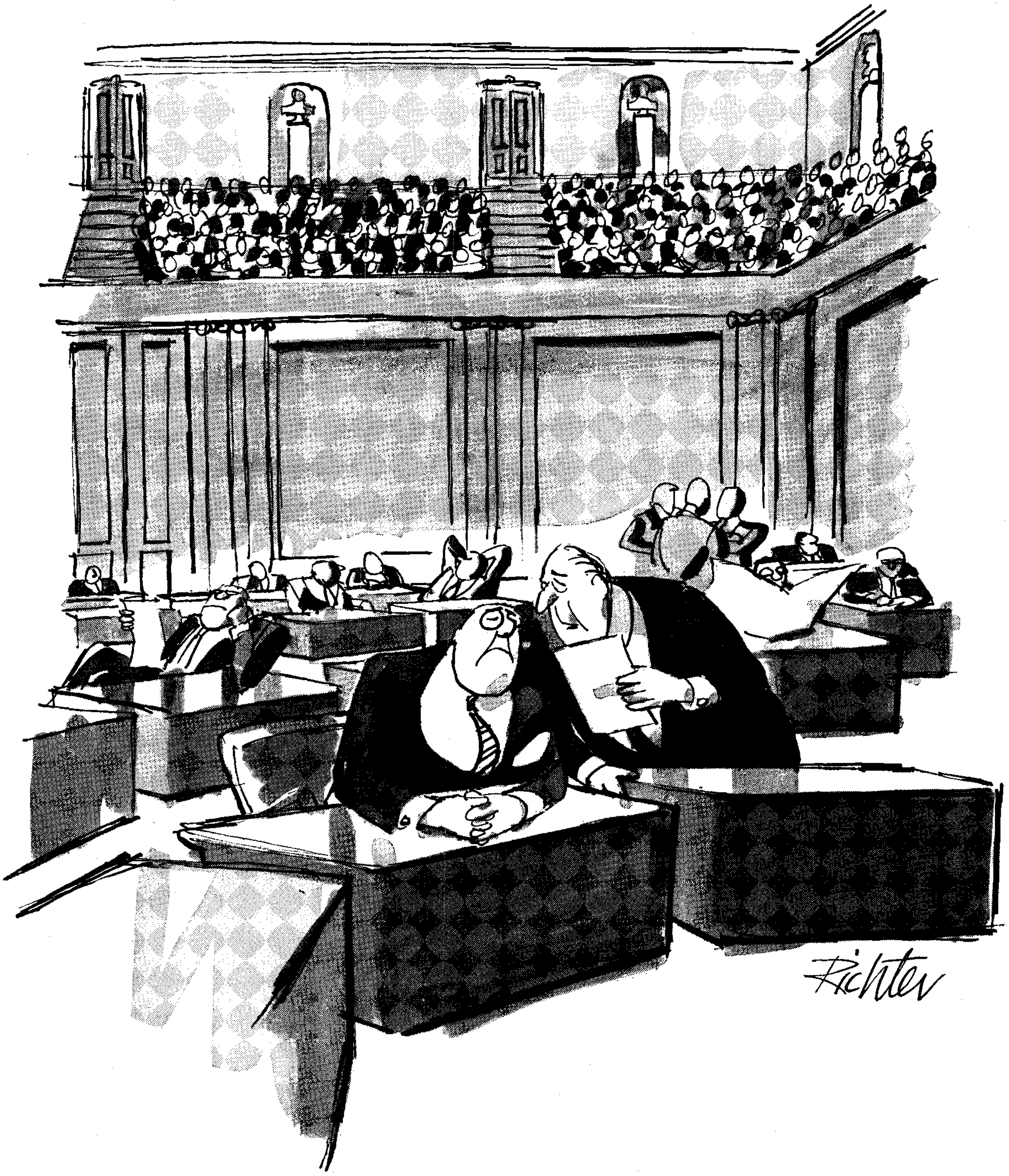
Three towers loom above the village. One is the modified tower of the old Baptist church, now a house—modified, that is, by a former owner, who didn't like the dunce-cap device that used to top it and replaced it with a flat deck, railed around. The second is the early-nineteenth-century tower of the Second Congregational Church. And the third is the tower-turning-into-spire of the new Catholic church. Like an expensive plastic flower, it looks wonderful from a distance but corny and imitative from close up. In the tower of the old Baptist church that same former owner, a man of nautical tastes, put a double bed suspended by four chains. The present owners say it makes them seasick. In the tower of the Congregational church is a clock, usually four minutes slow. The Catholic belfry contains electronic chimes.

The Town Hall has taken over some of the political function that the church used to have, as a meetinghouse. Moreover, although there is bingo at St. Mary's, ham-and-bean suppers at the United Congregational-Baptist, and gourmet lunches served by the Churchwomen's Guild at Calvary Episcopal (sometimes preceded by a talk and discussion on current events), the churches now have a secular rival—the Community Center. It is east of the marsh, behind Al Palmer's gas station, in a new building—a four-hundred-thousand-dollar low brick edifice designed in Greater A. & P., or Savings Bank Colonial, style. The Community Center is in some respects an expression of the prevailing belief that children—specifically, teen-age children—get into trouble unless they are kept physically active. The more prosperous village residents are prepared to put good money into keeping them so. Basketball is one good answer. There are also dances at the "Como" on Saturday nights, skiing trips, and swimming programs. In addition, the Community Center provides a nursery school for tots and toddlers, modern-dance and ceramic classes for young mothers, and a television lounge for the so-called golden-agers. The structure is there, whenever anyone comes up with some good ideas for mind- or spirit-stirring stimulus to affect us between the cradle and the grave.

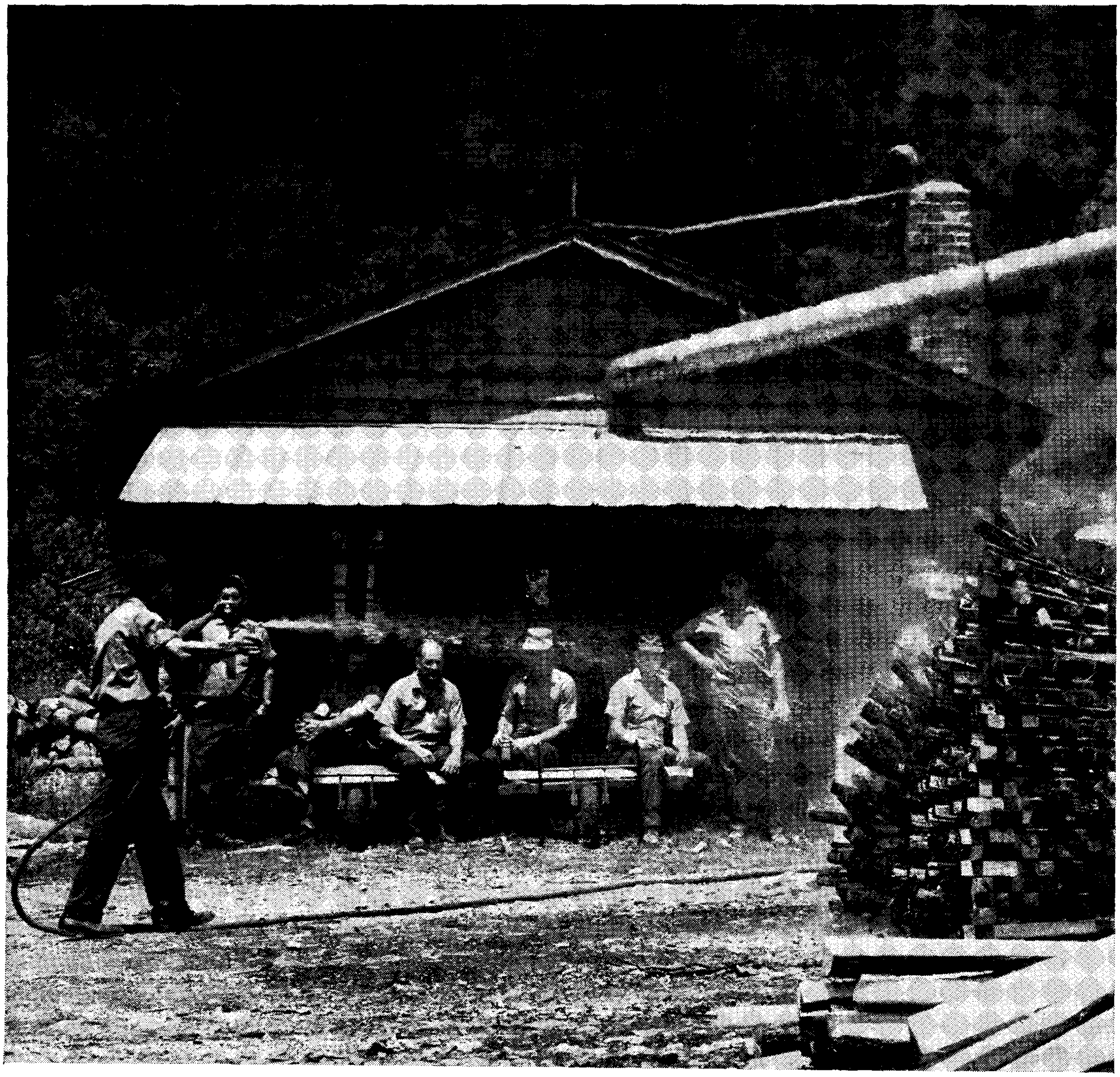
Along the skyline, trees splay their tall fans, still bony and gray at this time of year, though with here and there a nascent touch of green. Trees, made by God and planted by the Village Improvement Association, take in moisture, absorb gasoline fumes, provide humus for the soil, shade us from the sun's heat, and shelter us from the wind. It seems a special bonus that they are also beautiful. Between the trees are all the wires and cables strung by telephone and electricity companies. Is it comforting to know that Stonington had an anti-telephone-pole movement in 1895, when the things first appeared? Now the poles dominate the streets, and are every year festooned with thicker wires and more equipment: junction boxes, transformers, power lines, and—soon—TV cables. I keep track of the number of wires that are draped in front of our bedroom window, between us and our second-floor view of Sandy Point. I am ready to squawk if they hang one more. But most people are used to them, and a few find them so much a part of the visual scene—like fences and sidewalks—that they would miss them if, along with the new sewer pipes, the wires were put underground.

Fences, at least, have a variety that the poles lack. Between the Arcade Building and the bank there is a splendid white wooden fence topped with a high green hedge. There are ornate iron fences outside the Dunnings' and the Culbert Palmers'. Grace Stone has a plain wooden fence, whose simplicity always attracts me, while the Baums, across the street from her, are surrounded by fancy gingerbread fretwork. A few unfeeling people have put up frontier-type wooden stockades, through and over which one can't see. One makes up for it by asking, "What do you think they're doing behind there?"

In some places in the village, you can still see, poking through later coatings of asphalt, the stepping stones that formed pedestrian street crossings only fifty or sixty years ago, when streets were still mostly dirt and, in winter, often muddy. I have a photograph of the Fourth of July parade eight years ago. It al-



"My folks are in the gallery. If you can work it in, would you mind terribly calling me 'my esteemed colleague'?"



IF YOU DON'T THINK IT HEATS UP in the Jack Daniel rickyard, just ask the boys who work there.

They'll tell you the hottest work in the Hollow is stacking and burning hard maple wood down to charcoal. But they'll also tell you nothing mellows the taste of whiskey like this special charcoal does. For over a century we've made our charcoal in this very same way. A sip of what it does for our whiskey, and you'll understand our reluctance to change.

4/5 QUART
JACK DANIEL'S
OLD TIME
Old No. 7
BRAND
QUALITY
Tennessee
SOUR MASH
WHISKEY

CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
💧
DROP
💧
BY DROP

© 1971, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.
TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 361), TENN.

SCHOOL CAN BE PLEASANT IN CRYSTAL SUNFLOWER'S PERKY DACRON® PANT SUIT.

When your children look good everything comes easy. *Even learning.*

Tri-color doubleknit of Dacron® polyester for easy care. Burnt orange/navy/green. Sizes 4-6X, $18.00. 7-14, $20.00.

Bergdorf Goodman — New York
J. P. Allen — Atlanta
Neiman Marcus — Texas
Prices slightly higher West Coast.

*Dupont Reg. T.M.

CRYSTAL **Sunflowers**
A Division of David Crystal, Inc.
498 Seventh Avenue, N. Y. 10018

the amusing
the unique
the traditional
the beautiful
the distinctive
Christmas Cards
designed expressly for

Neiman-Marcus

For our free brochure, write
Neiman-Marcus, Department J-2
P. O. Box 2968,
Dallas, Texas 75221

THE HOTEL
Dorset
A Place To Talk
While You Lunch

Quiet. Unobtrusive service. Excellent food. Oasis from pressures. 30 West 54, just West of 5th. Reservations, 247-7300.

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Swimming, fishing and boating. And proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

1740 HOUSE
LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

ready looks antique. The reason, I decided after a few minutes of looking at it, is that since I took the picture the light-colored, cracked concrete surface of Water Street has been paved with a smooth layer of black tar. The street surfaces throughout the village are now like that, but the sidewalks still reflect the fact that they are the responsibility, though not the possession, of the householder whose frontage they cross. When I'm walking, I notice the variety of sidewalks. The stone paving slabs on the west side of Wadawanuck Square are slippery after rain, and especially so if leaves have fallen on them or seeds have dropped from the overhanging maple trees. In front of the Knoxes' house, on the other side of the square, the sidewalk is a sort of terrace cut into the bank. The pocked and broken sidewalk outside one mansion on Main Street accurately portrays the anti-social character of the owner—or so people feel who have twisted an ankle in one of the crevices. There are no brick sidewalks, though several houses have nicely considered brick paths leading to their back doors. And in a few places, as on Broad Street going down toward Gold Street, there are no sidewalks at all—merely a grass verge on which feet have worn a track. One or two curbstones still have rings and eyebolts let into them for horses. Outside the Baums', there's an upping stone, on which ladies could climb two steps to mount their horses. Opposite Calvary Church, a long dry-stone wall demonstrates what the settlers found on the land here, and why when they came to name the village they named it Stonington. Like most words, it sounds hollow and strange when you repeat it, but it suits the place, and is given substance by the life and lives we invest in it. —ANTHONY BAILEY

(*This is the second of two articles on Stonington.*)

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE SEXUAL SCENE

[*From the jacket of "The Girls," by Nicola Thorne*]

The author effectively displays a mixture of bitter affection and contempt for all men that will be very appealing to most women readers. At best they're irresponsible children, at worst betraying heels.

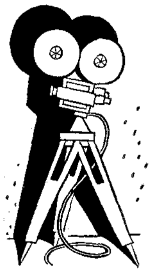
•

Sen. Hubert Humphrey, looking much dapper than his 60 years, said in Huntsville Wednesday night "Richard Nixon has not brought the country together—but he has brought the Democrats together."—*Huntsville* (*Ala.*) *News.*

He can still turn a dap phrase, too.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Away from Home



THE *auteur* theory of filmmaking holds that a few arbitrarily chosen directors are the true authors and onlie begetters of their films, whether they wrote them or not, and sometimes even more so if they didn't. This is to fly in the face of facts known to anyone who has ever been near the making of a film, such as the fact that the *auteur* is often the scriptwriter, the cast, the local police regulations, or the weather. Joseph Losey, a sober left-wing American who has been working in England since the days of Joseph McCarthy, has been saddled for years with the *auteur* reputation, although he is the first to say that he doesn't write, and although he has often worked with a scriptwriter whose style is as distinct as Harold Pinter's—on "The Servant," "Accident," and now "The Go-Between." However, this doesn't throw the *auteur* theorists. The principle seems to be that not to have written the script allows the, er, *auteur* to maintain an essential conflict between himself and the material, creating small crevices of metaphysical civil war in which he can insert *auteurisme*. The theory, which often takes flight into the upper reaches of loopiness, has caused some film buffs to pay much respect to the *auteur*-content of signal shots of red dresses or dripping taps. Losey himself—bemused maybe by the weight of humorless attention lately bestowed on his work, though his early career must have been more taxing and lonely—leaned rather heavily on a dripping-tap shot in "The Servant."

His two latest films, released in New York almost simultaneously, are "The Go-Between" and "Figures in a Landscape." The first is adapted from a novel by L. P. Hartley, with a Pinter screenplay, and the second is from a novel by Barry England, with a screenplay by Robert Shaw, but I haven't the slightest doubt that they are going to lead to a whole new scurry of *auteur* theorizing about their joint statement, although they are about as alike as, say, the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack, which are strikingly similar in that they are both flags and both red, white, and blue. The casual flag-observer might be deceived by the difference in the patterns into thinking that they were by different hands, but any buff on the *qui vive* for the signature of the flag-*auteur* will cotton on to the creative common denominator that both patterns include several lines going from side to side.

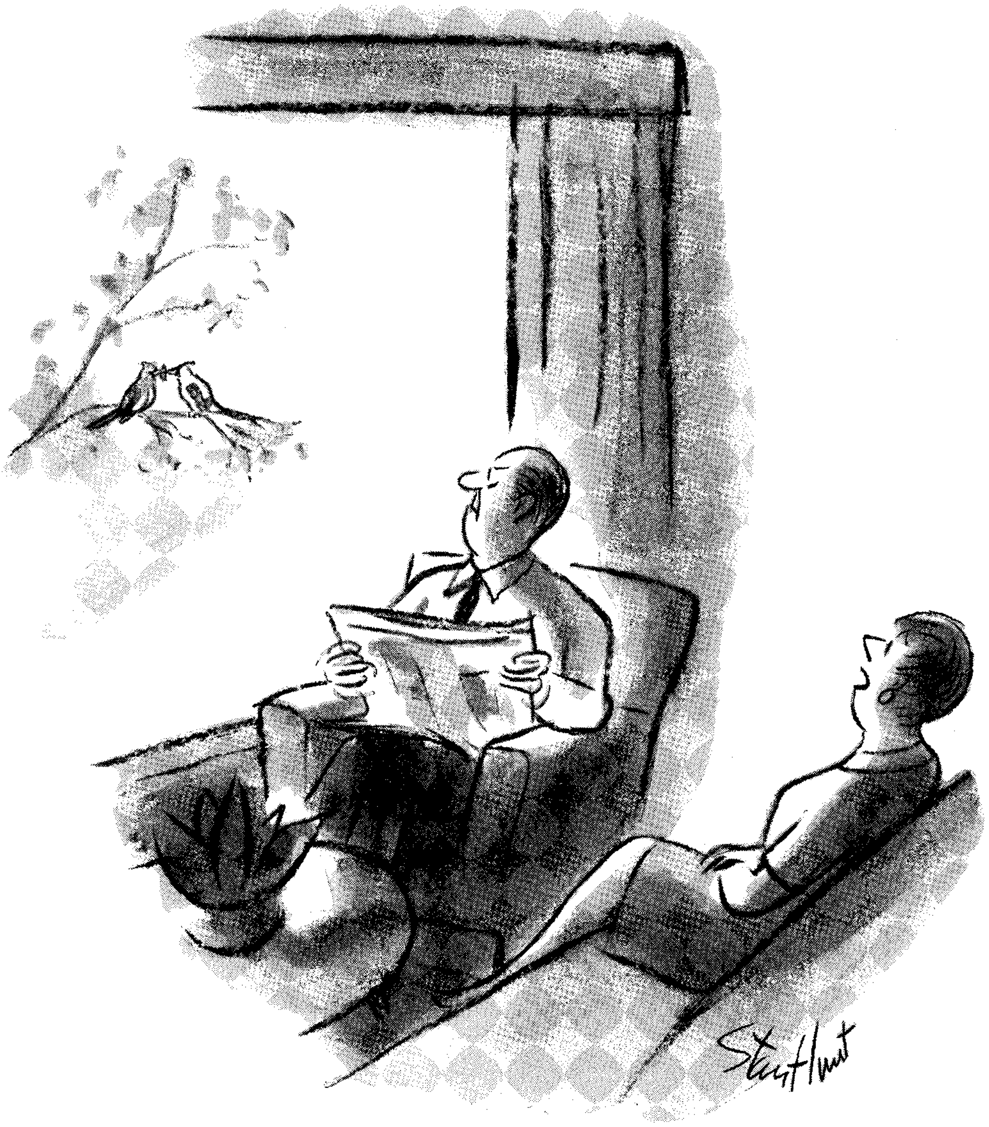
"The Go-Between" is the story of a pint-sized Pandarus called Leo, aged twelve, played by Dominic Guard. Staying with a schoolboy friend in a Norfolk manor house for three weeks of a hot 1900 summer, he is pressed into service as a postman for love letters between the beautiful daughter of the manor, played by Julie Christie, and a tenant farmer, played by Alan Bates. Pinter has always been horribly accurate about the minute and private punishments dealt out by the English class system. The lordly schoolboy host knows exactly how to humiliate his poorer guest, who is sweltering in his best and probably only suit and pining to go home, away from the supercilious house party and all the cricket and croquet and baying voices.

Leo, keeping his end up bravely, specializes in curses. "He cast a fiendish spell on two boys at school," says his twelve-year-old host at dinner, showing off what he plainly regards as Leo's only commending attribute. "They fell off the roof and were severely mutilated."

"Did they die?" says a boneheaded young man indifferently.

"Oh, no," says Leo, not wishing to make false claims but at the same time not wishing to let down his host. "They were just a little— you know, severely mutilated."

In private, the small and beastly host calls Leo "slug" and "oaf," and tells him that he must stop folding up his clothes and start leaving them on the floor for a servant to pick up, because that's what servants are for. Bewildered by it all, and sensing more strength of benignity in the Julie Christie character than she can actually muster, Leo leans on her and tries bravado. Margaret Leighton, his hostess, treats him graciously and vaguely, as if he were one of her daughter's escorts mysteriously



"In the bird world, husbands are very *nice to their mates."*

Handmade
Belgian Casuals
for more
comfort
than going
barefoot
MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President

For her
MIDINETTE
Calf $29.50

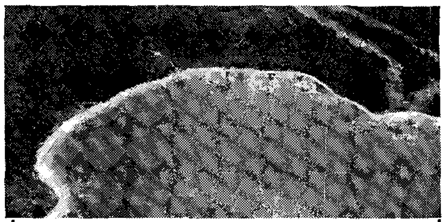
Soft-soled casuals known the world over.
Available in America only at our salons or by mail.

☐ Red/trim black
☐ Blue/trim red
☐ Beige/trim white
☐ Blue/trim green
☐ Brown/trim black
☐ Yellow/trim white
☐ All White
☐ All Black
☐ All Navy

For a selection from 21 fashion-right colors, full *color brochures on request.*

My regular shoe size is__________
Send ________pairs @ $29.50 each.
Add $1.00 per pair mailing charge.
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Second choice________
Name__________
Address__________
City__________State__________

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 10022, (212) PL 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.



DEEP COVE Winter Harbor, Maine
Adjoining Winter Harbor Golf Club and famous Grindstone Neck with its Victorian mansions, with an outlook over Frenchman's Bay to Bar Harbor and Cadillac Mountain. The shorefront is a peaceful popplestone beach (with a few sandy areas), divided into 10 parcels. They are well-wooded; some have views of the mountain range while others have open ocean views. Prices from $14,450 (1.6 acres, 170 shorefront feet) to $28,000 (3.5 acres, 310 shorefront feet). Offshore parcels of 1 to 3 acres (with community beach) range from $3,500 to $4,600.
Call *Whitecaps* 207-667-5956 or
Box 45-NW, Bar Harbor, Maine 04609.

The Pierre
is a world of its own.
A very cordial world of beauty and charm,
of 18th century elegance and personal service.
Welcome.
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61 ST. · NEW YORK 10021 · 212-838-8000

shrunken, until a vicious scene in which she finds out that he is message-carrying between her marriageable daughter and a mere tenant farmer. Her vagueness clears in a flash, and the class system clamps its steel jaws with a bite from which neither the farmer nor Leo ever escapes. The Julie Christie character turns her face away and obligingly marries a boorish young viscount (Edward Fox), the young farmer shoots himself, and Leo grows up into a haunted, weak-faced old bachelor, played by Michael Redgrave with awful veracity in some flash-forward scenes. Julie Christie has to get through them in sepulchrally lit profile, wearing a geriatric makeup that looks absurd. She is a big actress, with marvellous attack and obvious intelligence, like her mother in the film, Miss Leighton; it is an insult and a waste to get her to enact old age glazed in Max Factor aspic as if she were some superannuated canapé. Her performance as a girl in the 1900 narrative is a very subtle description of a coward. Like the appearance of the film itself—photographed by Gerry Fisher—she makes hypocrisy villainously beautiful. Perfidious Albion basks in the sun, applauds a boundary at cricket, wears gentle hats freighted with flowers, and courteously decides to destroy. The main trouble with the film is that it is rather knowing and clever, taking part in some of the things it observes. It is about cruelty; for all the native warmth of Alan Bates and Julie Christie, though, it seems untender.

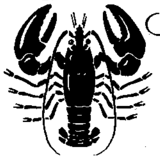
"Figures in a Landscape" belongs to a genre that I associate with portentous plays of ten years ago, when Everyman was always going through the troubles of mankind in some unspecified place. The theme was often man's inhumanity to man, or something. There are many air pockets in this film in which you may fall a couple of hundred feet and fear that the idea of the story is that we need each other. Two men—well, two figures, really—are on the run from something, because something, in a colossal landscape that is in no particular country. A helicopter pursues them and threatens to scythe off their heads in a series of spectacular stunt shots. Robert Shaw, the author of the clipped and sometimes cryptically witty screenplay, is Brute Man, called Mac; Malcolm McDowell is Ordered Man, called Ansell. In flight through wild terrain, sheltering from heat and rain and fire grenades that burn up a whole harvest, they lam into each other about how to survive. Mac leads, with an animal lope, and laughs maniacally; Ansell thinks, and gets scared. Mac reminisces about girls and his wife,

Bring this
alligator home

Mom says it's okay, she knows who he is. Set high on the left of this smooth little dress that looks like a jumper, with bands of color around about. Washable Dacron® polyester doubleknit in burnt orange-navy-green; 4 to 6x sizes, $20, 7 to 14, $22. Girls' Collections.

VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders under $25, and those sent beyond our regular delivery areas.



Gloucester House
SEA FOOD
AT ITS BEST
37 EAST 50 ST.-N.Y.755-7394
BETWEEN PARK & MADISON

MONTEGO BAY
at the *Royal Caribbean* HOTEL
A sophisticated bit of **JAMAICA** *that swings . . . blue mountains, crystal* waters, a beautiful 600 ft. private beach. Fully air conditioned, 175 rooms, a staff of 300—no conventions—adults only. Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul. See your Travel Agent or
LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION

DELICIOUS, EXOTIC, UNFORGETTABLE!
GRACIAS **Brand Mangos from Mexico.**
WE TOOK THE FINEST STRAINS FROM FLORIDA AND TRANSPLANTED THEM IN MEXICO'S RICH SOIL TO PRODUCE WHAT WE CONSIDER TO BE "THE WORLD'S FINEST MANGOS".
ORDER NOW FOR YOURSELF & YOUR FRIENDS. A TASTEFUL GIFT IDEA TOO! ABOUT 8 POUNDS OF FRUIT HAND PACKED & SHIPPED FOR PERFECT ARRIVAL AND GUARANTEED SATISFACTION.
GRACIAS MANGOS **$7.95 POSTPAID**
Dept. NY, P.O. BOX 724 LAREDO, TEXAS 78040

and rails against the wretchedly innocent young Ansell for uncommitted pleasures with models and physiotherapists; Ansell talks about having been a composer—not very believably—and about having worked at Fortnum & Mason. There are some touching minutes between them, like the one when they try to organize their diet, which anyway consists of only three kinds of tinned food. Because they have chosen each other, they try to forget that they don't like each other. Why *did* they choose each other, though? The film is so frugal in its reporting of behavior that the relationship between complements seems only formal. It doesn't summon up affection. But if the tale is about anything, it is about friendship, for there is nothing else to locate it—and there is nary a touch of friendship in it. The lack makes the story more barren than the landscape does. Losey was a friend and upholder of Brecht, and they hit on many things simultaneously; Brecht would probably have been greatly pleased by the notion of this film, but he would have given it more detail and love if he had had to do with it. There is an uncomfortable disparity somewhere between its content and its weightiness, between its pinched sensibility and its intellectual purpose. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

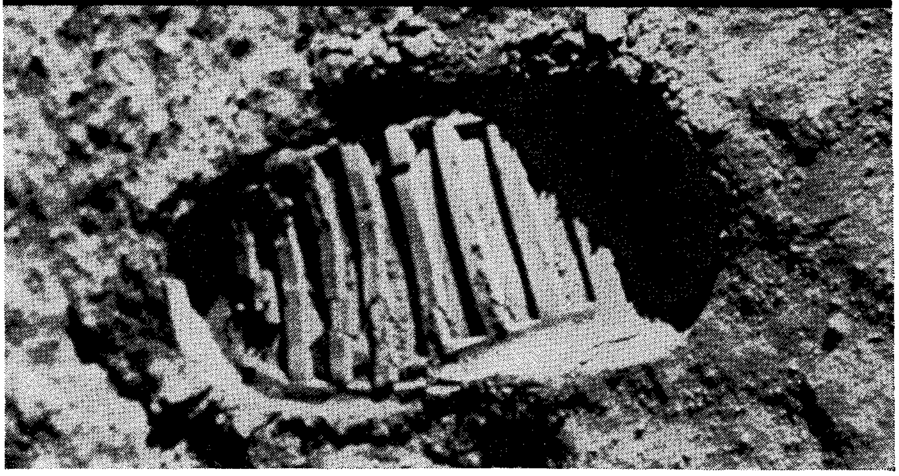
•

LIGHT FROM CANADA

A wonderful freshness, air
that billows like bedsheets
on a clothesline and the clouds
hang in a traffic jam—summer
heads home. Evangeline,
our light is scoured and Nova
Scotian and of a clarity that
opens up the huddled masses
of the stolid spruce so you
see them in their bristling
individuality. The other
day, walking among them, I
cast my gaze upon the ground
in hope of orchids and—
pendant, dead, a sharp shadow
in the shade—a branch gouged
and left me "scarred forever
'neath the eye." Not quite. Not
the cut, but the surprise, and
how, when her dress caught fire,
Longfellow's wife spun
into his arms and, in the dying
of its flaring, died. The
irreparable, which changes
nothing that went before
though it ends it. Above the wash
and bark of rumpled water, a gull
falls down the wind to dine
on fish that swim up to do same.

—JAMES SCHUYLER

Remember...You Helped Men Walk on the Moon



...Now Please Help Children Walk on Earth

PLEASE GIVE TO
MUSCULAR DYSTROPHY ASSOCIATIONS OF AMERICA
1790 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

Series H Bonds
A steady income when you retire.

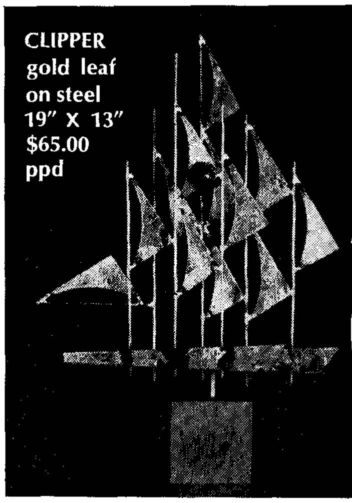
1000
SPECIMEN
SERIES H

Take stock in America.
With higher paying U.S. Savings Bonds.

Jules Podell presents
D'ALDO ROMANO
JOEY RUSSELL
COPACABANA
FULL COURSE DINNERS
SERVED 6:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M.
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY AT 8 P.M. AND 12
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900

CLIPPER
gold leaf
on steel
19" X 13"
$65.00
ppd

Write for
color catalog
202 E. 77th ST.
NEW YORK 10021
WILLIAM Bowie
THE SCULPTURE STUDIO



LETTER FROM HONG KONG

JULY 22

WHATEVER the eventual results of President Nixon's historic trip to China may be—and one can hardly overestimate the difficulties of "normalizing" the highly complex and long-embittered Sino-American relationship—the more immediate effects of our new secret diplomacy will almost surely be felt in Vietnam. Several signs of change can already be detected in the atmosphere surrounding the peace negotiations. In Paris, instead of countering the new Communist peace proposal with one of our own, as we did so unsuccessfully last fall, we have expressed a willingness to discuss the prospects for a settlement on the basis of the new seven-point proposal put forward by Mme. Nguyen Thi Binh, the chief negotiator of the Provisional Revolutionary Government. In Saigon, the South Vietnamese government issued a communiqué, on the seventeenth anniversary of the signing of the Geneva agreement of 1954, proposing a "total cease-fire"—as it did last July and the July before that—but this time it went on to propose general elections in both North and South Vietnam under international supervision to unify the two parts of the country.

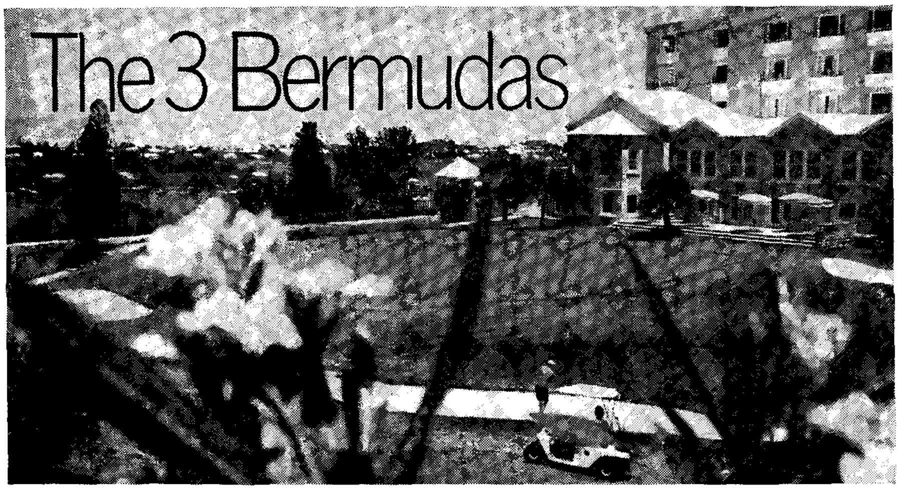
In asking for "serious negotiations without any preconditions" to achieve the total cease-fire, Saigon still said nothing about talking directly with representatives of the P.R.G., whose participation in the negotiations Hanoi has all along insisted upon. The Americans have said that although they will talk with Hanoi openly or secretly, they will not engage in a three-way conversation at which the P.R.G. but not Saigon would be represented. The matter of P.R.G. representation remains a stumbling block, and while genuine negotiations now at least seem possible, it may still be difficult to get them started. The fact that the same old problems remain was underlined on the same day as the Saigon communiqué in an angry editorial that appeared in *Nhan Dan*, the central organ of the Laodong (Workers') Party, in Hanoi. In the immediate aftermath of Dr. Henry Kissinger's dramatic visit to Peking, via Pakistan, the tone of the editorial was surprising. The theme was the old one of Hanoi's "self-reliance" and determination to prosecute the war in Indo-China "to complete victory . . . whatever hardships and difficulties may lie ahead." Attacking the Nixon Doctrine and Nixon's new move toward China, the editorial said that the American President was "attempting to divide the Socialist countries, winning over one section and pitting it against another in order to oppose the national-liberation movement and carry out a counter-revolutionary peaceful evolution in the Socialist countries." It added, "Nixon has been running around wildly in search of a way out, but he has gone to the wrong place. The exit door has been opened, yet he has tumbled into an impasse." Analysts in Hong Kong and Saigon were puzzled by the harsh tone of Hanoi's reaction to the Kissinger trip. It seems hard to imagine that Peking hadn't told Hanoi about it in advance, and that the Chinese had not also forewarned Hanoi of their reported action, about a week earlier, in tentatively supporting the summoning of another Geneva Conference to work out a solution of the whole Indo-China problem. Hanoi's insistence that "small countries" will keep their "destiny in their own hands" implies that the North Vietnamese, going all out to win in South Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia, will stick to the strategy of protracted warfare, no matter what Peking does to improve its relations with Washington.

Despite these latest polemics, the mood in Paris is momentarily again one of thaw—or, anyway, one of less intransigence. If Washington can talk directly with Hanoi at a high level while at least some South Vietnamese proponents of peace talk with the P.R.G., whether in Vietnam or in Paris, some progress might be expected. Such a two-tier approach seems the most practical one, at least until the larger question of unifying and neutralizing the two halves of Vietnam has to be settled, which under any circumstances is unlikely to happen for several years. In the interim, the Saigon statement said, "once the guns become silent . . . at least the two zones should be able to coëxist peacefully to promote the welfare and happiness of all people." Given the vast amount of damage that has been done to both North and South Vietnam, that would be no easy task, but coëxistence of a sort, including trade and the exchange of mail, could begin if the fighting stopped.

A NUMBER of conditions seem to favor a start of genuine negotiations at this time. Beyond the fact that both the American people and their government are sick of the war, it must be recognized that we have unquestionably gone just about as far along the path of Vietnamization as

ONE PICTURE IS WORTH A THOUSAND DOLLARS!

we can, even though the amount and kind of continued logistic and air support for the Saigon government remain to be settled. Our determination to get out of Vietnam quickly is being strengthened by Hanoi's agreement to free American prisoners of war as soon as we set a definite date for withdrawal. Furthermore, the P.R.G., supported by Hanoi, seems to be taking a more moderate approach to the question of a political solution in South Vietnam. Instead of insisting on the establishment of a coalition government, first temporary and then permanent, the Communists now speak of the formation of "a broad three-segment government of national concord." Doubtless this is not fundamentally different from what they have been talking about all along—a temporary government, pending new elections, that would include some members of the Saigon regime, some representatives of the P.R.G., and some neutralist elements. The distinction between "coalition" and "concord" may be solely one of nuance, with the aim of achieving political effect, but at this moment the nuances could be very important. Last September, when Mme. Binh made her previous proposal, we missed the nuances, and made a counterproposal that was much too broad—a five-point plan that called for an international conference to deal with all the problems of Indo-China. The North Vietnamese felt themselves cheated when President Ngo Dinh Diem, of South Vietnam, cancelled the elections that, according to the terms of the Geneva agreement of 1954, were supposed to be held in 1956, and they have consequently been reluctant to be drawn into another Geneva Conference. This reluctance may have been the source of the *Nhan Dan* editorial, which implied that the big powers, even the North Vietnamese people's Socialist friends, might sell them down the river. Hanoi may also fear that if Moscow and Peking engage in a contest for Washington's support and friendship the delicate balance that the North Vietnamese have been able to maintain with the Russians and the Chinese, including the ability to obtain military and economic assistance from each, will be upset. And Hanoi may believe that the Russians, who were cosponsors, with the British, of the 1954 Geneva meeting, might go along with the idea of a new conference, despite their protestations against it; even more than Peking or Washington, Moscow would undoubtedly welcome the unification of Vietnam and the neutralization of most of



"Bermuda Town," "Bermuda Country" and "Bermuda Sports."

You get all three when you stay at the Belmont Hotel & Golf Club overlooking the Great Sound and surrounded by the fairways of its beautiful 18-hole golf course. There's tennis and an Olympic-size pool, too.

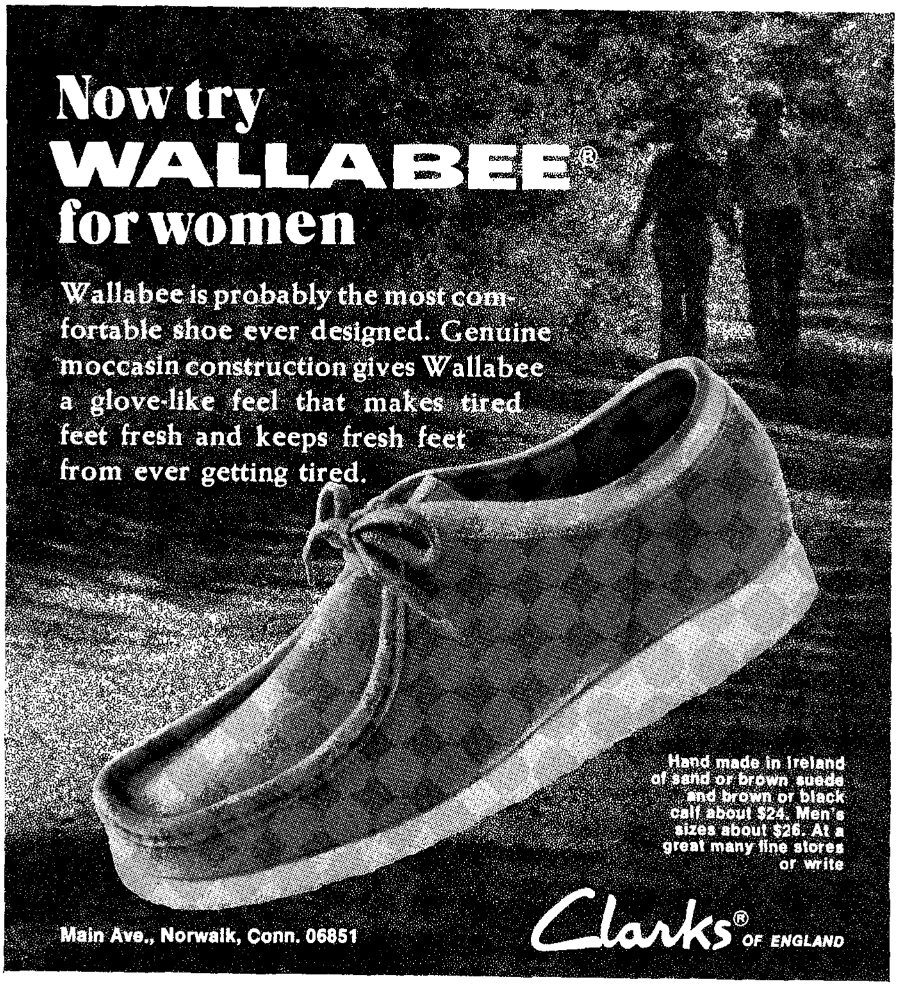
You not only have the best "Bermuda Sports" facilities but are also automatically a guest of the Bermudiana Hotel and Harmony Hall, where you'll find the best "Bermuda Town" and "Bermuda Country" on the island.

It's like getting 3 Bermudas for the price of one.

And you're a member of our Beach Club on the south shore, too.

BELMONT HOTEL & GOLF CLUB
Warwick Parish, Bermuda

For information see your travel agent or contact:
ROBERT REID ASSOCIATES, INC., *International Representatives*
Dept. N-7, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020 • Tel: (212) 757-2444
Offices in Chicago, Miami, Toronto and London, England
Trust Houses Forte International Hotels



Wallabee is probably the most comfortable shoe ever designed. Genuine moccasin construction gives Wallabee a glove-like feel that makes tired feet fresh and keeps fresh feet from ever getting tired.

Hand made in Ireland of sand or brown suede and brown or black calf about $24. Men's sizes about $26. At a great many fine stores or write

Main Ave., Norwalk, Conn. 06851

Clarks® OF ENGLAND

The Talbots

Simply Dreamy. Our beloved ankle-length cotton flannel nightie made by Lanz has pretty eyelet ruffles at neck, yoke and cuffs. Enchanting blue/red/green print on white. Sizes XS,S,M,L. $11.00. Add 90¢ for postage.

Send for free catalog.

THE TALBOTS • DEPT. WE, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043
Branches: Duxbury, Lenox, Mass., Mt. Carmel, Avon, Conn.

little blow hard...

is what irreverent, but delighted customers call our new *Designer's Fan.* Only 7" tall (6" across blades) this beautifully designed Italian import moves an astonishing amount of air. Solid, hi-impact plastic body. Extra-soft blades can't hurt baby or pet! Use it on table or wall. Noiseless, 110v motor runs continuously without heating. If this fan can keep things cool in sunny Italy, just think what it can do *for you here at home or in your office.*

☐ **Send me the Designer's Fan. I encl. $13.95 ($12.95 plus $1 post. & ins.) 1 year written Guarantee. (Calif. resid. add tax.)**

Name________
Address________
________Zip____

NY0731 **haverhill's**

584 Washington, San Francisco 94111

Southeast Asia, with which it is now trying to establish new trade and cultural relations.

Our response to Mme. Binh's latest offer was simply an expression of willingness to explore it further in private. The prospects for the success of secret talks on Vietnam would obviously be enhanced if, as has been speculated, President Nixon plans to visit Hanoi as well as Peking—or if he sends Dr. Kissinger there first, perhaps within the next few weeks. Moreover, if, as is expected, the present United States Ambassador in South Korea, William J. Porter, replaces Ambassador David Bruce as the head of our negotiating team in Paris, the change should increase the possibilities of progress still further. It is not that Bruce has failed (he is a tremendously able diplomat, with many years of experience in England, France, and elsewhere) but just that he has been compelled by circumstance to mark time in Paris until other developments took place—in Vietnam itself and in Peking and Washington. Porter has one major advantage over Bruce as a negotiator in Paris, which is that he served in Vietnam as Deputy Ambassador before going to Korea, and is highly regarded by the Vietnamese. He probably understands them as well as any American diplomat, and the fact that he also served as our ambassador in Algeria is another point in his favor. The Algerians respected him for his understanding of their anti-colonial struggle against the French, and since this struggle was in at least some ways comparable to the Vietnamese revolution, this should enhance his position among the Vietnamese on both sides of the conference table in Paris.

ALTHOUGH Peking seems willing, for the moment, to consider some sort of compromise settlement in Vietnam, various Chinese Communist leaders, notably General Huang Yung-sheng, the head of the armed forces, have gone right on accusing the American "imperialists" of planning aggression against China. The tone of the attacks is not quite as extreme as it has been, but they are continuing. The domestic problems that China faces in recovering from the turmoil of her cultural revolution, plus her desire to build up a new trade relationship with the United States, must have led her to make the decision to follow up the earlier stages of ping-pong diplomacy with the invitation to Dr. Kissinger and to President Nixon. Moreover, despite the hortatory quality of much of the propaganda that emanates from Hanoi, and despite the continuing faith of the North Vietnamese in revolutionary warfare, there is ample evidence in North Vietnam of public weariness over the war. The economic and social difficulties the North Vietnamese continue to suffer are considerable, and some of the more moderate officials, even including military men, may now believe that they can win the political battle in South Vietnam as well as in Laos without having to go on losing as many men as they have been losing. In both Vietnam and Laos—and, to a lesser extent, in Cambodia—those expectations are to a considerable extent justified by the political circumstances.

However, the present battle lull in South Vietnam could easily be misread. Thanks to the amount of matériel that has been coming down the Ho Chi Minh Trail to be spread all over Indo-China, the North Vietnamese will be quite well prepared to resume fighting on a heavy scale when the dry season begins in October if negotiations have made no progress by that time; renewed military activity is particularly likely in the northern part of South Vietnam and in the Central Highlands and the central coastal areas, which are of historical importance to Hanoi. Of course, if the North Vietnamese feel they have no choice but to take their cue from Peking, or if the majority of the Politburo members in Hanoi believe they can now make substantial gains by political and diplomatic means, they may choose not to make full use of their fighting capacity. If one assumes that they will continue to follow their familiar policy of fighting and talking at the same time, the level of the fighting in the fall will depend on the progress in the talking. After evaluating the American determination to get out of the war, the North Vietnamese may rely less on fighting, engaging in it mainly for sporadic shock effect, and if the level of hostilities subsides, the chances of establishing a series of cease-fires—regionally in Vietnam at first, and then throughout Indo-China—obviously increase.

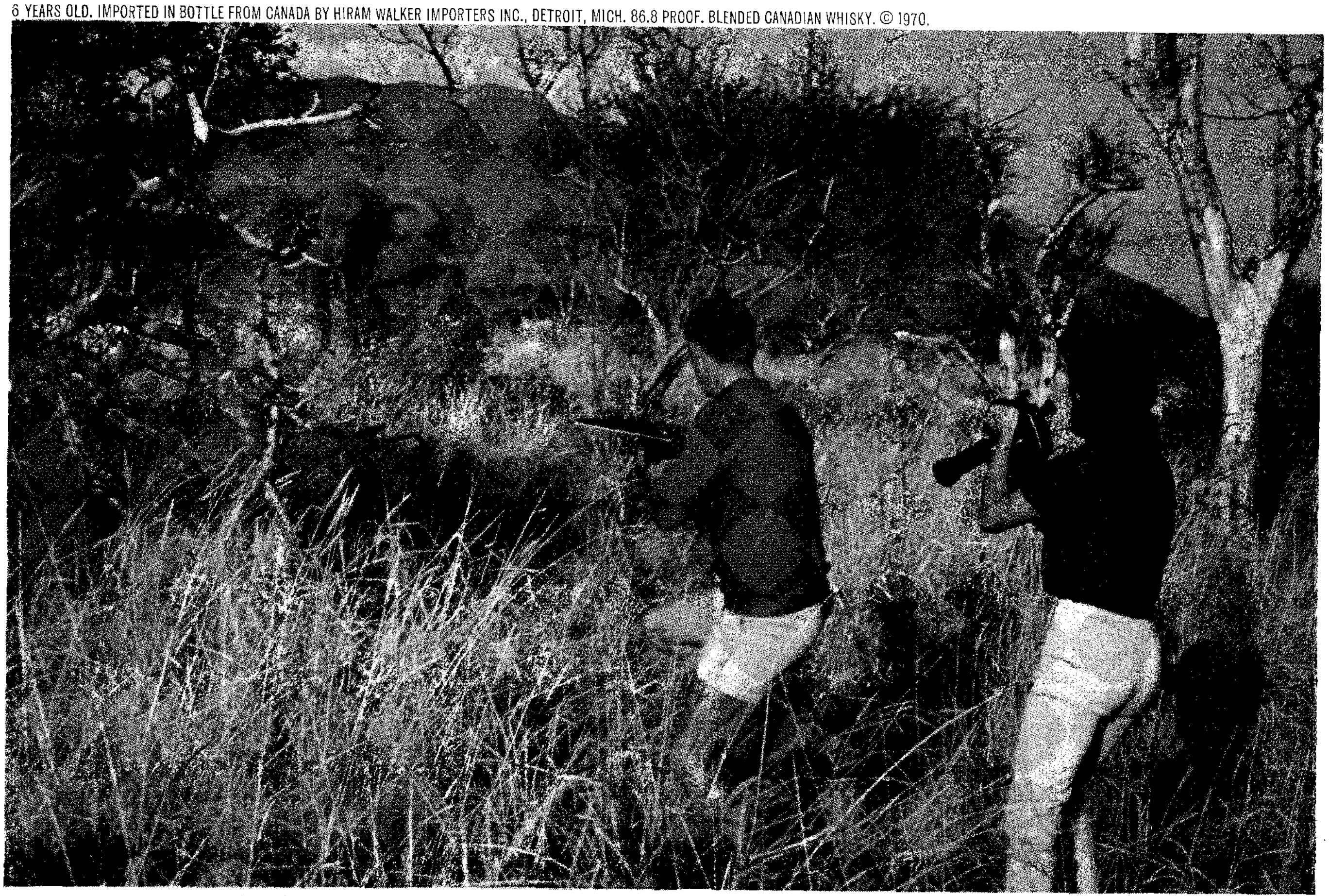
The progress of the negotiations is sure to be affected by the South Vietnamese Presidential elections, which are scheduled to take place early in October. The South Vietnamese already find themselves in a dilemma as a result of President Nguyen Van Thieu's preëlection maneuvering. He forced the House of Representatives to pass a law requiring any candidate to receive the endorsement of either forty members of the National Legislature

It's one third of your life. Spend it dreaming in Wamsutta.

Dream a little longer. This is No-Iron Ultracale.

SHOWN: "TOMORROW STRIPE" ON STAY-FRESH ULTRACALE®. 50% FORTREL® POLYESTER 50% COMBED COTTON. GOLD, GREEN, RED, ORANGE.
WAMSUTTA MILLS (DIVISION OF M. LOWENSTEIN & SONS, INC.) 111 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018.
WAMSUTTA® BED AND BATH FASHIONS ALSO ARE AVAILABLE FOR INFANTS AND CHILDREN.

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1970.



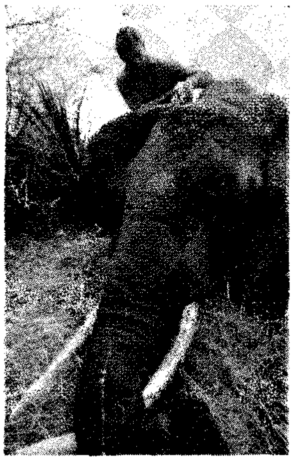
Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"®.

"I never worried a bit. If Tony missed with the tranquilizer, I could always shoot him with the camera."

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

1 A bull elephant is 10 feet tall, weighs 8 tons, and charges at 25 miles an hour. It is the strongest, smartest, and perhaps most dangerous of all game. Yet it is in danger of extinction. As students of conservation, Tony Parkinson and his wife Thelma wanted to study the movements of elephants. To do so requires immobilizing, or "darting." After checking with the East African Wildlife Society, they and a veterinarian set out on their biological safari.

2 "For two days we looked all over Voi for elephants," says Thelma. "Finally we spotted some coming out of Tsavo National Park heading into the sisal plants for food. Circling downwind, Tony fired the dart at a lone bull just as the bull began to charge. We dove into the Land Cruiser, leaving him in our dust, then waited until the M99 tranquilizer put him to sleep.



3 "Quickly I helped Tony, the veterinarian, and Sgt. Munyoki, of the Kenya Game Department as they took blood samples, marked the ear, and inserted a recording gauge. All that was left was to inject the antidote and get out fast.

4 "It sure sounded good when we told our friends at the Voi Safari Lodge about it over a bottle of Canadian Club." Canadian Club. Smooth as the wind. Mellow as sunshine. Friendly as laughter. Canadian Club is the whisky that's light enough for women, yet bold enough for men. The whisky that's "The Best In The House" in 87 lands.

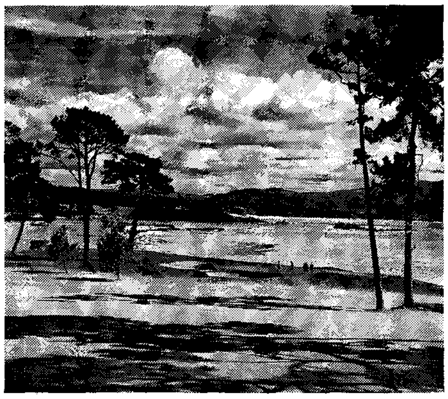
Canadian Club
Imported in bottle from Canada

or a hundred provincial or municipal councillors throughout the country. Since Thieu controls the bureaucratic and political apparatus, and has the money and power to go on controlling it, it is no easy task for anyone else to obtain the necessary support to run for President. Thieu has just formally announced that he will try to succeed himself. It is now generally assumed that retired General Duong Van Minh, the former Chief of State, can muster the forty votes in the National Legislature, but in order to embarrass Thieu, and because he seriously doubts whether an honest election is possible, Minh may decide to get himself nominated and then withdraw from the race. For some time now, Minh has been working out some sort of understanding with Vice-President Nguyen Cao Ky, who told me several months ago that he would run "in the interests of social justice and the nation's integrity." Ky is seeking the support of a hundred councillors in the provinces, since he has little chance of obtaining enough support in the National Legislature. Currently, he is said to have been promised the help of about seventy-five councillors, but he must obtain the rest by August 4th, which is the deadline for filing of candidacies. If Ky does run, and if Minh withdraws in his favor, Ky would appear to stand at best a thirty- or forty-percent chance of winning. If both Minh and Ky should be out of the race, leaving Thieu as the sole candidate, it is conceivable, though perhaps not likely, that the whole election could be put off. Thieu is certainly shrewd enough to realize that if he ran as the only candidate—in effect, as a dictator—he would undermine his already shaky popularity in the country and render his position as a negotiator with the Communists thoroughly untenable. Ky has made clearer than ever his dislike of Thieu and his desire to reach a peace agreement in Paris, where he still technically heads the South Vietnamese delegation. His growing dovishness may or may not have impressed the Communists, but there have been some signs recently that he might be more acceptable to them now than he was before.

While it does not look from here as if the Paris negotiations will move quickly, the situation has certainly been altered by the events of the last few weeks. The role of the Russians and the French behind the scenes in Paris could again become significant, as it has from time to time in the past. In addition, the Rumanians, who apparently helped arrange Dr. Kissinger's trip to Peking, could promote closer ties between high-ranking Americans and high-ranking North Vietnamese, perhaps in Hanoi, perhaps in Eastern Europe. Le Duc Tho, a leading member of the North Vietnamese Politburo, is back in Paris after a year's absence. If Dr. Kissinger should want to see him, and if Tho should agree to such a meeting, it could be arranged in a few hours. Naturally, there would be no point to sitting down at a table simply to rehash old arguments. But there has been a decided shift in American public opinion, which could provide the impetus to get things going. I have found no confidence among the American officials in Saigon about South Vietnam's future as an independent nation, and it seems to me that another factor in the opening of a dialogue with the Chinese at this point may be an acceptance by Washington of the fact that the establishment of a neutral government in South Vietnam is likely—in fact, certain. From America's standpoint, a neutral government would be better than one dominated entirely by the Communists, which could very well be the alternative if the war continues.

THE Chinese Nationalists in Taipei have, of course, protested loudly against the American move toward Peking, but, despite their years of talk about reconquering the mainland, they are realists, and it has been apparent for a long time that Peking's entry into the United Nations is inevitable, and that this would mean a new role for Taiwan, both in the U.N. and vis-à-vis Washington. "Our action in seeking a new relationship with the People's Republic of China will not be at the expense of our old friends," President Nixon said in his announcement. "Any nation can be our friend without being any other nation's enemy." It might have been more realistic to say that any nation can be our friend and continue to be another nation's enemy. In any event, the enmity between the Chinese Nationalists and the Chinese Communists is sure to bedevil us for some time to come.

Most China experts I have spoken to out here, not only during the past week but over the past several years, have felt that solving the problem of Taiwan's future in the United Nations will be much easier than dealing with the question of America's future military role in Taiwan and—more importantly—in the South China Sea. It has been pointed out many times that since both



Play the
'72 U.S. Open
Course now.

Del Monte Lodge's special 3-day, 2-night golf package includes breakfasts and dinners. Green fees for the Pebble Beach Golf Links (site of the '72 U. S. Open Championship) and Spyglass Hill Golf Course (officially rated as the toughest golf course in California). Guest membership at the Pebble Beach Tennis Club with 9 championship courts, heated pool and private beach. Music at CLUB XIX (a popular 19th hole by day). TV and room service. And use of Gun Club and Riding Stable.

The cost for this special golf holiday? Just $78.25 per person, plus tax, double occupancy. Gratuities not included. And it's available all year long.

For the finest golf you've ever played, plus the charm of Carmel and the 17-Mile Drive, see your Travel Agent. Or, call us collect at (408) 624-3811.

Tell me more about your special
"Golfer's Holiday" package.
I am interested in staying at the Lodge
from (date) ______
to (date) ______
NAME ______
TELEPHONE ______
ADDRESS ______
CITY/STATE/ZIP ______

Mail to
Del Monte
Lodge
Dept. NY, Pebble Beach, Calif. 93953

See your local Travel Agent or
Robert F. Warner, Inc. (East Coast)
Glen W. Fawcett, Division of John
A. Tetley Co., Inc. (West Coast)

the Nationalists and the Communists consider Taiwan to be part of China, the so-called "two-China" solution is unworkable. Be that as it may, I have always wondered why the United Nations could not give Peking the Chinese seat in the Security Council and then agree to Taiwanese membership in the Assembly; after all, the Byelorussian Soviet Socialist Republic and the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic have independent Assembly seats, though they are part of the Soviet Union. That arrangement was worked out when the United Nations was established, and there is no reason a similar arrangement could not solve the Taiwan issue. It would mean accepting Taiwan, at least temporarily, as a separate, autonomous province of China. Most native Taiwanese, of course, want to be independent, but their chances of winning the right to hold a plebiscite seem remote.

By far the most difficult problem—one that will take a great deal of bargaining between now and the time of President Nixon's visit to China, and, probably, long afterward as well—is the future of America's military role in Asia. We have been humiliated by our follies in Vietnam, and, as Senator Mike Mansfield and other members of Congress have made clear in the last few months, if we are not inclining toward neo-isolationism, we are certainly more unsure of ourselves than we have been in decades about the whole question of our military posture in the world, in Europe as well as in Asia. Even so, it does not appear that President Nixon or anybody else in a position to determine our role as a world power has any intention of withdrawing completely from Asia, any more than from Europe or the Middle East. However, the Nixon Doctrine for Asia, enunciated at Guam two years ago, was fuzzy to begin with, and needs careful defining. It is all very well to say that we will help those nations which help themselves, but the question of what sort of American military shield will be retained in Asia is extremely vague—not to mention what sort of help, and how much, we would give in emergencies to the nations deemed worthy of receiving it. Two Southeast Asian nations that we are continuing to help militarily, for example, are Thailand and Indonesia. If the pattern of insurgency in Thailand continues to spread, and if Peking and Hanoi, despite whatever agreements we reach with them, continue to encourage it, at what point might we consider their encouragement to amount to invasion, and respond to Thailand's call for more help? Similarly, now that we are stepping up our military as well as our economic aid to Indonesia, what would our response be if there were another rebellion there, either Communist or rightist in origin?

No matter what President Nixon has said about not forsaking our friends, it seems clear that if we are to come to terms with Peking on the larger issues our military role in support of Taiwan will almost certainly have to be reconsidered. As it happens, we have gone even further, and had greater success, in helping the Nationalists establish their own defenses than we have in bringing about Vietnamization, so there should be no problem about limiting further aid to replacements of spare parts, and perhaps even that won't be necessary. Our military arrangements with Japan, including the maintenance of bases on Okinawa, will obviously figure significantly in any prolonged discussions with China. The Japanese have already responded to the Kissinger trip by indicating that they will proceed with their own talks with the Chinese, over and above the already extensive trade relationship that exists between the two nations.

It will probably take years to solve these complicated problems, and any American euphoria about new breakthroughs will have to be tempered by that realization. Nevertheless, if the Kissinger visit to China and the preparations being made for the President to go there himself serve to bring the Vietnam war closer to a finish, we may be able to move on toward solving some of these other problems in a mood of greater confidence than has existed at any time since the Chinese Communists took over the mainland, in 1949.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

• •

BEETLE CONTROL MAY BE COMPLICATED

EDITOR'S NOTE: Information in this column is provided by Extension Service specialists and kept in good growing conditions. Fertilizing too late in the season can be detrimental. Plants under partial shade are most likely to escape winter faculty members of Clemson University.

—*Greenville (S. C.) News.*

We can't remember where Clemson is. But we've got beetles bad.

POETIC LICENSE

A honeymoon couple adored
the beaches and tennis and more
at the Buccaneer on St. Croix
they found to their joy
(how would you finish it?)

Send your finished limerick and request for brochure . . . and you may select a complimentary bottle of wine during your stay at the Buccaneer.

- Sandy beaches—100 acre estate
- Fresh water swimming pool
- Four championship tennis courts—lighted for evening play
- Complete water sports center
- Nightly entertainment—average temperature 82°—low humidity

The Buccaneer
ST. CROIX, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

Contact:
Ralph Locke
315 East 72nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10021
Phone (212) 586-3070

MUSTACHE RAZOR
(For Beards, too)

It trims the edges perfectly. It reaches hard-to-reach spots with laughable ease ...under the nose, for example, or above the lip. It enables you to create and form imaginative, elegant shapes. A splendid instrument, from Germany, solid brass, gold veneered, **a mere $5.50 ea. or 2 for $10.00 prepaid. Extra blades 10/$1.00. Your Money Back if not ecstatic.**

J. D. Browne Ghirardelli Square
900 North Point, San Francisco, Ca. 94109

Fine Foods
Cocktails
CLEVELAND, O.
(Public Square & Hanna Building)
BEACHWOOD, O. ROCKY RIVER, O.
AKRON, O. COLUMBUS, O.
ATLANTA, GA. PITTSBURGH, PA.

The Pewter Mug
Estab. 1962

KNIFE
& FORK
INN...
ATLANTIC CITY'S
FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912

THE RACE TRACK

Improver

NEVER Bow is one of those racers who can rise to the occasion, and sometimes do. Watching him leave Twice Worthy, to whom he gave six pounds, halfway up the stretch in the Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday afternoon, I found myself remembering that he had finished twenty lengths behind the same horse in the Suburban. But he'd been a bang-up second to Jontilla in the recent Amory Haskell Handicap at Monmouth, which no doubt wound him up for the way he was going on Saturday. The Brooklyn is always fascinating. Twelve ran, but this race was a two-horse affair, Never Bow taking the lead quickly, with Twice Worthy right behind him, and the two going stride for stride till the last furlong of the mile and a quarter. Here Never Bow looked an easy winner, but Protanto, coming up fast, nearly caught him at the wire. Royal Harmony, who rides from track to track in the Middle West in a one-horse trailer, rolled into third place. He was the long shot of the race, at 37–1. Ruane, who rode Twice Worthy, claimed a foul, charging that Never Bow had carried his mount wide on the first turn—and Never Bow certainly did, if you ask me—but the stewards didn't see it that way, and the claim was disallowed. Never Bow hasn't done badly for his owner, Sigmund Sommer, who bought him from Jack Dreyfus last March; he's earned $187,234 in prize money.

Speaking of dollars, the Big A almost had another five-million-dollar Saturday, with a total of $4,737,585. Off-course betting on the races at Aqueduct dropped last week. Seems that the OTB computers that are linked with those at the race track developed a colic or something, and wagers at the fourteen shops around town had to be recorded manually. One afternoon, the handle was $40,882. Business picked up, however, and last Saturday it was $149,165.

RACING has passed the midseason mark, but so far there's no outstanding two-year-old colt hereabouts. The two-year-olds keep beating each other. Last week at the Big A, Chevron Flight won the Great American Stakes from Plum Bold, with Chauffeur third. In the Juvenile at Belmont last month, Chevron Flight was third to Plum Bold and Good Eagle. And it was Chauffeur all the way in the Tremont, at Aqueduct, with Plum Bold second. How would *you* handicap those three? As for the fillies, I thought Rondeau, who had won four of her five starts, might be something extra, but Brenda Beauty and Dance Partner ran over her in the Sorority Stakes at Monmouth Park last weekend. Next!

AS was generally expected, Paul Mellon's Mill Reef, who was the favorite at 8–13 in the betting, won the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot last weekend. From all accounts, he did it with consummate ease, taking the lead two furlongs from home and passing the post six lengths ahead of Ortiz, an Italian colt. Acclimatization, an American-bred, owned by Bunker Hunt, a Texan, was third. Mill Reef, by the way, is the first horse to win the Derby, the Eclipse Stakes, and the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes since Tulyar did it, in 1952. As you know, Mill Reef, like Never Bow, is a son of Never Bend.

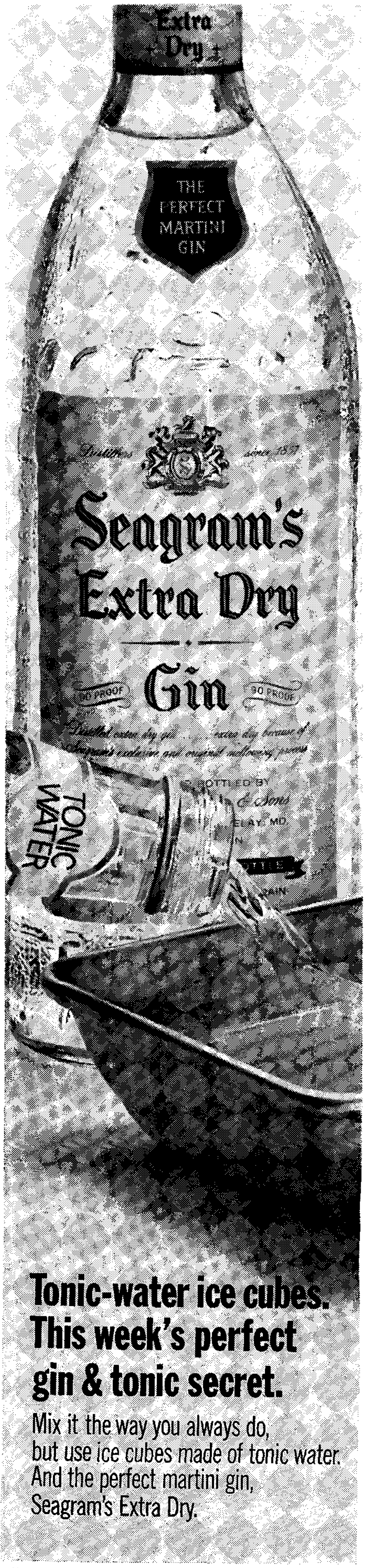
TO get back to the subject of two-year-olds, while I was resting up after the Hollywood Gold Cup I had a look at Hastings Harcourt's horses at Del Mar, which has just opened. There are eighteen in the lot, and what was as interesting as their looks and their pedigrees, which are irreproachable, was the fact that none had started in a race. Harcourt and Monty Roberts, who directs the operations of Harcourt's Flag Is Up Farms, are doing something that has been done abroad with the better two-year-olds—bringing them to the races in July and campaigning them lightly their first season under colors. (Incidentally, at Del Mar they live in barns that look like summer cottages, with grass all around and flowers growing outside the door.) Decidedly, the system is worth a try.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Although New Zealand was the first country to give women the right to vote, Finland was the first enabling them to run for Parliament. Finland was the first in Europe to give women the right to vote.
courageous caper
—*Bloomington (Ind.) Daily Herald-Telephone.*

Just give the news, please.



Tonic-water ice cubes. This week's perfect gin & tonic secret.

Mix it the way you always do, but use ice cubes made of tonic water. And the perfect martini gin, Seagram's Extra Dry.

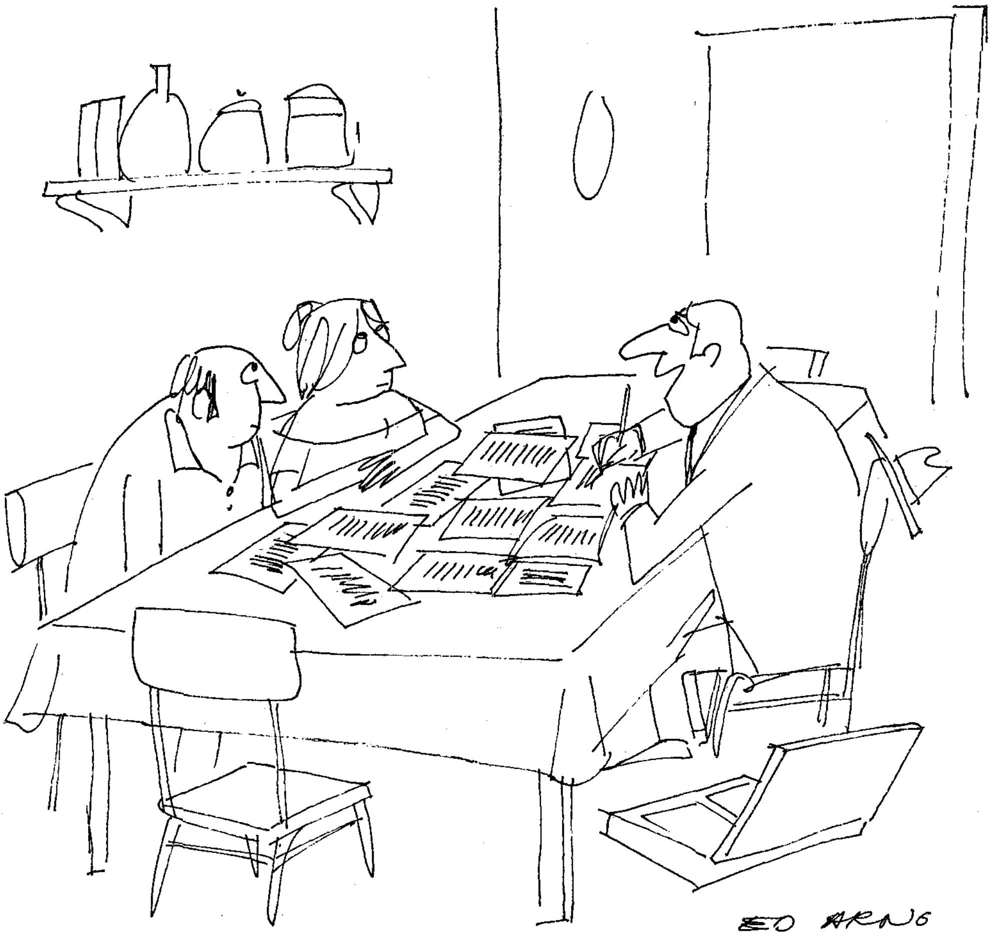
SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.
90 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

BIG RAIN

"MAN, I'm telling you, it rained. It layered water." The speaker, a farmer with worn, weathered, Marlboro-country features, standing on the red soil of Nelson County, Virginia, was talking to me some months ago about an exceptional storm that had visited that relatively obscure section near the center of the state late on August 19th and early on August 20th of 1969. In a period of eight hours, the storm deposited upon the four hundred and seventy-one square miles of the county—and in such quantity uniquely here in all the state—an amount of rainfall that closely approaches a world's record. According to a congressional report printed some six months after the event, a maximum amount of thirty-one inches of rain descended. The people at the National Weather Service (then the United States Weather Bureau), while citing their verified maximum of twenty-seven inches, estimate that the entire county received, in that relatively brief space of time, an average of sixteen inches—more than the state of Wyoming gets in a year. If Nelson County's remarkable rain were dumped on Manhattan, the island would be covered with almost thirty feet of water. Governmental scientists refer to the storm, with characteristic restraint, as "a meteorological anomaly," but their studies reveal that in this case the "anomaly" was something that by their own calculations could happen less than once in a thousand years.

Before I went to Nelson County to try to discover what living through an event of this sort was like and to see whether any evidences of the storm remained visible, I stopped at the Office of Hydrology of the Environmental Science Services Administration in the United States Weather Bureau office in Silver Spring, Maryland, to see John T. Riedel and Francis K. Schwarz, who had made a study of the Nelson County rain, and to ask them why there had been so anomalously much of it in such a relatively small spot. The rain, I learned, had been a by-product of the tag end of Hurricane Camille—a storm, well remembered in the South, that entered the country at Mississippi's Gulf Coast, along which it did tremendous damage; crossed that state and the states of Tennessee and Kentucky; and finally made its exit through Virginia into the Atlantic Ocean. In southern Mississippi, it dropped an average of eight inches of rain, and in Tennessee half that, and by the time it reached eastern Kentucky the storm seemed to be drying up. Precipitation there was between one and two inches. The two meteorologists told me that the factors commonly required for rainfall are water, particularly in the lower atmosphere, and a mechanism to precipitate it. The ordinary rainstorm, for example, develops when low-lying air containing moisture is lifted by solar heat to a point above the earth's surface at which cooling temperatures cause condensation; the moisture then falls as rain. The Nelson County storm, they said, was quite different. Although by the time Camille had crossed eastern Kentucky and entered Virginia very little moisture was left in its lower levels, and thus, in a sense, the disturbance was rained out, there remained at its center, as it moved south of Nelson County, winds with a velocity of about twenty-five miles an hour, going, as is customary, in a counterclockwise direction. For several days, there had remained stationary over eastern Virginia a large, harmless, low-lying mass of warm air whose origin was the tropical ocean. The lower levels of this were completely saturated with moisture. As Camille, whose front was then about a hundred miles wide, approached this moisture-laden air mass after dark on the evening of August 19th, its winds began to draw in and pull up the warm, moisture-filled air and carry it north and northwest, until it was directly over Nelson County (and, to a lesser extent, the counties immediately adjoining it).



"Now, how about a policy to cover your court costs should we try to wriggle out of paying a claim?"

"Camille's winds, as in an ordinary rainstorm, took the moist, warm air high up, and then the moisture condensed and fell as rain," Schwarz told me. "But instead of the rain's gradually moving east, as weather normally does, the anomaly occurred instead. For some reason—the causes are still under study—the wind center of Camille slowed down, and the mass of wet tropical air stayed put. Thus, Camille was able to draw from it, hour after hour, the enormous amounts of water that fell on Nelson County, and it was only after several hours that the weather began its characteristic eastward move. Anomalies of this type are often accompanied by exceptionally severe electrical phenomena. Much lightning occurs, associated with sharp claps of thunder, which are due to the sudden

You'd get more radiation visiting the Statue of Liberty than a nuclear power plant.

The Statue of Liberty has given off radiation since the day it was built.

It's not much different from most things in the world. Just about everything under the sun gives off radiation.

Nuclear power plants are no exception. The fact is, General Electric nuclear plants average less than 5 millirems/year above the background radiation of their sites. By comparison, actual radiation measurements of the Statue of Liberty's base give readings as high as 325 millirems/year.

Nuclear power is just about the cleanest way there is to make electricity.

Nuclear plants don't burn anything. And where there's no fire, there's no smoke. So they help conserve the country's irreplaceable supply of coal, gas and oil.

General Electric pioneered nuclear plants fourteen years ago.

And GE has pioneered major refinements since then. Our Aquafluor Service™ process reclaims uranium from wastes for reuse. And solidifies and compacts what's left over for permanent storage.

GE is working with utilities to find new ways to control the thermal effects of power plants.

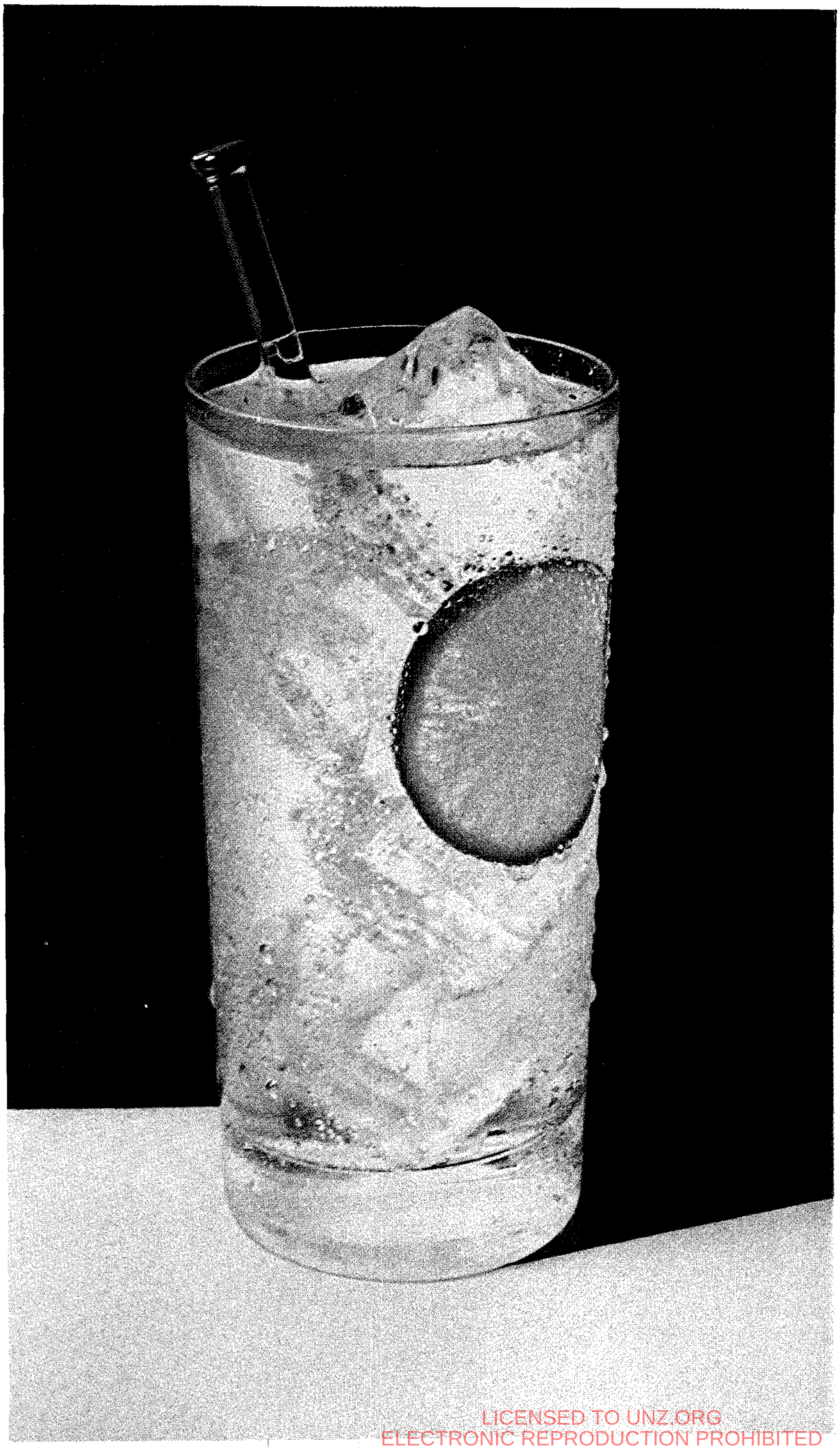
The people at General Electric are trying to help utilities keep ahead of your demand for electricity. The cleanest way we know how.

Men
helping
Man

GENERAL ELECTRIC

THE RUM & TONIC.

IT'S A GIN & TONIC MADE WITH RUM. DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YOU'VE TRIED IT.



We know what you think it tastes like. But that's not what it tastes like.

If you like your tonic with gin or vodka, you're certain to like it with rum. And probably better.

Some of the tonic tartness is gone, so it tastes a little smoother. That's what the rum does. At least that's what Puerto Rican Rum does.

It's not sweet and syrupy.

Ours is light and clear and dry. With no bite or strong aroma. Because all Puerto Rican Rums are distilled at high proof. And aged. And filtered with charcoal for added smoothness.

Try the taste. You make it like a gin & tonic but make it with White or Silver Puerto Rican Rum.

You'll believe what we're saying when you've heard it from your own mouth.

THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

A free recipe book is yours for the asking.
Write: Rums of Puerto Rico, 666 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10019

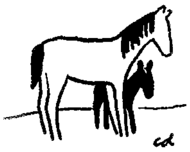
expansion of the air in the path of the discharge." The precise details of what causes the severe electrical demonstration are still unknown, the weathermen explained, but, in general, it comes as a result of the positive charges imparted by rapid motion to the moisture particles in the air.

Riedel and Schwarz were two of three meteorologists (the third was John Miller) who prepared background material for a report on Camille made by the Office of Hydrology that was read into the record of hearings held in February of last year by the Special Subcommittee on Disaster Relief of the Senate's Committee on Public Works. In reference to what happened in Nelson County, the report says:

> This storm was one of nature's rare events. It is estimated that the maximum rainfall associated with this storm has a return period well in excess of 1,000 years. . . . Another measure of the rarity of this rainfall is that the maximum amount of 31 inches approaches the probable maximum rainfall which meteorologists compute to be theoretically possible during the time of rainfall involved.

Schwarz closed our talk by saying, "Much as I would like to say otherwise, an anomaly of the sort we have been discussing here has never, to my knowledge—owing to the still inexact science of meteorology—been predicted."

NELSON COUNTY is a rough square, a little better than twenty miles on a side, sloping off the eastern edge of the Blue Ridge Mountains onto the Piedmont, the high central plateau of our Middle Atlantic and Southeastern states. It has almost twelve thousand inhabitants, most with names and faces not unlike those of the men who fought at Trafalgar beside the British admiral whose surname it happens to bear, for Nelson County, like most of Appalachia, from Virginia to Georgia, is still as Anglo-Saxon ethnically as most of the nation was in the early nineteenth century. Nor does Nelson County move much more rapidly than it did then. Three-quarters of the county—the hilliest in Virginia east of the Blue Ridge—is forested. There are no incorporated communities. Lovingston, the county seat (pop. 679), lies on U.S. Route 29, the county's primary thoroughfare, which carries heavy automobile and truck traffic from Baltimore and Washington to Lynchburg, Danville, and other cities of the South. The per-capita income in Nelson County is well under two thousand dollars a year. Although industry has in recent decades edged out farming as the main source of income for its labor force, the majority of workers commute by car to plants in Charlottesville, Waynesboro, Lynchburg, Scottsville, and other towns outside the county. Farming is adapted to the land's hilly nature. Apples and peaches are the largest cash crops. Beef cattle are next in importance, and there is much part-time farming. Some families have worked the same land for six or more generations, since the first settlers arrived, around 1720. If the county is commercially unimportant, sparsely populated, and obscure, it nonetheless has, perhaps for these very reasons, a quiet, tranquil, outdoorsy beauty. Bear and deer inhabit the forests. Grouse are found in the hills, quail in the lowlands. The county has two main rivers—the Rockfish, to the north, and the Tye, to the south, both of which feed into the James River, the county's southeastern boundary. A tributary of the Tye has the highest waterfall in the country east of the Mississippi River: Crabtree Falls, whose splendidly cascading water drops almost two thousand feet in five segments over a distance of approximately two miles. The county's two main rivers are fed in the hilly country by numerous creeks—Hat Creek, Possum Trot, Davis, Cub, and Little Joe, to name a few.



Before I arrived, I had made an appointment by telephone with the county sheriff, William N. Whitehead, a man who, I assumed, had been in a good position to observe what had happened during those dark hours on August 19th and 20th, and could direct me to remaining evidences of damage. I met Sheriff Whitehead in his office, in the basement of the county courthouse—a charming, white 1810 building set among maple trees and young glossy-leaved magnolias. Fronting it, on a stone pedestal, is a smaller than life-size Confederate rifleman. The electorate in the South seems to favor sheriffs of imposing physique, and Whitehead proved to be a good example—a gray-haired man in his middle forties, stalwart, trim in his brown uniform, and standing six feet five inches tall.

"August 19th started out pretty much like any other normal summer day down here," Sheriff Whitehead told me. "It was hot and a little bit muggy. The Charlottesville *Daily Progress*, the daily paper published nearest to us, had a weather forecast saying 'Rain likely tonight, ending to-

Possibly the
ultimate
cooperative
in Manhattan.

A model apartment
is now open
on the premises.

30 stories.
One apartment to a floor.
3 exposures.
9 rooms, 3 master bedrooms,
4½ baths and a library.

Cash Price from $270,000.

733 Park Avenue
A Muss Enterprise at 71st STREET

Selling & Managing Agent:
Douglas Gibbons-Hollyday & Ives, inc.
11 to 6 or by appointment.
(212)249-8228

This offering made by prospectus only

The Talbots

Classic Wrap. Ever popular for its timeless good manners and flattering fit, our corduroy skirt has two big patch pockets, generously cut overlapping back panel, and smooth-fitting button-front waistband. Oyster, Norse blue, beaver, forest or cherry. Sizes S,M,L. $20.00. Add 90¢ for postage.

Send for free catalog.

THE TALBOTS • DEPT. WY, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043
Branches: Duxbury, Lenox, Mass., Mt. Carmel, Avon, Conn.

"Be careful beautiful stranger, careful", is Kierkegaard's opening to Diary of A Seducer. Think of these words when you visit Bonwit Teller. Temptation runs all through our seductive collection.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court

The Castilian

Finest for Spanish Cuisine

LUNCH · DINNER · LATE SUPPER
OPEN 7 DAYS 12 to 1 AM

303 East 56th St., N.Y.C.
(Off 2nd Avenue)
Tel. 688-6435

The Whistling Oyster
Perkins Cove
Ogunquit, Maine
DISTINCTIVE DINING • COCKTAILS

Outstanding Forest Hideaway

Circa 1780 log house, fastidiously restored, elegantly furnished and equipped, in exquisite Appalachian setting on Tree Farm abutting National Forest. By week or month and yours alone. Year round. Information from Choppingale Tree Farms, Deerfield, Virginia, 24432.

morrow.' Right, too, on both counts. That day happened to be the day of the state Democratic runoff primary for governor and attorney general. Voting was light. The polls closed at seven in the evening, and I stayed around here till all the vote was counted. It didn't take long—an hour or so. Then I drove over home, to my house by Hat Creek—I'm about in the middle of the county—and had supper. It was a little after nine o'clock then and starting to drizzle.

"Because I was interested in the returns from the rest of the state, I turned on the television and watched it while I ate. The weather prediction on it, I remember, was 'Showers, clearing by morning.' Along about eleven o'clock, I got a call from one of my deputies, who lives in the southern part of the county—in a place called Piney River, after a stream that flows nearby. He's also one of the volunteer firemen there, and they do rescue-squad work. He said it was raining pretty hard down there, and he and some others had been pumping out basements in a few houses. In one basement, an earth wall had given way, and they'd had to run for it.

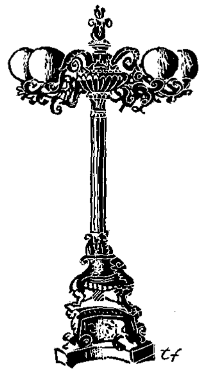
"Well, I didn't think anything of that. We'd had floods in this county before, and next morning everybody woke up all right. Little later, this same deputy calls again. Says his uncle, farther south, had called and asked to be evacuated. He had a one-story house like many in the county. It was built on a hummock, with one side facing the Piney River. The river was in flood, and the water had his house surrounded. He was like in a castle ringed with a moat, and the water rising steady. He kept calling his nephew and telling him to bring him out in the fire truck. 'That water's coming in through the house,' he said. He couldn't get out, you understand, yet he expected my man to get in. That fire truck does have pretty good clearance, so the deputy tried twice, but he couldn't make it. Low places in the roads filled with water stopped him. On the last call, with his uncle whooping and a-hollering, my man says, 'I *cain't* get to you. If that water keeps on a-coming, Uncle, you best spend the night on the roof.' He did.

"Before the last call from that deputy, another deputy calls me from down that way. 'Sheriff, the people getting crazier and crazier,' he says. 'Fellow calls me just now and says we're losing automobiles to water on Route 29'—by which he meant cars were sliding off the road into some streams. I didn't know what to think about that. We do get some crank calls. I figured this was one.

"By about one, it was really raining where I live. My wife and I had gone to bed about twelve. We sleep in a one-story part of the house that has the kind of tin roof lots of houses around here have. I stayed in bed until two and tried to sleep, but it wasn't really possible. The rain struck the roof like a giant flail being whopped onto the metal. Then, at intervals, there would come an entirely different kind of noise. Whomp! Whomp! Whomp! It was like the roof was under a waterfall. Not single blobs of rain hitting it but like a cascade, falling in jets and spurts. Then that kind of rain would stop for a while.

"One thing that made sleeping especially difficult was that along about that time there was lightning and thunder. My wife is very frightened of electrical storms. The lightning was brilliant and almost constant, it seemed, accompanied by the sharpest claps of thunder I ever heard. But in between these there was another sound—a roaring like forty jet airplanes were stationary overhead. 'It must be that hurricane picked up speed again,' my wife said. 'It must be blowing dreadful outside.'

"Finally, at two o'clock, I got up to look out the window. The inside window was up, but we'd closed the storm window to keep the rain out. An inch of solid water was running down the pane, so I couldn't see out. I opened the window, and I got three surprises. They were so sharp they were practically shocks. First, the lightning was almost constant and very low, seeming to be practically parallel to the ground. Second, the lawn outside, which slopes down from the little swimming pool we have, was covered with a solid sheet of clear water inches deep, rushing by the house toward the creek. Third—and this was the biggest surprise of all, though all of them were pretty big, let me tell you—was that I had expected to find a screeching wind outside and it was absolutely still. Not a breath. In the lightning flashes, the tree limbs hung down, the lower ones almost touching the ground with the weight of the water, and they weren't moving at all, looking frozen in the eerie light. The roaring sound we heard was



the sound of water moving over the land.

“I was struck dumb for a bit. Then we decided to dress and wake the children. I tried to turn on the light, but we had no electricity. And although we didn’t know it then, the phone was off. We put on some clothes and made our way through the house with candle and flashlight. On the second floor, I woke up my daughter, Nancy, and our two sons, Dick and John. John was in high school and the other two were home from college for the summer. ‘Put on your clothes, children,’ I said. ‘I don’t know what’s going on outside.’

“Then I went out on the porch. Hat Creek, in front of our place, is normally about ten feet wide and a foot deep. Now I could see it was about two hundred yards wide and must have been twenty-five or thirty feet deep, with white-capped waves cresting six feet high. It was yellow. The water coming off my slope was like blue-green crystal, but Hat Creek was yellow, and boulders and tree trunks and root stumps were in it, being carried along like toys in a millrace. The creek was still about seventy-five yards away from us and ten or fifteen feet below the house. In the air was the smell of freshly uncovered mountain soil mixed with water. If you ever were to take a spade and go up one of our mountains and turn out a shovelful of earth and put water in the hole, you’d get the smell at once. A characteristic, unforgettable smell, pungent and musty. So I thought to myself, There must have been slides. Somewhere some ground’s come loose.”

(After the rain, C. J. Koch, a soil scientist with the Department of Agriculture Soil Conservation Service in Virginia, said that soil had slid off the slopes because it could no longer absorb the storm’s moisture, and that the slides were further encouraged by the fact that the season had been the wettest in a long time, the county having suffered a decade of drought. But no seasonal drought, however severe, could have prevented landslides in Nelson County that night. Koch said that in many places the soil covering the bedrock on the hillsides was about two feet deep. The pore space between the particles in that kind of earth can hold from one to one and a half inches of water per foot of depth, Koch said; that is, two feet of it can hold three inches of water. After that, the soil begins to acquire a liquid nature, and the greater the precipitation is the more liquid it gets, until it’s like gruel. Then it runs off its foundation, gathering speed as it descends and carrying all before it—boulders, trees, and buildings—until it reaches a flat space or is carried away by a stream.)

Sheriff Whitehead went on, “When I thought about slides, I thought about going up the hill to see Mother, who has lived alone in the big house about a third of a mile up there since Dad died, at ninety-six, a couple of years ago. I knew that if water reached her we’d all need an ark, but slides were something else. The older boy and I got to my car and, ever so slowly, started along the road up the hill. We could still move all right because the water was running off on either side of the road. I parked in front of Mother’s house with the headlights full on, and I blew the horn until she came down and unlocked the screen door. Then I went out through the rain to the porch, holding my hand at an angle over my face to keep the water out of my nose and mouth.

“ ‘Mother, get dressed,’ I told her.

“She protested. ‘Pshaw, boy, there’s been rains here before.’

“ ‘Not like this,’ I said. ‘If I have to take you out of here, I don’t want to take you out in your nightclothes. I’ll be back if there’s any need.’

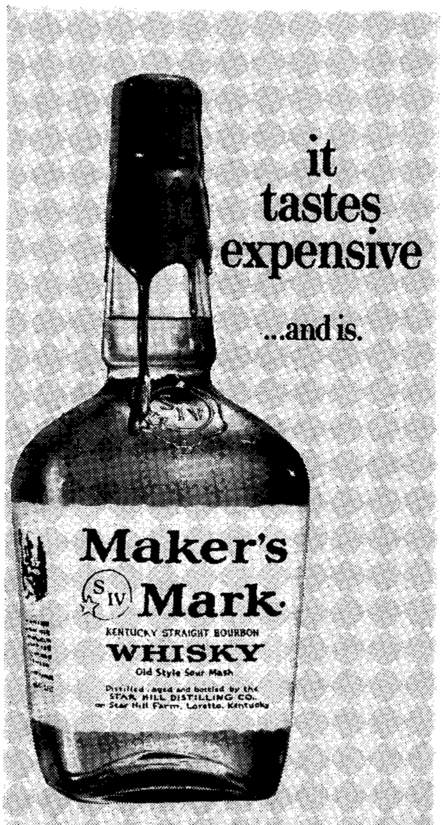
“She went back in to get dressed, and meanwhile I thought I’d drive out through the county—particularly down to the southern part, where I’d got the first bad reports. I wanted to assess the situation and see if there was anything I could do.

“It was then almost three o’clock, I’d say. My older boy asked to go with me. I said all right. We drove very carefully south on Virginia Route 151, which runs near my place, till we reached the Tye River. The bridge at that point is a solid structure thirty-five or forty feet above normal high water and about forty feet wide, with concrete sidewalls four or four and a half feet high. I got as near the bridge as I could. The lightning had subsided, but my headlight beams shone right across where the bridge was. No bridge was visible, and no concrete sidewalls were visible. All that was there was water—with cresting waves higher than those on Hat Creek. And between me and the bridge the water was eating away the bridge approach. And then in the middle of the river I spied this telephone pole. I estimated it was twenty-five feet long. It came bobbing along, and it must have struck the upstream sidewall of the bridge underwater. It rose high in the air, jackknifed, and came down in the water on the other

THIS IS
ILLUMS BOLIGHUS

Temple Fielding writes in his Travel Guide:
“Illums Bolighus comes closest to being the dream shop of any American hostess or host that we’ve found in all Europe. It is loaded with the latest, newest, most stunning things for the house and for party-giving that are possible to imagine…”

ILLUMS BOLIGHUS
PEDESTRIAN STREET · COPENHAGEN


it tastes expensive
...and is.
Maker's Mark
S IV
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON
WHISKY
Old Style Sour Mash
Distilled, aged and bottled by the STAR HILL DISTILLING CO.
Star Hill Farm, Loretto, Kentucky

Made from an original old style sour mash recipe by Bill Samuels, fourth generation Kentucky Distiller.

Also available in Limited Edition at 101 proof.

90 proof • Star Hill Distilling Co., Star Hill Farm, Loretto, Ky.

distinctive
CHRISTMAS CARDS

The new catalogue of the famous Museum Christmas cards—an unparalleled selection of paintings, drawings, goldsmiths' work, stained glass, sculpture, frescoes and graphics ranging across fifty centuries. ☆ Unusual Museum Christmas presents include exact copies of ancient jewelry in gold and silver, sculpture, rare early American glass, and the new engagement calendar, *Parlors & Palaces*, and the address book, *Flowers for All Seasons.* The cards are priced from 10 to 35 cents; the Christmas presents from $2.50 to $150. They are made especially for the Museum and can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. Send the coupon below to reserve your copy of the 56-page color catalogue to be mailed about September first.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 10028
Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed N10
*Name*__________
*Address*__________
__________ZIP__________

Peter's BACKYARD
CLOSED MONDAYS
64 W. 10th ST.
Charcoal Broiled
STEAKS • CHOPS LOBSTER
Now open for lunch, Tues. - Fri.
Res. suggested: GR 3-2400

"JUBILANT NEW ROCK MUSICAL."
—Kerr, N.Y. Times
GODSPELL
ORIGINAL CAST ALBUM ON BELL RECORDS
Tues. thru Fri. evgs. at 7:30, Sat. at 7 & 10, Sun. at 3 & 7:30: $5.95, 6.95, 7.95.
CHERRY LANE THEATER 38 COMMERCE ST YU9-2020

MT. WASHINGTON VALLEY
Fine country homes, small and large acreage with superb views, all located in the midst of five major ski areas and fine golfing. Let us introduce you to this unspoiled country.
BADGER REALTY CORPORATION
North Conway, N. H. 03860

side, never touching the bridge at all.

"I said to my boy, 'Son, that water's really moving. We better go back and see if anything's happened to our place.' I stopped off at the Roseland Rescue Squad, on Route 151, and one of the men there told me that during the night cars had, indeed, slid off Route 29, some of them into streams.

"Everything at home was all right, and I knew Mother, farther up the hill, was all right, too. I thought I'd drive back down to the rescue-squad station and we could start setting up road barriers. My younger boy asked to go along, too, and I said O.K. By that time, though, it wouldn't be possible to reach the highway-department man and the situation was so out of hand that barriers seemed irrelevant—nobody could move very far from where they were—so my sons and I made a tour of 151 as far as we could go in each direction, and then returned home. It was about four o'clock, and the rain had practically stopped.

"There were some curious things about this storm. One was that a couple of hours after the rain had stopped the creeks were down, and the rivers were down in a couple of days. Another was that the people who didn't suffer any damage didn't know there had been anything unusual. They might have lost lights and phones, but storms often do that here. They come out of their houses after breakfast to drive out of the county to their jobs or otherwise go about their business as usual. But there was no business as usual in Nelson County that morning."

THE principal grim statistics for Nelson County were: a hundred and twenty-six people dead or missing, ninety-two bridges out, two hundred and fifty houses and seven hundred or more automobiles swept away, and hundreds more houses and cars damaged. Personal-property damage was estimated at several million dollars. The road system was a shambles. The state of Virginia has one of the best-marked and best-maintained systems of roads in the country. The morning after the storm, reconstruction of the part of it in Nelson County looked impossible.

What is known as the Massies Mill section, in the western part of the county, had, generally speaking, the most rain. However, in the southern part of the county, near the junction of the Piney and Tye Rivers, Sheriff Whitehead said, a man left three tall, empty, uncovered steel drums in the back of his pickup truck on the evening of the 19th, and the next morning found them almost full, containing thirty-one inches of water. A July, 1942, storm at Smethport, Pennsylvania, set a world's record for the time involved, with 30.8 inches of rain in four and a half hours, and a total of 34.5 inches in fifteen hours. The reported thirty-one inches in the south of Nelson County thus closely approaches the total for the Smethport storm. Completely reliable data on rare and unexpected meteorological events, particularly those happening in remote regions, are difficult and sometimes impossible to obtain. Sheriff Whitehead's recollection of the thirty-one-inch figure is backed up by the statement of a Geological Survey man who went to Nelson County from Norfolk directly after the storm to interview residents and who also reported the thirty-one-inch figure—which is the one that appears in the Senate committee report. Regrettably, the Geological Survey agent did not retain the name of his informant, and the Weather Bureau, on later searches, was unable to locate him. All it could unquestionably verify was a fall of twenty-seven inches in the Massies Mill area. However, in the words of one of the Weather Service men to whom I talked, "This doesn't mean that thirty-one inches didn't come down in Nelson County."

In the Massies Mill community, which was named for an eighteenth-century gristmill and where early in this century several score houses were built for lumber-company employees, eighteen buildings were lost and forty-eight severely damaged. I drove over there to talk with Ned Bowling, a seventy-eight-year-old widower whose house had been so badly battered that it had had to be replaced. Bowling and I sat for a spell talking on the little front porch of his new, one-story house. "Yes," he said, looking right and left from his rocker. "I can count where ten, eleven homes once in eyeshot here aren't here any longer." He told me that during the big rain he had got up at two o'clock in the morning, but that his house had seemed dry and he had gone back to sleep. "At three o'clock," he said, "the water came into bed with me, and I went upstairs." Later that morning, after the water had receded somewhat, rescuers took him off in a rowboat. Much of the first floor of his house had torn loose and floated away.

Though the greatest amount of rain

was recorded in Massies Mill, the Davis Creek section suffered the greatest loss of life. Davis Creek, a tributary of the Rockfish River, flows north through hilly country. Four miles above Lovingston, it can be reached by a road off which run lesser roads that often become mere tracks as they rise into the hills or descend into the hollows. Along there, Sheriff Whitehead told me, I would see a lot of evidence of the storm's work. I could also call on Miss Dora Morris, a seventy-six-year-old survivor, whose house, at the head of the valley below Roberts Mountain, is perhaps the most elevated building in the region. I was advised not to take my car, so one of Whitehead's deputies, Jack Saunders, drove me in a police car that was specially equipped for travelling rough roads.

The Davis Creek area is too inconspicuous a part of the world to have had much recorded history. People began living in the humblest sort of dwellings back in the hollows there not long after the county's first settlers arrived. In recent years, some one-story brick houses, rather imposing for Nelson County, had been built in the lowlands. As we drove alongside Davis Creek, now an inconsequential trickle at the bottom of an eroded bed a hundred yards wide, Saunders showed me where three of the brick houses had stood.

"They were right here where we're passing," said Saunders, a slight, alert middle-aged man. "The water just took these brand-new houses—whoosh!—and washed them away. And, of course, along with them, the people asleep or awake inside them. All this immediate vicinity, including the road right here, is rebuilt land."

Miss Morris's house, which we reached at the end of a track high up a hill, had nothing in common with the unfortunate brick ones. Built of unpainted clapboard, it was obviously old, and was large for that section, being two and a half stories high. On the way up there, Saunders pointed out to me great bare faces of bedrock on the sides of mountains, some of them a quarter of a mile wide and several times that long, whose mantle of earth had turned to liquid under the deluge and plummeted down.

Miss Morris's house, which she later told me had been built by her father a hundred years ago, had in front of it a large white-mulberry tree, numerous high, dusty-smelling boxwood bushes, and an astonishing number of metal containers of various sizes and shapes planted with a wide assortment of flowers. Also visible were two healthy,

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form

☐ **One Year (52 issues) $12.00**
☐ **Two Years (104 issues) $20.00**

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE: Canada, Latin America & Spain $2.00; Other Foreign $4.00 per year

Your Name ____________________
Street ____________________
City ____________ State ____________ Zip ____________

☐ Enter a new subscription in my name
☐ Renew or extend my subscription

Please Enter the Following Gift Subscriptions:

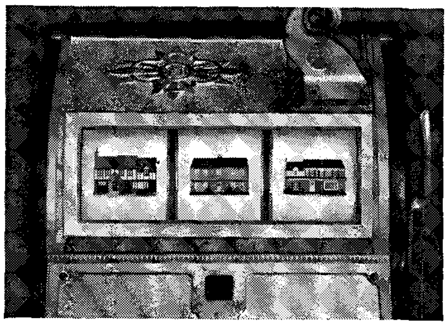
To ____________________
Street ____________________
City ____________ State ____________ Zip ____________
Gift card to read: "From ____________________"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

To ____________________
Street ____________________
City ____________ State ____________ Zip ____________
Gift card to read: "From ____________________"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

To ____________________
Street ____________________
City ____________ State ____________ Zip ____________
Gift card to read: "From ____________________"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

I enclose $__________ to cover __________ subscriptions.

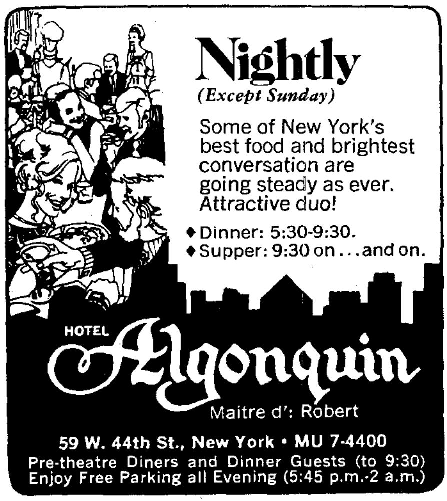
25 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036



We specialize in taking the risk out of relocating.

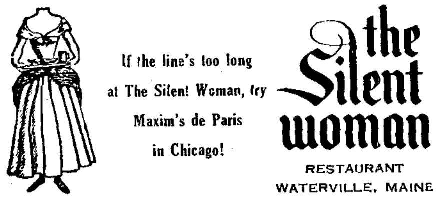
At Homerica we have helped over 65,000 relocating families settle into communities and homes that best fit their particular mode of living. Finding a new home 3,000 miles away can be just as easy as selecting one in your own home town . . . if you do it the Homerica way. We know over 6,700 key communities intimately and we can tell you all you need to know to help you pinpoint those that are just right for you. We'll screen them for homes that best fit your particular requirements. And afterwards we'll arrange for you to inspect each one, limiting your problems to selection only. A selection that is sure to be a happy one, not a nervous ill-informed one.

THE NATION'S LEADING RELOCATION SERVICE
HOMERICA
A DIVISION OF HOMEQUITY, INC.
Write Dept. R731
100 Park Avenue, New York 10017 (212) 689-7111
1901 Ave. of Stars, Los Angeles 90067 (213) 553-3111
500 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 60611 (312) 527-3111



Nightly
(Except Sunday)
Some of New York's best food and brightest conversation are going steady as ever. Attractive duo!
◆ Dinner: 5:30-9:30.
◆ Supper: 9:30 on . . . and on.
HOTEL Algonquin
Maitre d': Robert
59 W. 44th St., New York • MU 7-4400
Pre-theatre Diners and Dinner Guests (to 9:30)
Enjoy Free Parking all Evening (5:45 p.m.-2 a.m.)

Decalcomania Lamps
WARD and ROME
63 E. 57th St.,
New York, N.Y. 10022



If the line's too long
at The Silent Woman, try
Maxim's de Paris
in Chicago!
the Silent woman
RESTAURANT
WATERVILLE, MAINE

happy-looking dogs of part-setter ancestry, along with a score of chickens. In back, a more or less level plot of ground, partly shaded by an enormous walnut tree, stretched to a wide gully in which a branch of Davis Creek flowed. Near the trunk of the walnut tree was an iron pipe emptying spring water into a wooden tub—Miss Morris's water supply. Not far off, near the back of the house, was her fuel supply—piles of two-foot log quarters. Saunders, who is known to just about everybody in the county, introduced me to Miss Morris, who lives alone. She is a brown-eyed, intelligent-looking woman with a strong, square face and a strong, square body. We exchanged a few words about the storm, but none of the rather modest ones she spoke that day were as indicative of her sturdy independence as the first ones she uttered the morning after the rain. A helicopter, one of several assigned to relief work in the area, had set down on the flat beside the walnut tree, causing an uproar among her chickens, which had weathered the deluge in their house and, until a few moments before, had been foraging contentedly in the rain-flattened grass. A couple of volunteer rescue workers from the area stepped out of the aircraft, whose rotors kept whirring. One of them said, "Miss Dora, we've come to take you off the mountain." The other, moved by the local spirit called "funning," said, "Why, Miss Dora, surprised to find you. Heard you went chuting-the-chute last night down the mountain on a log."

"If the good Lord had wanted me off the mountain, I'd have gone down last night, on a log or off it," she said. "I appreciate your concern, but I'm not leaving. Now you boys get that flying machine out of here. It's scaring my chickens."

THAT first morning, and for weeks thereafter, the cleanup proceeded, and, to a lesser degree, it is still proceeding. At its height, a command post was set up at Lovingston under the direction of Cliff Wood, an auburn-haired farmer of forty-three, who is one of the county's four supervisors. The county's churches—Baptist, Christian, Episcopal, Methodist, and Presbyterian—opened their doors to house and feed the homeless. Looting was insignificant. Outside aid was sent from other parts of the state, from the federal government, and even from abroad. Among those who arrived to help were a couple of hundred members of the Mennonite Disaster Service, some of them from as far away as Canada and many of them trained in carpentry and other skills, who swiftly put their church's concept of the brotherhood of man into action. "They were marvellously quiet, disciplined, efficient, and productive," said Wood, who, by all accounts, had been quiet, disciplined, efficient, and productive himself.

A couple of weeks after the storm, the Nelson County *Times*, a weekly paper, published a letter from a man in a nearby county who had delivered numerous loads of emergency supplies in Nelson County right after the flood and had talked with numerous survivors. It said, in part:

> What is a flood like? It is like misery and death which no one can describe or attempt to describe.
>
> It's like a banker trying to save his records and seeing a big wall of water break the glass in front and having to be taken out by boat. It's like hearing the big wall of water hit the back of your restaurant and reaching to pull all the switches, run and have a man drown in your place at twenty-five minutes to four the morning of August 20, 1969. It's like a woman telling you through sobs and tears that they had lost everything her family and family before them had worked for all their lives. It's like living on top of a hill and going out to check the stock at three in the morning and having to wade through water up to your knees. It's like living on the side of a mountain and seeing water, rock, trees and everything coming down at you with no place to go. It's like your house gone along with everything that you have except what you have on your back.

Nature's energy and man's have done much to rehabilitate Nelson County. Hughes Swain, the county agricultural agent, told me that the work of moving much of the runaway earth back to where it belonged went on through the next winter, and that this year between eighty-five and ninety per cent of the damaged agricultural land was back in production. The county game warden told me that there seemed to be as many wild things in the forests and meadows as there were before. The evidences of the storm most visible to motorists passing through the county are weathered-gray accumulations of stumps and dead trees, some of them twenty feet high, piled by the watercourses. By now, even these have begun to blend with the landscape. —EUGENE KINKEAD

●

(3) Pillars of the Sky (1956). A rousing Cavalry vs. Indians saga, starring Jeff Chandler as the trooper who leads his men against the redmen even though they are green and do not always understand his tactics.—*TV listing in the San Francisco Examiner & Chronicle.*

Or his color perception.

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

PRIVATE WORLDS, by Sarah Gainham (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Julia, the enthralling heroine of "Night Falls on the City" and "A Place in the Country," is not so enthralling in the third volume of Miss Gainham's trilogy. All of a sudden, Julia seems too beautiful, too brainy, too womanly-wise, too great an actress, too everything. The action follows upon her marriage to Georg Kerenyi, the famous writer and editor and survivor of wartime horrors. Vienna is as fascinating as ever.

GENERAL

AMERICA THE DUTIFUL: AN ASSESSMENT OF U.S. FOREIGN POLICY SINCE WORLD WAR II, by Philip W. Quigg (Simon & Schuster). With modesty, wit, and learning, the author, a former managing editor of *Foreign Affairs*, attempts to reassure us about the conduct of our foreign policy since the Second World War. Mr. Quigg is far from uncritical, and his account of our failures is frank if not bitter. He does not feel, however, as do some other critics of the Vietnamese war, that our involvement proves the United States a sort of global devil. Instead, he thinks our foreign policy has been the creation of good will and fear, of error and luck, and of other nations' policies as well. We may not be, as we frequently think we ought to be, morally superior to every other country, but he thinks we are no worse. Having made this plausible and unfashionable assessment, Mr. Quigg feels free to mention some American successes—keeping the Congo together is one—and to make suggestions for future improvements. No matter what improvements we make, though, he expects that our foreign policy will remain a series of difficulties. Our power is so great that our inaction or withdrawal is in itself a kind of action. For example, wherever we have ceased selling armaments (Latin America, South Africa) France has jumped right in, and "in relation to its total industrial product . . . is probably the largest arms supplier in the world today," the Soviet Union being absolutely the largest. Mr. Quigg does not suggest that we force the French to stop—we certainly cannot stop the Russians—but in this, as in other matters, he demonstrates that in foreign policy even virtue's rewards remain uncertain.

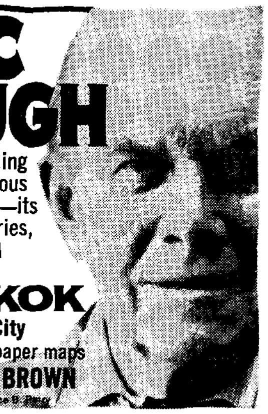
A BINTEL BRIEF: SIXTY YEARS OF LETTERS FROM THE LOWER EAST SIDE TO THE *Jewish Daily Forward*, edited and with an introduction by Isaac Metzker, and with a foreword and notes by Harry Golden; translated from the Yiddish by Diana Shalet Levy (Doubleday). This collection of advice-seeking letters adds up to a concise social history of one American ethnic group—East European Jewish immigrants. Romantic and marital problems are most prominent in the early years, when the Yiddish-reading population was young, but as the book moves closer to the present those earlier immigrants are troubled about their Americanized children, who are, variously, too educated to be attentive to their parents, not sufficiently religious, not strict enough with their own children. The letters reveal a rather wide range of opinion, for while some Eastern European Jews were, and remained, immovably attached to Orthodox religious belief and observance, many others became freethinkers, Socialists, Zionists, suffragettes, or vegetarians. The *Forward* preached forbearance when families and friends quarrelled over ideas. One constant throughout the years seems to have been ethical perplexities, and it is impressive that so many readers wrote in not to be told that they were right but to find out what, in the opinion of the editors and other readers, *was* right.

IN RED AND BLACK: MARXIAN EXPLORATIONS IN SOUTHERN AND AFRO-AMERICAN HISTORY, by Eugene D. Genovese (Pantheon). Mr. Genovese's ideas are subtle and his prose is direct. His self-conceived mission is to be the very best Marxist historian he can imagine, partly because he is a Marxist and a historian and partly to demonstrate that the red flannel that has passed for Marxist history, particularly in the United States, is not Marxism or history. Indeed, Mr. Genovese often finds it necessary to quote Marx's "*Je ne suis pas un marxiste.*" At any rate, when he gets to work on his professional specialty—American slavery

MADAME
An Intimate Biography of Helena Rubinstein
by Patrick O'Higgins
The inside story of the lady who mixed *hamish* with *haute* to become one of the world's ten richest women.
"A fascinating, bitchy, opinionated, and very firsthand account."—Women's Wear Daily
"A witty and heartfelt valentine to an old monster."—CECIL BEATON
VIKING Illustrated $7.95

"Goose-pimpling."—N.Y. Times
Crawlspace
by HERBERT LIEBERMAN. "A thoughtfully chilling story—in the tradition of *Night Must Fall* or even *The Collector*."—*Book-of-the-Month Club News.*
At bookstores. $6.95 McKAY

ALEC WAUGH
tells you everything about the fabulous capital of Siam—its scandals, mysteries, glories, past and present.
BANGKOK
Biography of a City
Illustrated • Endpaper maps
$7.95 • LITTLE, BROWN



and the culture it produced in the Old South—he sees so much and suggests so much that the achievement is intellectually captivating. His topical essays—particularly his arguments with some segments of, or individuals on, the left—are intelligent but of less interest to the general reader.

THE PAPER HOUSE, by Françoise Mallet-Joris, translated from the French by Derek Coltman (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Mme. Mallet-Joris gives us a brief, charming account of her daily life in a small apartment in Paris with her husband, her four children, a few animals and birds, and a succession of temperamental maids. This is the eleventh book of a brilliantly gifted writer, barely forty years old, whose novels range from storms of passion to the coldest deserts of austerity. It is a pleasure to see how "ordinary" an extraordinary woman can be when the mood takes her.

GRAFFITI: TWO THOUSAND YEARS OF WALL WRITING, by Robert Reisner (Cowles). True graffiti ("Lake Erie died for your sins") are defined by the author, who teaches a course in the subject at the New School for Social Research, as anonymous pointed observations that have "style, a surrealistic, imaginative quality, a spontaneity you can feel even though the topic itself may now be stale," and he suggests that "the working class write one level of graffiti, the middle class produce another level, and the upper class don't write them at all." This is an entertaining book, not only because the subject is inherently entertaining but also because Mr. Reisner himself is both a quick and an observant writer: "In subway stations, the extreme ends of the platform harbor the virulent messages; the ferocity tapers off as one gets nearer the center and more populated car areas." It is perhaps a mistake, however, to include, as he does, the button, with its commercialization and total absence of spontaneity. Photographs of inscribed walls.

●

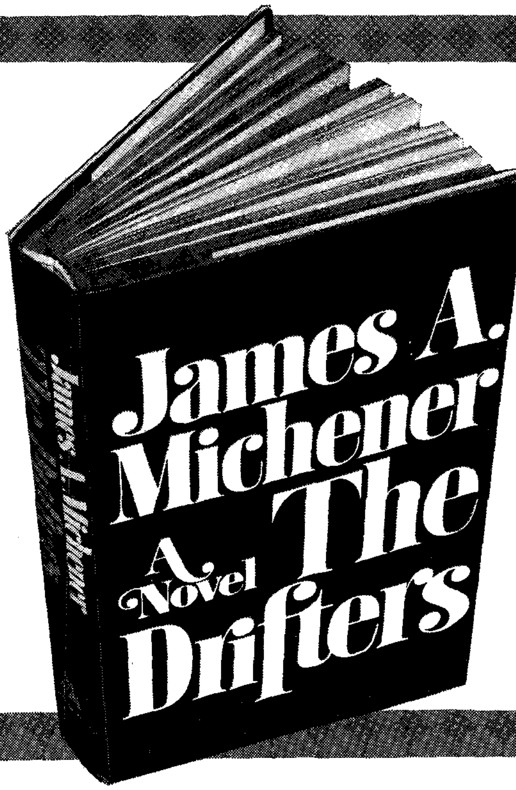
PLEASANT COLONIAL describes the exterior of this four-bedroom, two-story house; inside, there are more than 1,200 square feet of living area on each floor, making it suitable for a sizable family even though making it impossible for a sizable family.—*Photograph caption in the Newark News.*

Fair enough. Who wants a sizable family, anyway?

Don't tie up mail service ...use ZIP CODE

Mail moves the country—
ZIP CODE moves the mail!

ADVERTISING COUNCIL advertising contributed for the public good



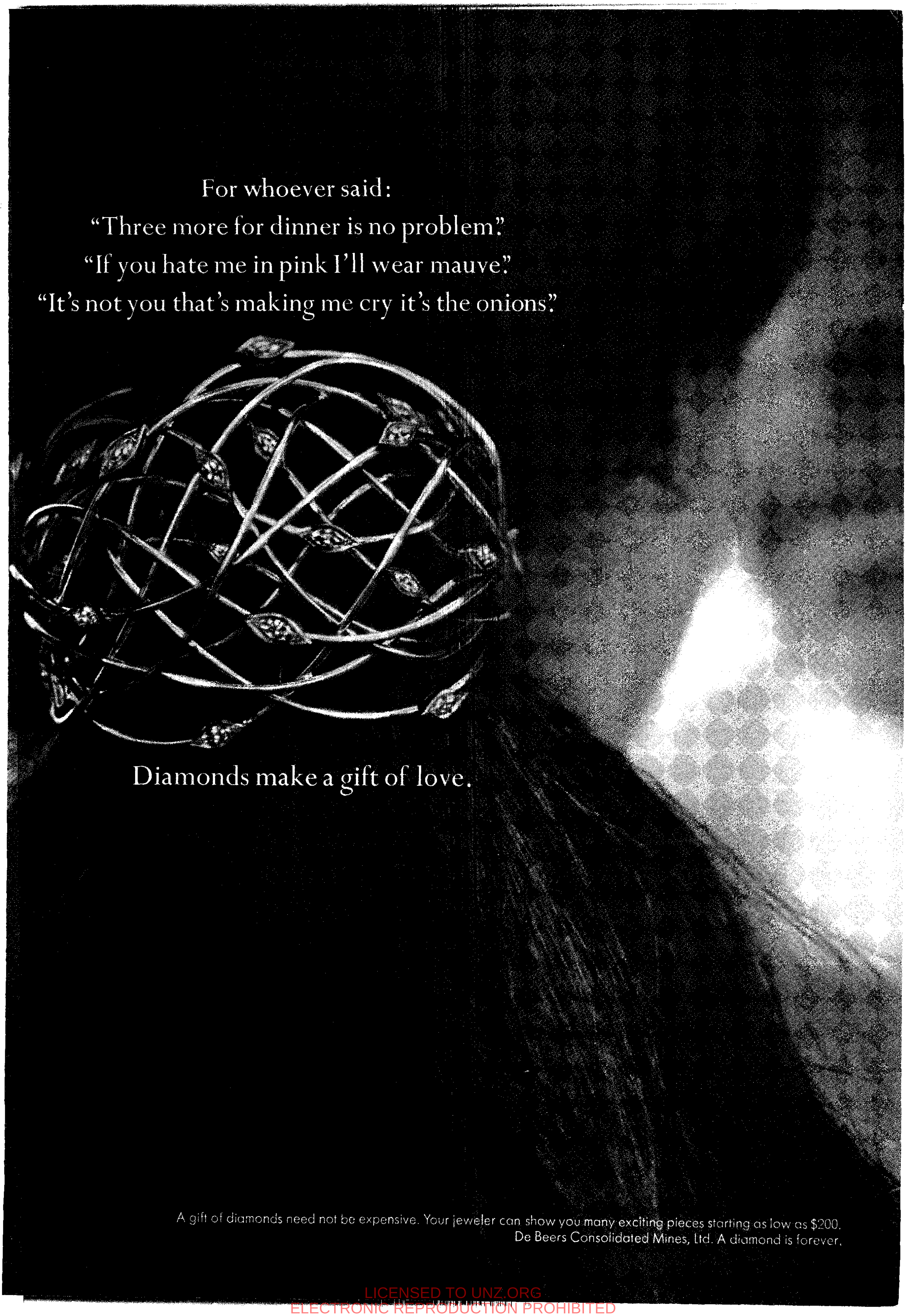
Best Seller

- Over 125,000 copies in print.
- A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

$10, now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 PM daily
Sunday 12 noon to 9 PM
1601 Simpson St.
Phone GR 5-8686
or BR 3-3344
Evanston, Ill.

Sharpen your mind with
THE Cambridge Mind
90 Years of the Cambridge Review, 1879-1969
Everyone from Eliot and Russell to Alvarez and Plath. Edited by Eric Homberger, William Janeway and Simon Schama. Illustrated. $8.50
—Little, Brown



For whoever said:
“Three more for dinner is no problem.”
“If you hate me in pink I’ll wear mauve.”
“It’s not you that’s making me cry it’s the onions.”

Diamonds make a gift of love.

A gift of diamonds need not be expensive. Your jeweler can show you many exciting pieces starting as low as $200.
De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd. A diamond is forever.

Old Spice
AFTER SHAVE LOTION
Classic fragrance...Classic gift.